MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

No. 4

FEB.

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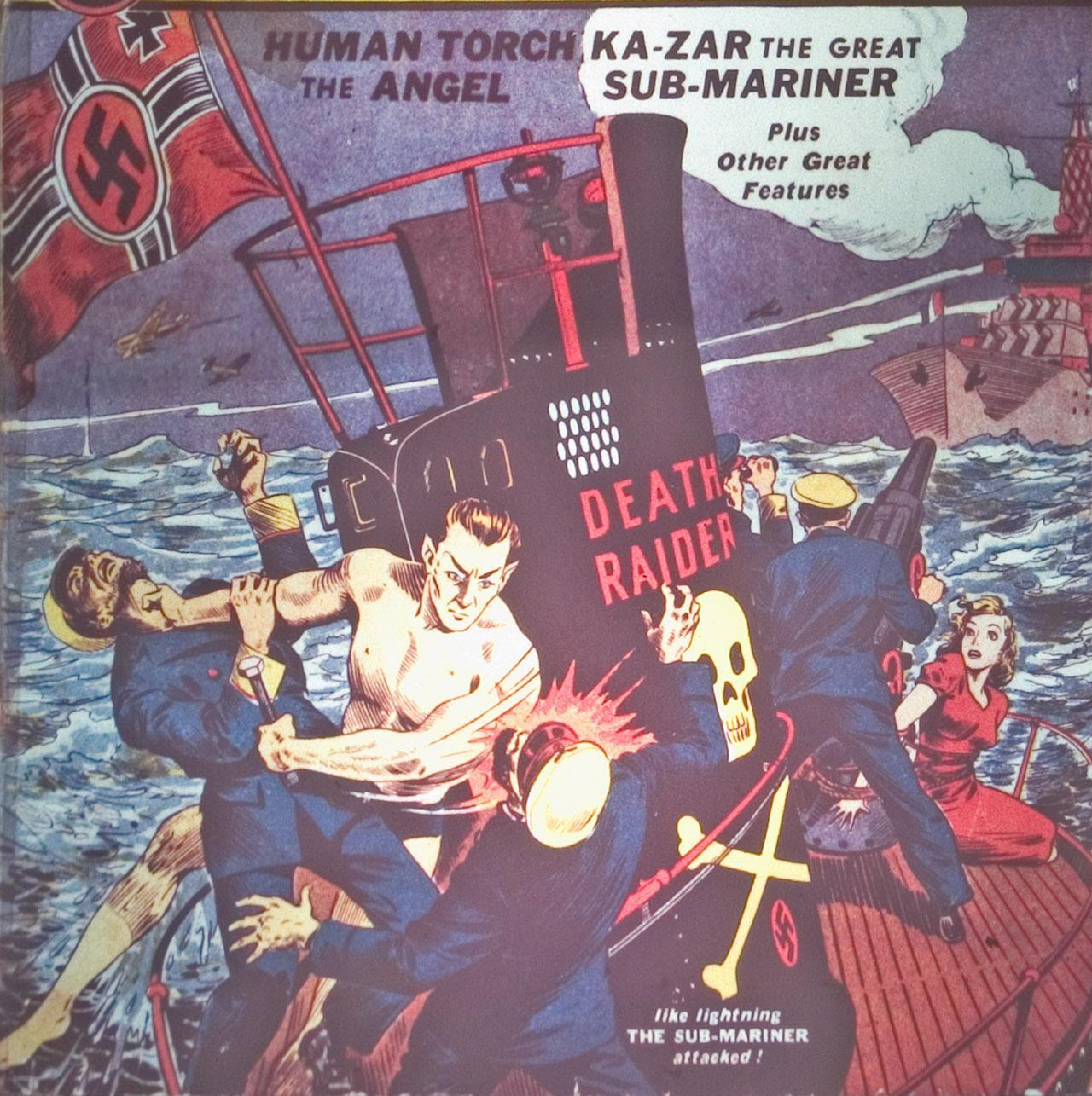


HUMAN TORCH
THE ANGEL
KA-ZAR THE GREAT
SUB-MARINER

Plus
Other Great
Features

like lightning
THE SUB-MARINER
attacked!

MARVEL COMICS'

Starts
Right
Now!

FREE $25.00 PRIZE CONTEST

You Can WIN $5.00 FIRST PRIZE

Here's what you do —

Here's the latest copy of MARVEL COMICS. It's filled with thrilling features which have never appeared anywhere before! Look! The HUMAN TORCH — The ANGEL — The SUBMARINER — The MASKED RAIDER — The AMERICAN ACE . . . and KA-ZAR The Great!

Every one of these features are MARVELOUS! That's why they are in MARVEL COMICS . . . the best features the Editor could find anywhere.

Among these sparkling features, you must have a favorite character. Perhaps it's the flaming HUMAN TORCH . . . maybe it's the exciting under-water man, the SUBMARINER . . . or perhaps you prefer the MASKED RAIDER. Which one is your favorite, and why?

20 Chances to WIN!

All Prizes Are CASH!

FIRST PRIZE	$5.00
SECOND PRIZE	$2.00
THIRD TO TWENTIETH PRIZE $1.00 Each	$18.00
TOTAL	$25.00

20 PRIZES IN ALL!

IT'S FUN—IT'S SIMPLE!

Write the Editor of MARVEL COMICS who your favorite character is, and WHY — in a hundred words or less, and if you write the best letter, he will pay you at the rate of 5 CENTS A WORD!!! for your letter (if you write 100 words), or $5.00 in cash as the FIRST PRIZE.

The Editor will award nineteen more prizes for the next nineteen best letters on who is the favorite character, and WHY? The second best letter will receive $2.00 in cash, and the next eighteen prizes will be one dollar in cash each!

Remember the simple rules — it must be not more than 100 words long, and tell who is your favorite character, and WHY. Of course, if you have more than one favorite character, you can mention them too, provided you don't write more than 100 words altogether. If there is no favorite character in the whole line-up, then tell the Editor the kind of character you'd like to see in MARVEL COMICS which isn't there now.

All letters, to be considered by the judges must be postmarked not later than January 20, 1940. The judges' decision will be final, and no letters will be returned. Also, the answers become the property of MARVEL COMICS.

So get busy now — while you have these characters in mind, and write that letter.

WIN A PRIZE — Write YOUR Letter

ENTER NOW!—Here Are the Simple Rules:

1 Pick out your favorite character, or characters from the cartoon strip features published in MARVEL COMICS.

2 Write the name of the character, or characters down in a letter, and then write not more than one hundred words to explain WHY you prefer the character or characters best.

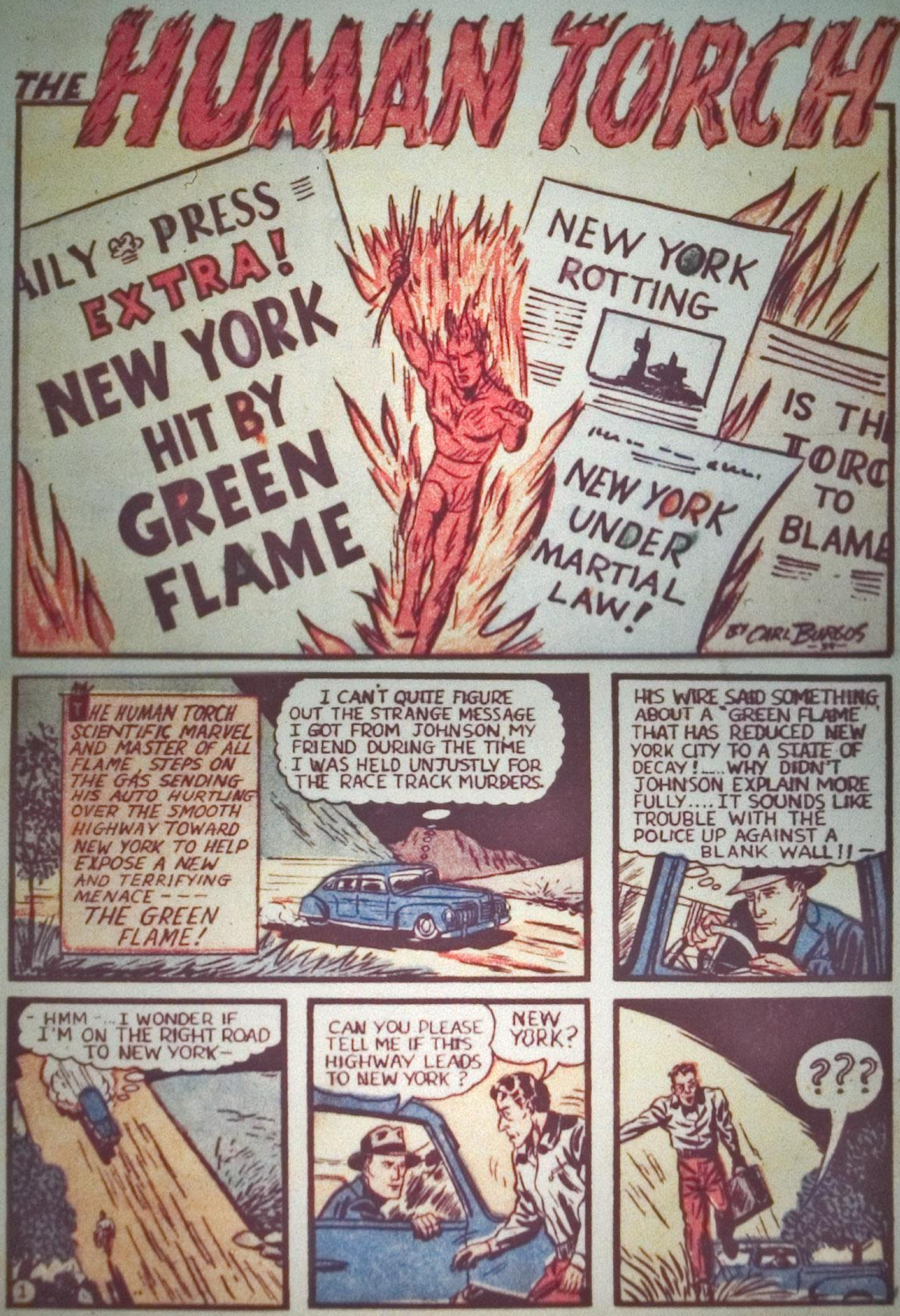
3 Write your name and address on the bottom of the letter, and on the envelope.

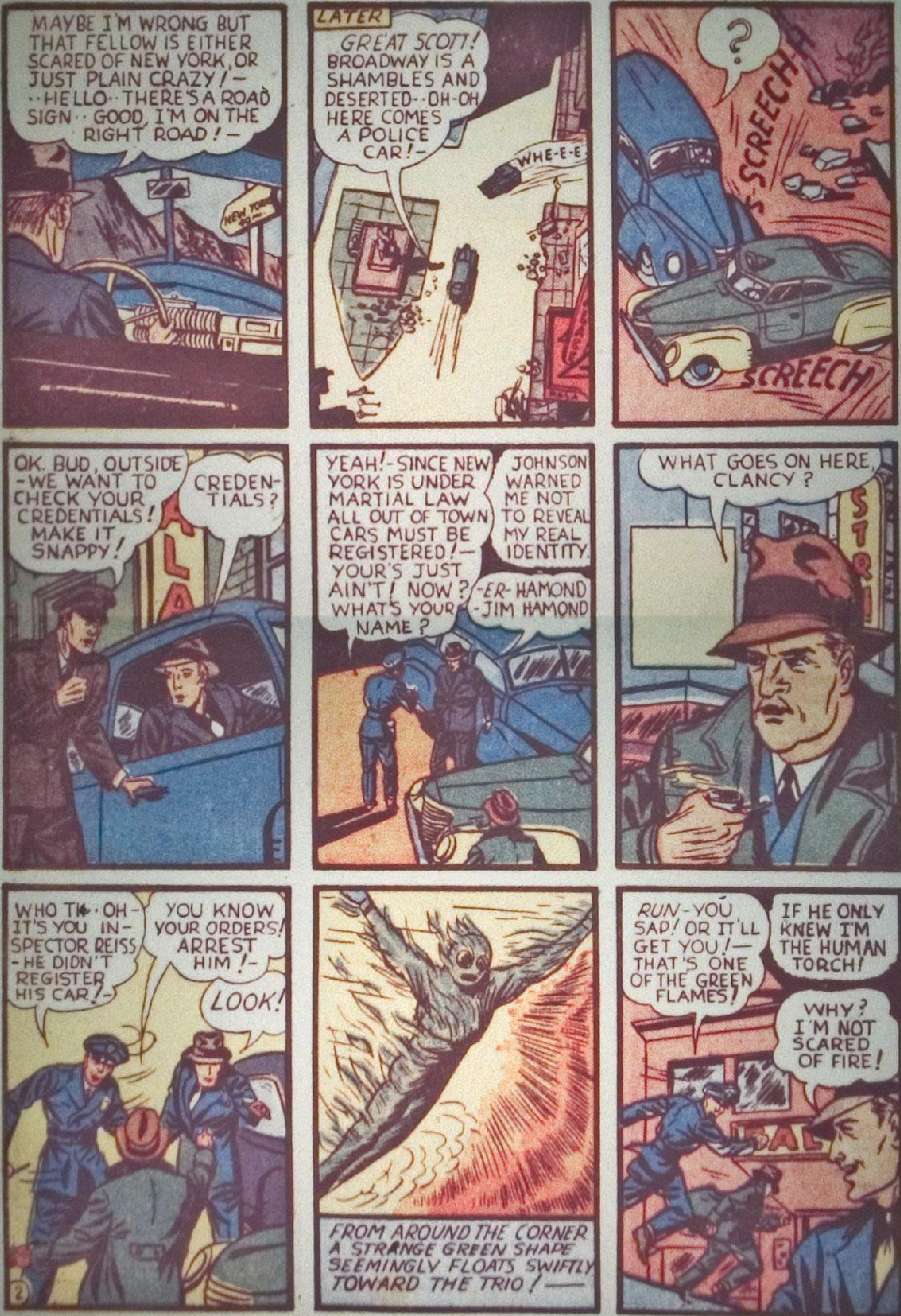
4 Mail it to The Editor, MARVEL COMICS, 330 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y., not later than January 20, 1940. That's all there is to it — and you may win the FIRST PRIZE! Hurry now to write YOUR letter about MARVEL COMICS characters!

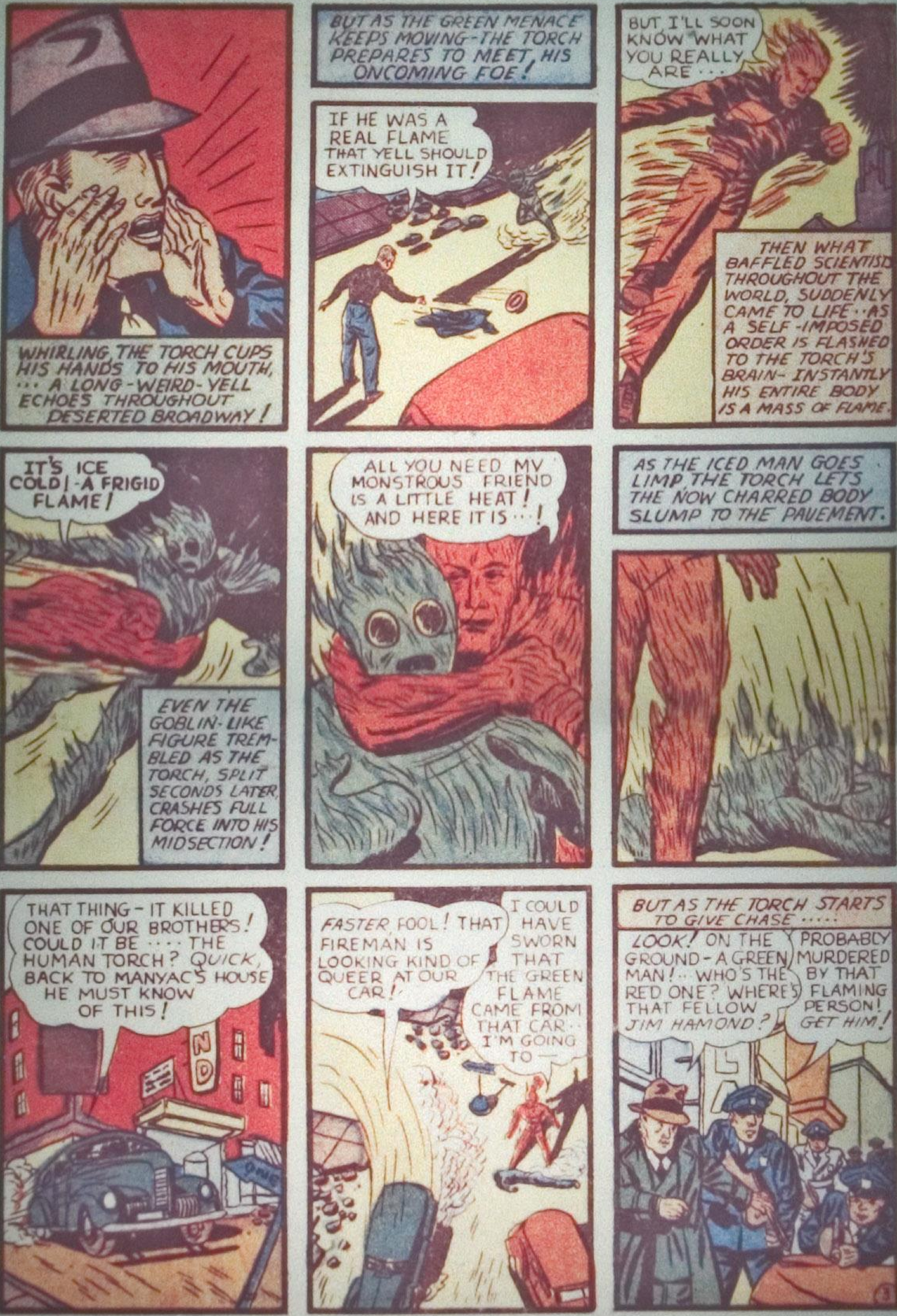
IT'S FUN — just 100 words, telling who you like best as your MARVEL COMICS character, and WHY. Write your name and address on the bottom of the letter and also on the envelope. Then, mail it, BEFORE January 20, 1940, to The Editor, MARVEL COMICS Magazine, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Results of the Contest will be announced as soon as possible after the deadline!

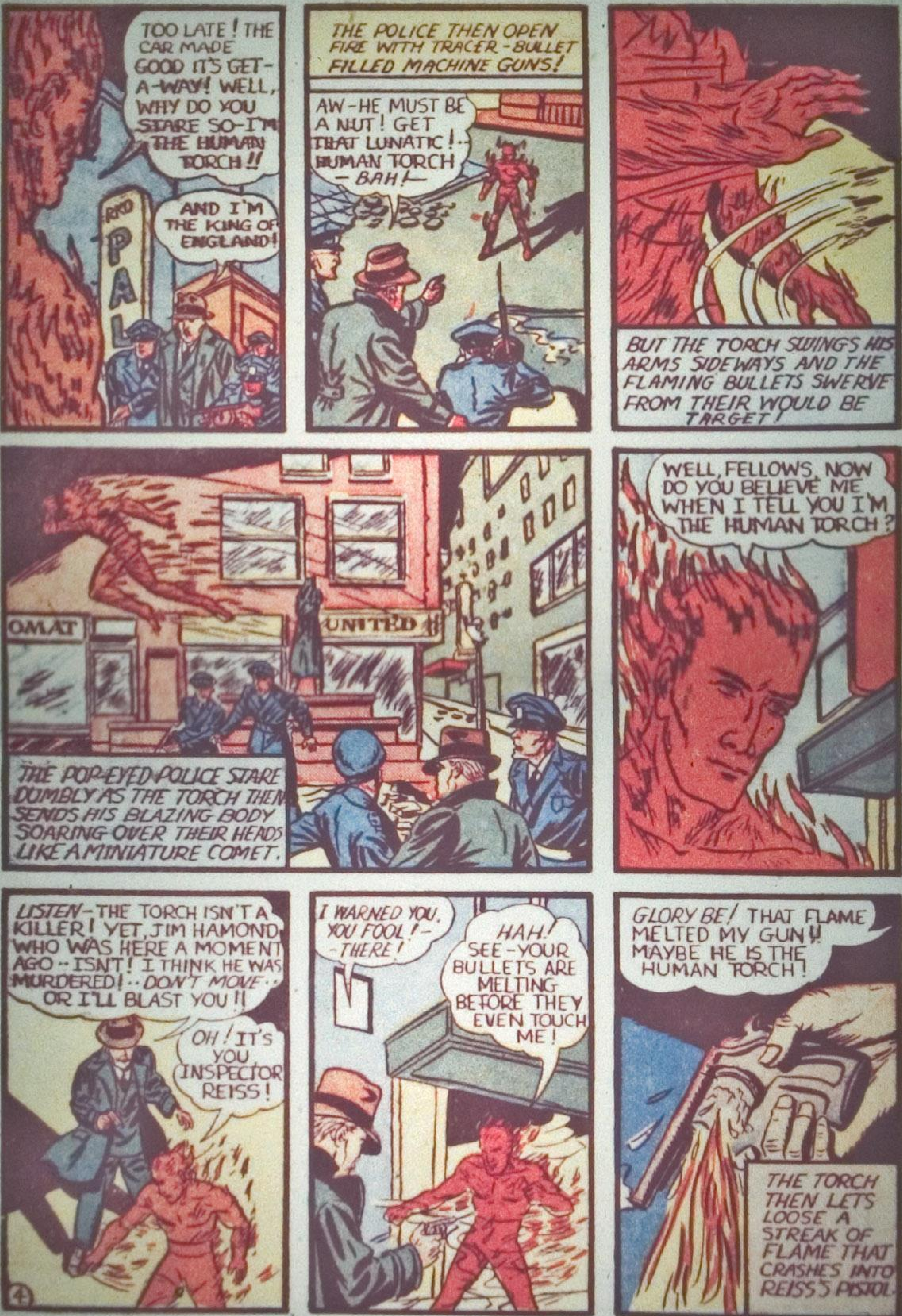
The Editor

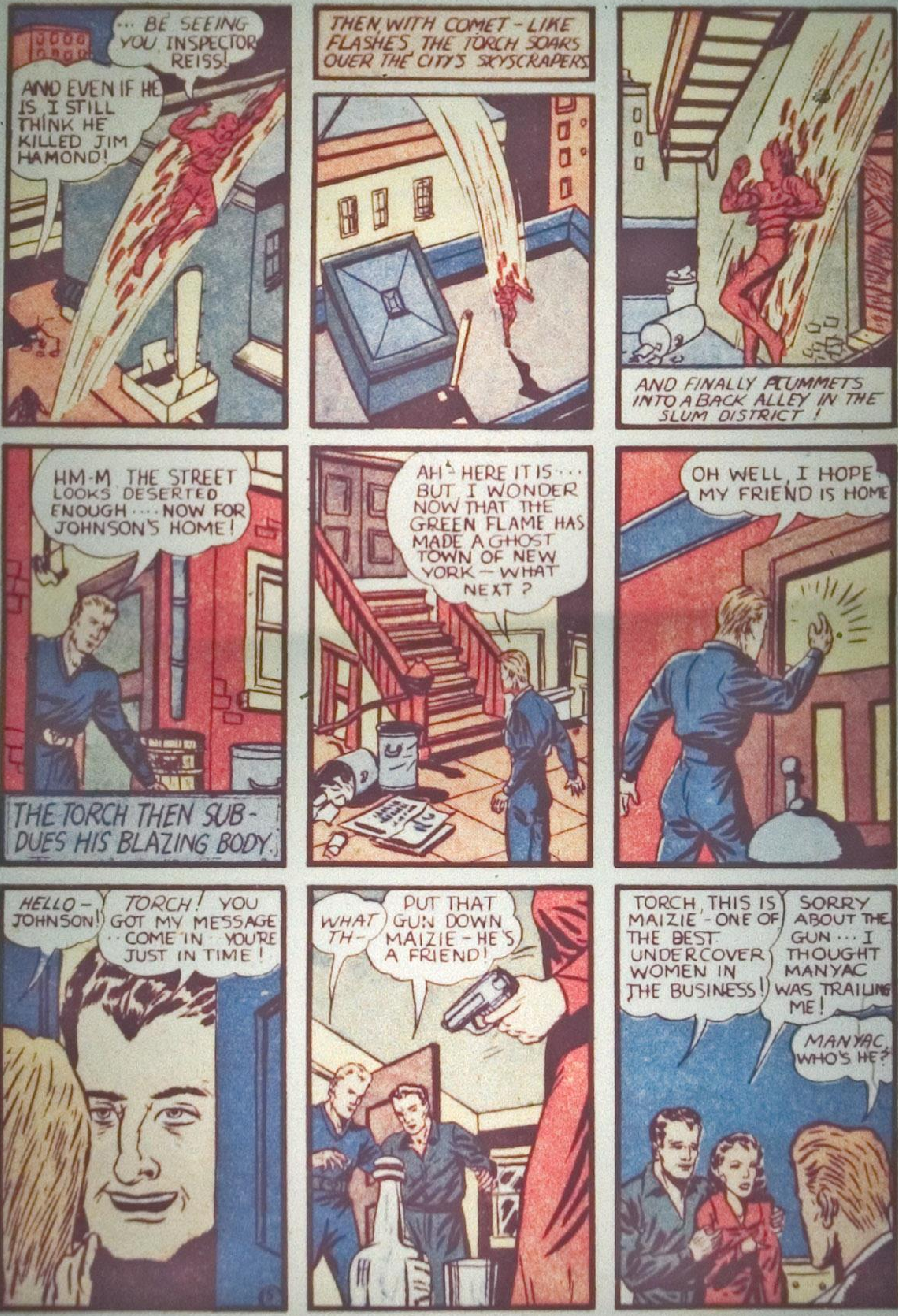
THE HUMAN TORCH

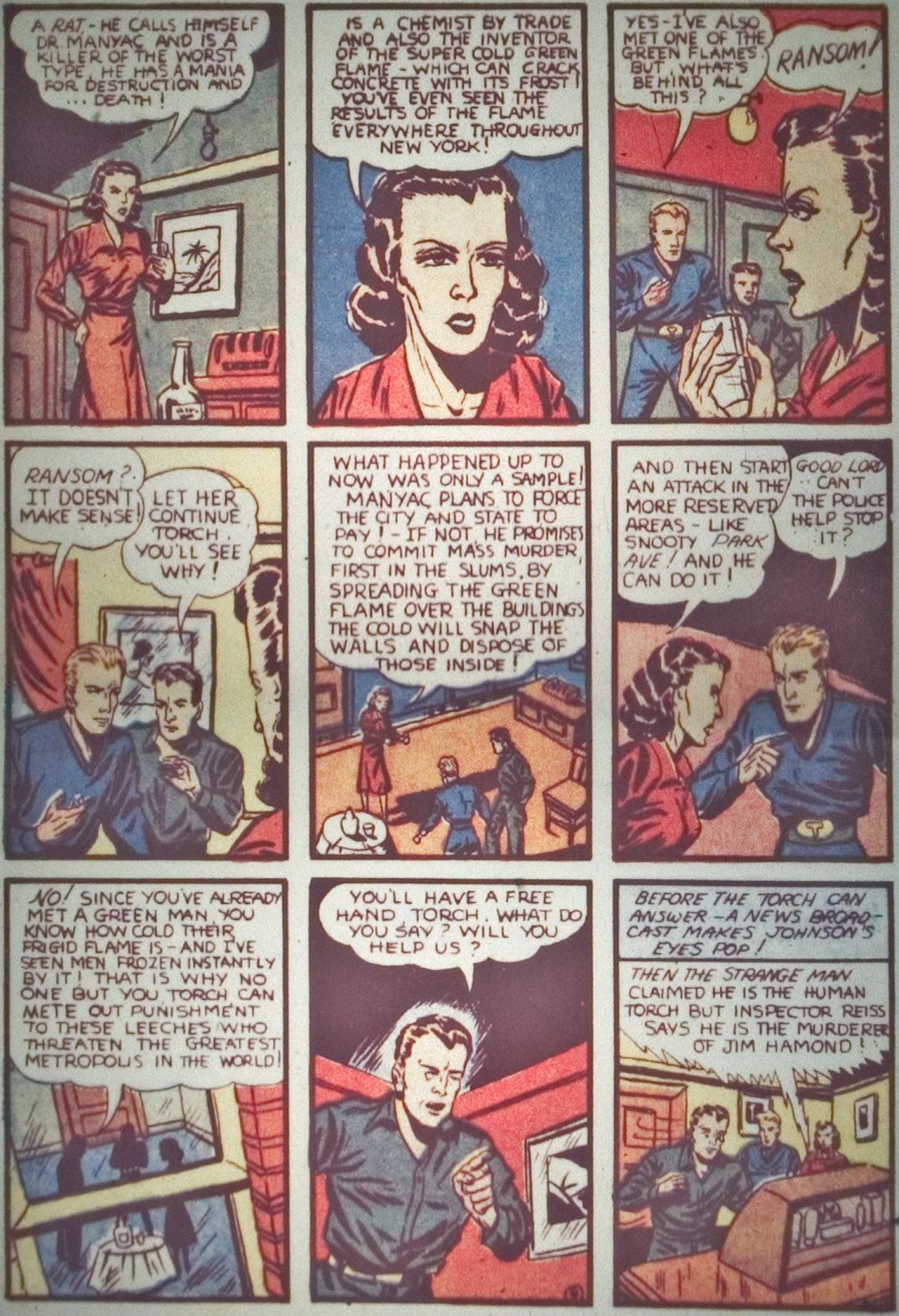

AILY PRESS
EXTRA!
NEW YORK HIT BY GREEN FLAME
NEW YORK ROTTING
NEW YORK UNDER MARTIAL LAW!
IS TH TORC TO BLAM
BY CARL BURGOS
THE HUMAN TORCH SCIENTIFIC MARVEL AND MASTER OF ALL FLAME, STEPS ON THE GAS SENDING HIS AUTO HURTLING OVER THE SMOOTH HIGHWAY TOWARD NEW YORK TO HELP EXPOSE A NEW AND TERRIFYING MENACE --- THE GREEN FLAME!
I CAN'T QUITE FIGURE OUT THE STRANGE MESSAGE I GOT FROM JOHNSON, MY FRIEND DURING THE TIME I WAS HELD UNJUSTLY FOR THE RACE TRACK MURDERS.
HIS WIRE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A "GREEN FLAME" THAT HAS REDUCED NEW YORK CITY TO A STATE OF DECAY!.....WHY DIDN'T JOHNSON EXPLAIN MORE FULLY.... IT SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE UP AGAINST A BLANK WALL!!-
- HMM -...I WONDER IF I'M ON THE RIGHT ROAD TO NEW YORK-
1
CAN YOU PLEASE TELL ME IF THIS HIGHWAY LEADS TO NEW YORK?
NEW YORK?
???

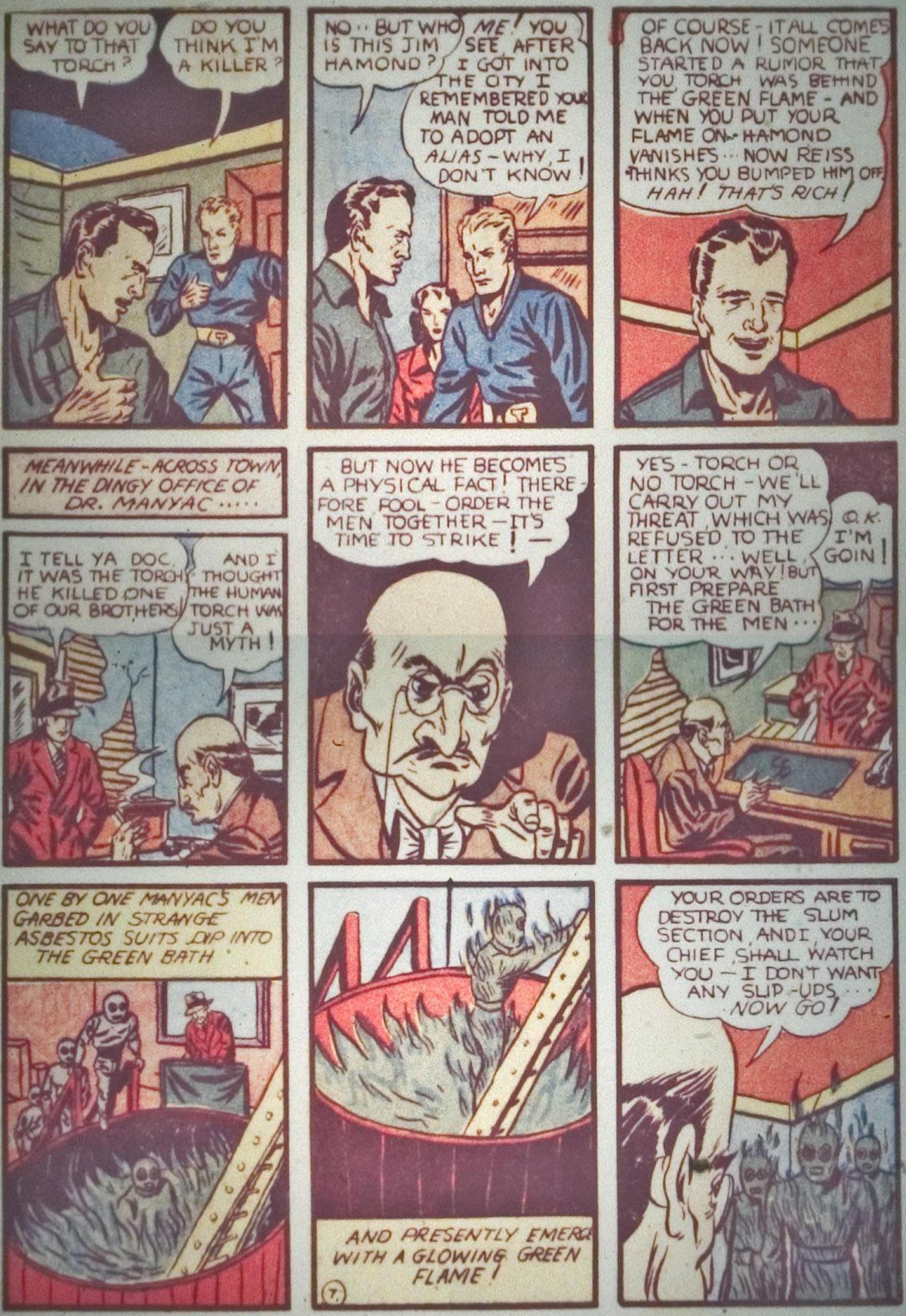

MAYBE I'M WRONG BUT THAT FELLOW IS EITHER SCARED OF NEW YORK, OR JUST PLAIN CRAZY! — · · HELLO · · THERE'S A ROAD SIGN · · GOOD, I'M ON THE RIGHT ROAD! —
NEW YORK
LATER
GREAT SCOTT! BROADWAY IS A SHAMBLES AND DESERTED · · OH-OH HERE COMES A POLICE CAR! —
WHE-E-E
?
SCREECH
SCREECH
O.K. BUD, OUTSIDE — WE WANT TO CHECK YOUR CREDENTIALS! MAKE IT SNAPPY!
CREDENTIALS?
YEAH! — SINCE NEW YORK IS UNDER MARTIAL LAW ALL OUT OF TOWN CARS MUST BE REGISTERED! — YOUR'S JUST AIN'T! NOW? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
JOHNSON WARNED ME NOT TO REVEAL MY REAL IDENTITY.
— ER — HAMOND — JIM HAMOND
WHAT GOES ON HERE, CLANCY?
WHO TH- · OH — IT'S YOU INSPECTOR REISS — HE DIDN'T REGISTER HIS CAR! —
YOU KNOW YOUR ORDERS! ARREST HIM! —
LOOK!
FROM AROUND THE CORNER A STRANGE GREEN SHAPE SEEMINGLY FLOATS SWIFTLY TOWARD THE TRIO! —
RUN — YOU SAP! OR IT'LL GET YOU! — THAT'S ONE OF THE GREEN FLAMES!
IF HE ONLY KNEW I'M THE HUMAN TORCH!
WHY? I'M NOT SCARED OF FIRE!

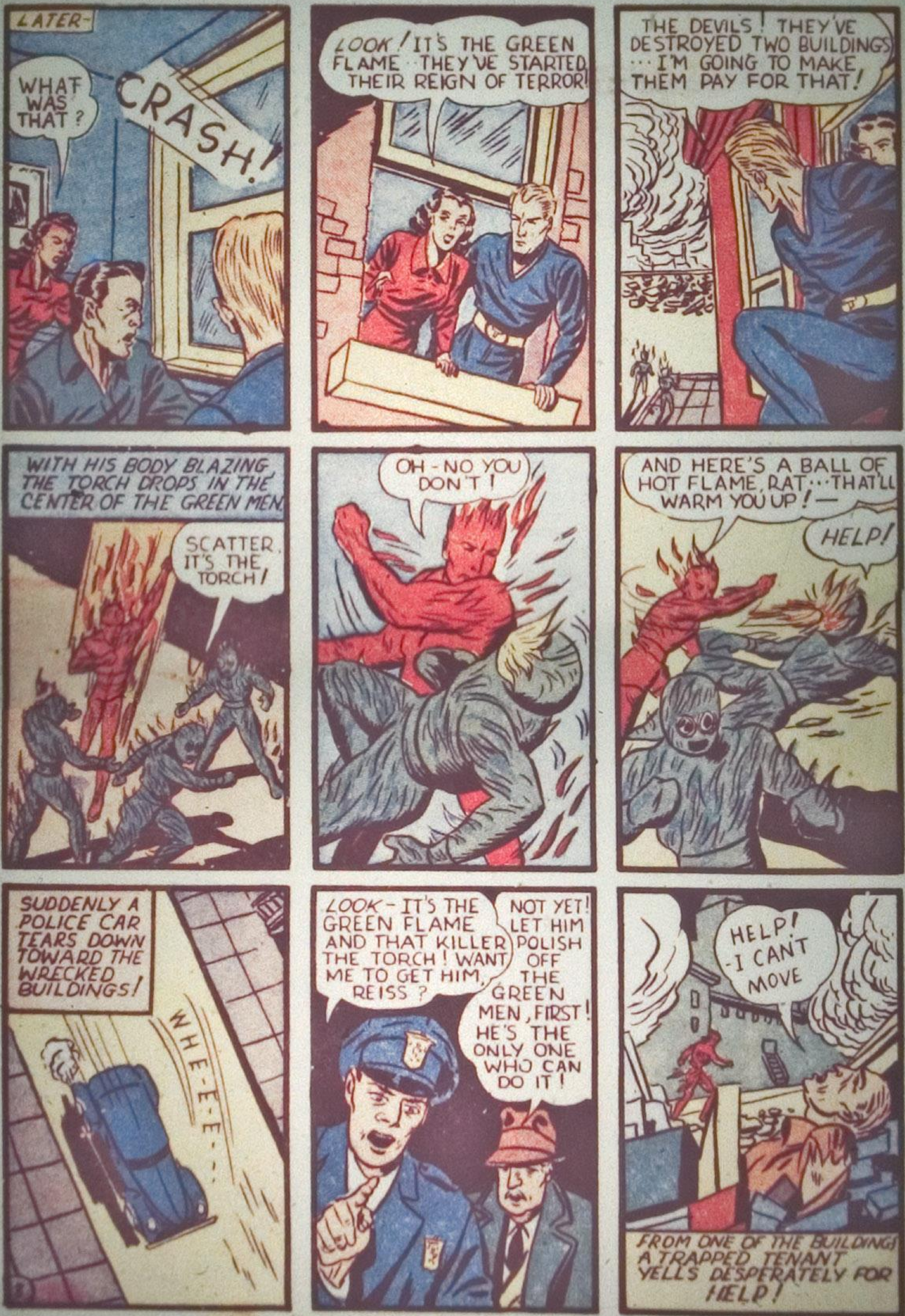

WHIRLING, THE TORCH CUPS HIS HANDS TO HIS MOUTH, ... A LONG-WEIRD-YELL ECHOES THROUGHOUT DESERTED BROADWAY!
BUT AS THE GREEN MENACE KEEPS MOVING-THE TORCH PREPARES TO MEET, HIS ONCOMING FOE!
IF HE WAS A REAL FLAME THAT YELL SHOULD EXTINGUISH IT!
BUT I'LL SOON KNOW WHAT YOU REALLY ARE...
THEN WHAT BAFFLED SCIENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, SUDDENLY CAME TO LIFE.. AS A SELF-IMPOSED ORDER IS FLASHED TO THE TORCH'S BRAIN- INSTANTLY HIS ENTIRE BODY IS A MASS OF FLAME.
IT'S ICE COLD! -A FRIGID FLAME!
EVEN THE GOBLIN-LIKE FIGURE TREMBLED AS THE TORCH, SPLIT SECONDS LATER, CRASHES FULL FORCE INTO HIS MIDSECTION!
ALL YOU NEED MY MONSTROUS FRIEND IS A LITTLE HEAT! AND HERE IT IS...!
AS THE ICED MAN GOES LIMP THE TORCH LETS THE NOW CHARRED BODY SLUMP TO THE PAVEMENT.
THAT THING - IT KILLED ONE OF OUR BROTHERS! COULD IT BE ... THE HUMAN TORCH? QUICK, BACK TO MANYAC'S HOUSE HE MUST KNOW OF THIS!
ND
ONE
FASTER FOOL! THAT FIREMAN IS LOOKING KIND OF QUEER AT OUR CAR!
I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT THE GREEN FLAME CAME FROM THAT CAR.. I'M GOING TO —
BUT AS THE TORCH STARTS TO GIVE CHASE.....
LOOK! ON THE GROUND - A GREEN MAN! .. WHO'S THE RED ONE? WHERE'S THAT FELLOW JIM HAMOND?
PROBABLY MURDERED BY THAT FLAMING PERSON! GET HIM!

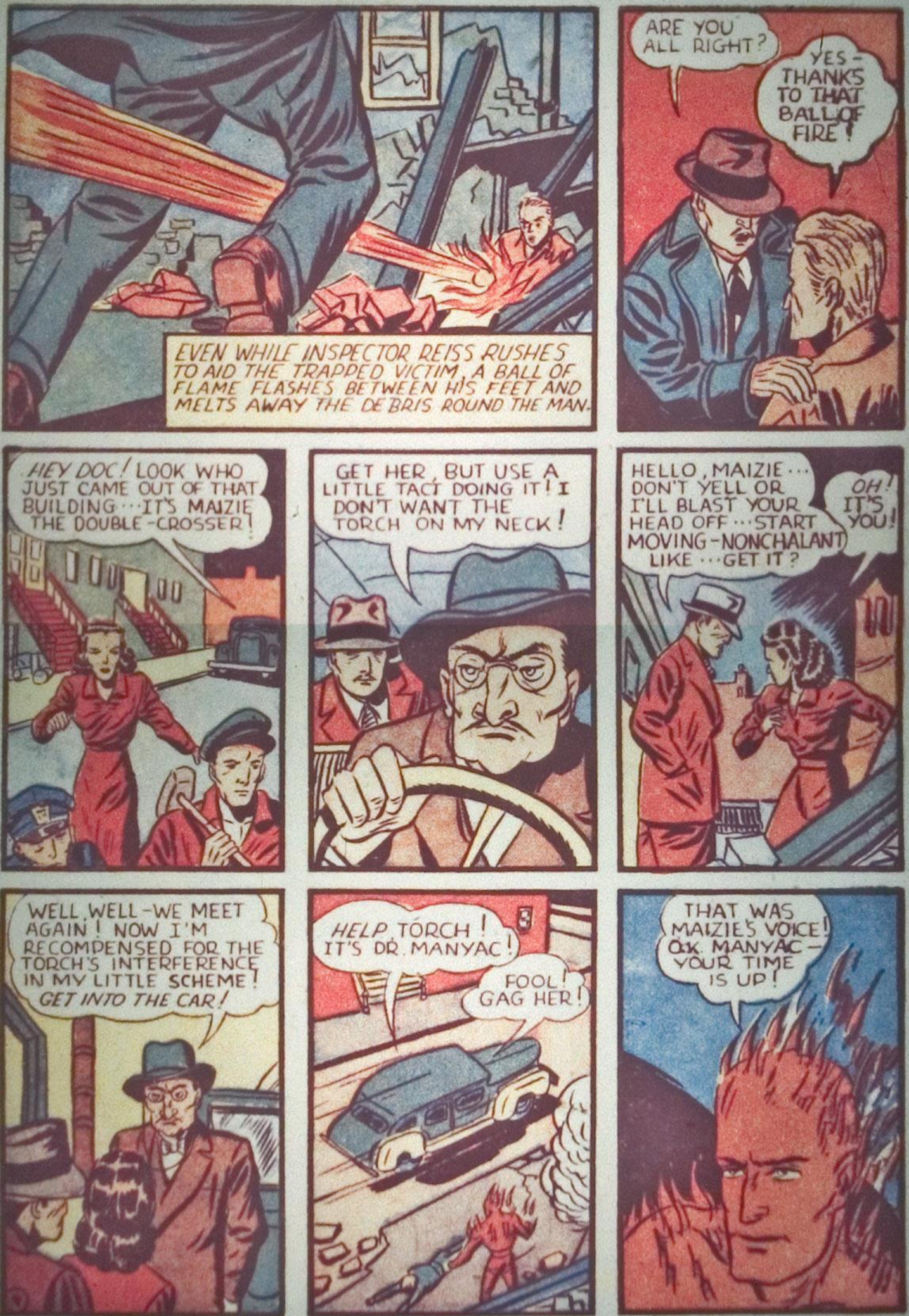

TOO LATE! THE CAR MADE GOOD IT'S GET-A-WAY! WELL, WHY DO YOU STARE SO-I'M THE HUMAN TORCH!!
RKO
PAL
AND I'M THE KING OF ENGLAND!
THE POLICE THEN OPEN FIRE WITH TRACER-BULLET FILLED MACHINE GUNS!
AW-HE MUST BE A NUT! GET THAT LUNATIC!-HUMAN TORCH-BAH!-
BUT THE TORCH SWINGS HIS ARMS SIDEWAYS AND THE FLAMING BULLETS SWERVE FROM THEIR WOULD BE TARGET!
OMAT
UNITED
THE POP-EYED POLICE STARE DUMBLY AS THE TORCH THEN SENDS HIS BLAZING BODY SOARING OVER THEIR HEADS LIKE A MINIATURE COMET.
WELL, FELLOWS, NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU I'M THE HUMAN TORCH?
LISTEN-THE TORCH ISN'T A KILLER! YET, JIM HAMOND WHO WAS HERE A MOMENT AGO--ISN'T! I THINK HE WAS MURDERED!--DON'T MOVE--OR I'LL BLAST YOU!!
OH! IT'S YOU INSPECTOR REISS!
4
I WARNED YOU, YOU FOOL!--THERE!
HAH! SEE-YOUR BULLETS ARE MELTING BEFORE THEY EVEN TOUCH ME!
GLORY BE! THAT FLAME MELTED MY GUN!! MAYBE HE IS THE HUMAN TORCH!
THE TORCH THEN LETS LOOSE A STREAK OF FLAME THAT CRASHES INTO REISS'S PISTOL.

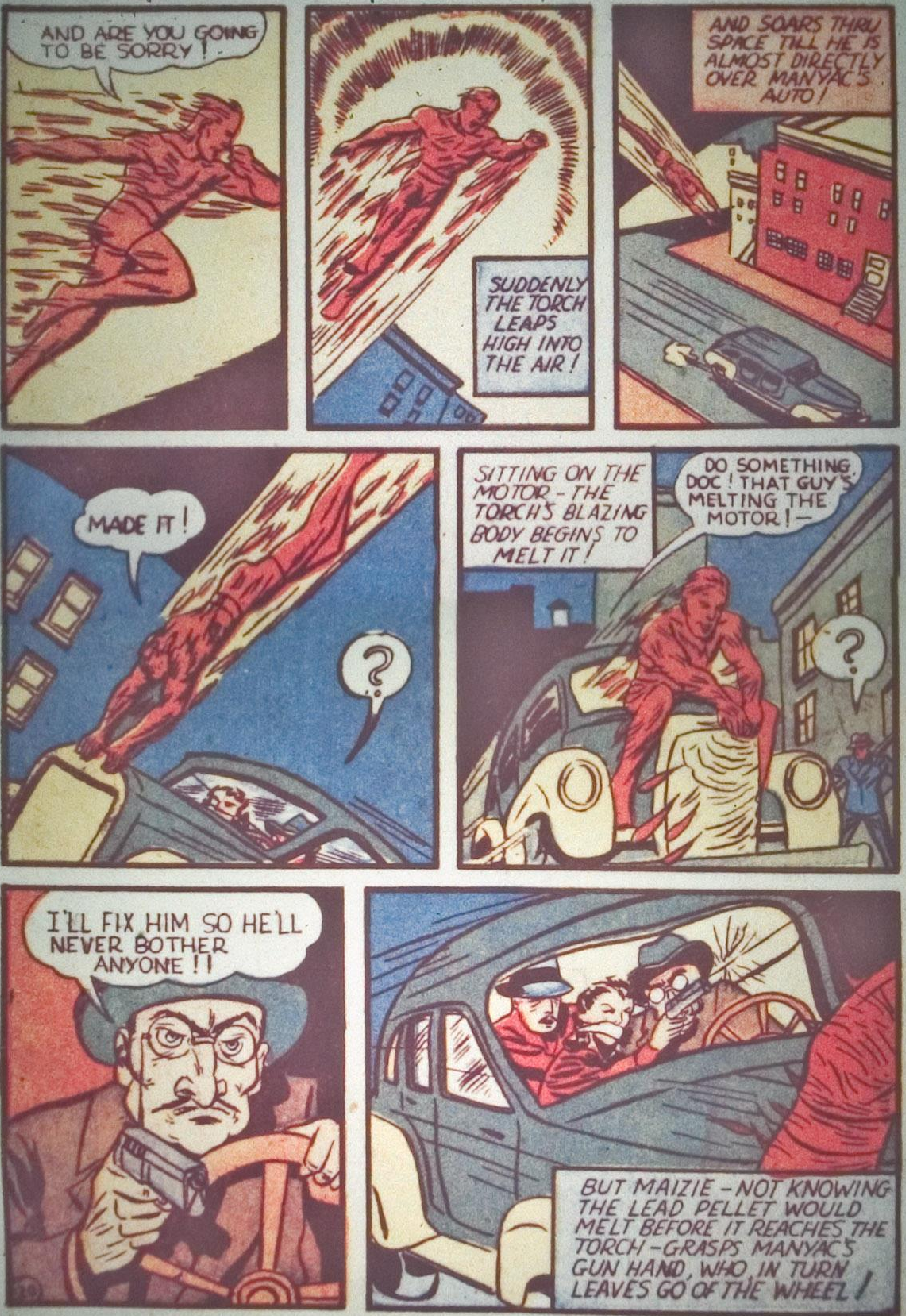

... BE SEEING YOU, INSPECTOR REISS!
AND EVEN IF HE IS I STILL THINK HE KILLED JIM HAMOND!
THEN, WITH COMET-LIKE FLASHES, THE TORCH SOARS OVER THE CITY'S SKYSCRAPERS
AND FINALLY PLUMMETS INTO A BACK ALLEY IN THE SLUM DISTRICT!
HM-M THE STREET LOOKS DESERTED ENOUGH.... NOW FOR JOHNSON'S HOME!
THE TORCH THEN SUBDUES HIS BLAZING BODY.
AH - HERE IT IS... BUT, I WONDER NOW THAT THE GREEN FLAME HAS MADE A GHOST TOWN OF NEW YORK - WHAT NEXT?
OH WELL, I HOPE MY FRIEND IS HOME
HELLO - JOHNSON!
TORCH! YOU GOT MY MESSAGE.. COME IN YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!
WHAT TH-
PUT THAT GUN DOWN MAIZIE - HE'S A FRIEND!
TORCH, THIS IS MAIZIE - ONE OF THE BEST UNDERCOVER WOMEN IN THE BUSINESS!
SORRY ABOUT THE GUN... I THOUGHT MANYAC WAS TRAILING ME!
MANYAC, WHO'S HE?

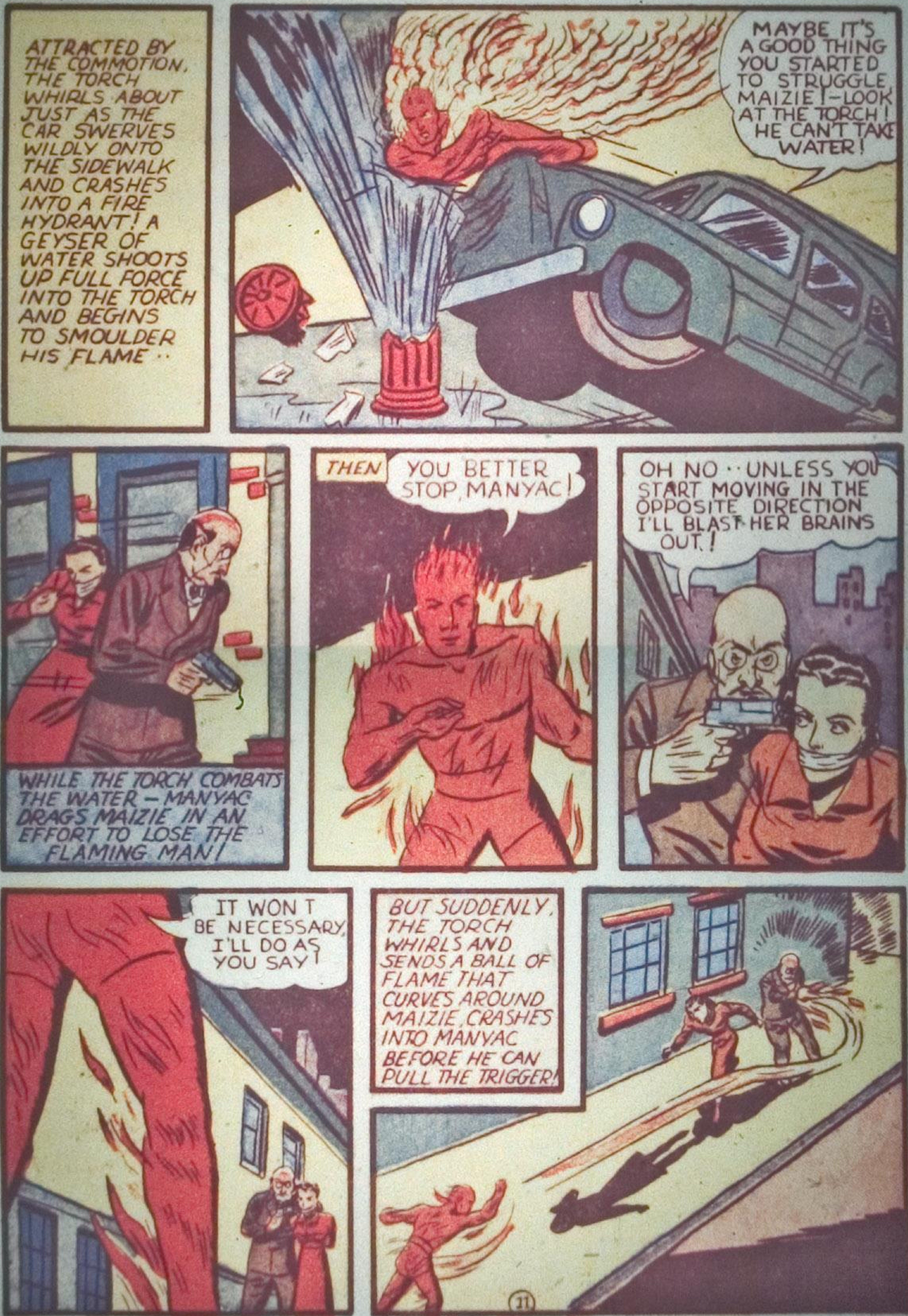

A RAT, - HE CALLS HIMSELF DR. MANYAC AND IS A KILLER OF THE WORST TYPE. HE HAS A MANIA FOR DESTRUCTION AND ... DEATH!
IS A CHEMIST BY TRADE AND ALSO THE INVENTOR OF THE SUPER COLD GREEN FLAME - WHICH CAN CRACK CONCRETE WITH ITS FROST! YOU'VE EVEN SEEN THE RESULTS OF THE FLAME EVERYWHERE THROUGHOUT NEW YORK!
YES - I'VE ALSO MET ONE OF THE GREEN FLAMES. BUT, WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS?
RANSOM!
RANSOM? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
LET HER CONTINUE TORCH. YOU'LL SEE WHY!
WHAT HAPPENED UP TO NOW WAS ONLY A SAMPLE! MANYAC PLANS TO FORCE THE CITY AND STATE TO PAY! - IF NOT, HE PROMISES TO COMMIT MASS MURDER, FIRST IN THE SLUMS, BY SPREADING THE GREEN FLAME OVER THE BUILDINGS. THE COLD WILL SNAP THE WALLS AND DISPOSE OF THOSE INSIDE!
AND THEN START AN ATTACK IN THE MORE RESERVED AREAS - LIKE SNOOTY PARK AVE! AND HE CAN DO IT!
GOOD LORD .. CAN'T THE POLICE HELP STOP IT?
NO! SINCE YOU'VE ALREADY MET A GREEN MAN, YOU KNOW HOW COLD THEIR FRIGID FLAME IS - AND I'VE SEEN MEN FROZEN INSTANTLY BY IT! THAT IS WHY NO ONE BUT YOU TORCH CAN METE OUT PUNISHMENT TO THESE LEECHES WHO THREATEN THE GREATEST METROPOLIS IN THE WORLD!
YOU'LL HAVE A FREE HAND, TORCH. WHAT DO YOU SAY? WILL YOU HELP US?
BEFORE THE TORCH CAN ANSWER - A NEWS BROADCAST MAKES JOHNSON'S EYES POP!
THEN THE STRANGE MAN CLAIMED HE IS THE HUMAN TORCH BUT INSPECTOR REISS SAYS HE IS THE MURDERER OF JIM HAMOND!

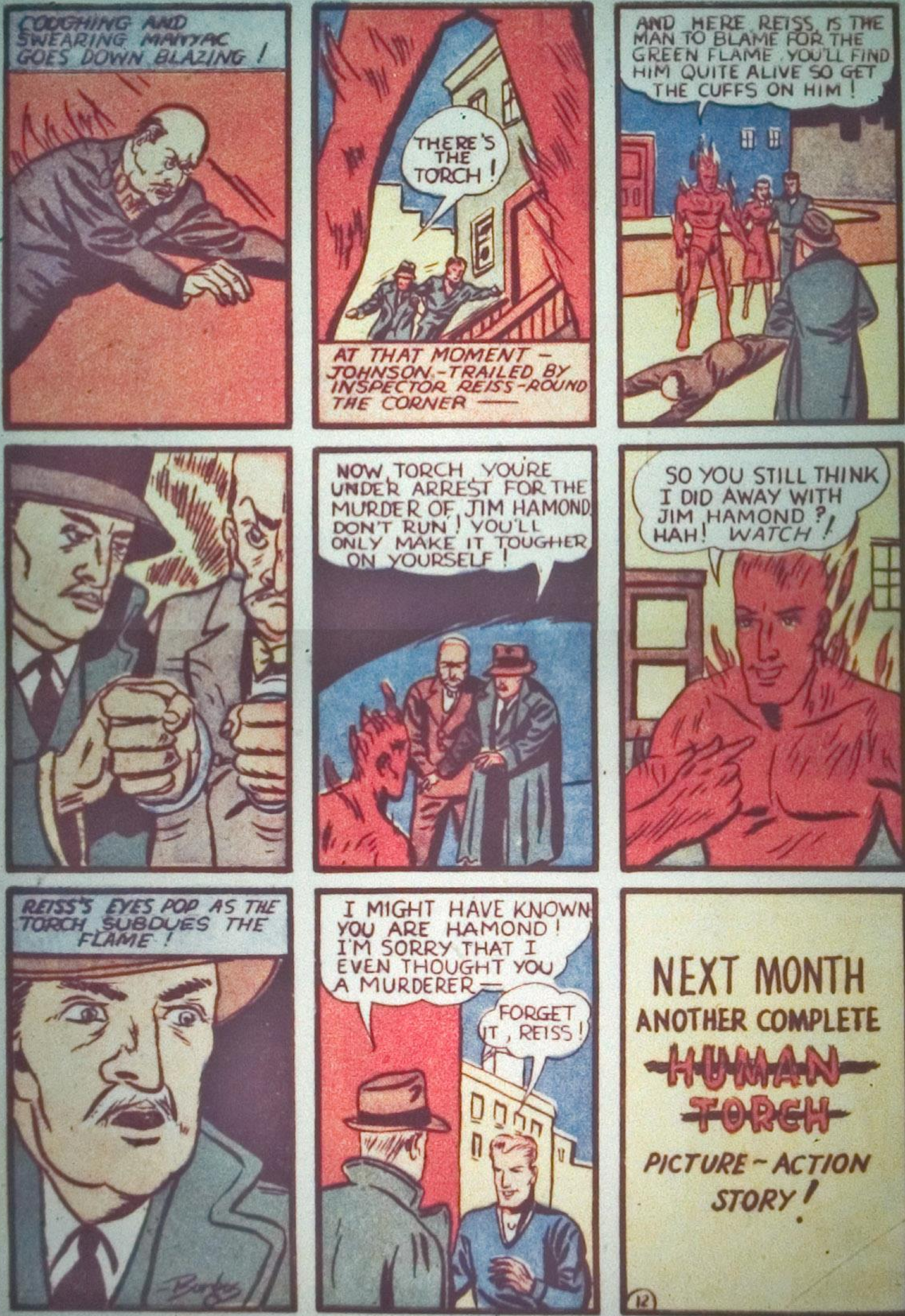

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT TORCH?
DO YOU THINK I'M A KILLER?
NO.. BUT WHO IS THIS JIM HAMOND?
ME! YOU SEE AFTER I GOT INTO THE CITY I REMEMBERED YOUR MAN TOLD ME TO ADOPT AN ALIAS - WHY, I DON'T KNOW!
OF COURSE - IT ALL COMES BACK NOW! SOMEONE STARTED A RUMOR THAT YOU, TORCH WAS BEHIND THE GREEN FLAME - AND WHEN YOU PUT YOUR FLAME ON - HAMOND VANISHES... NOW REISS THINKS YOU BUMPED HIM OFF. HAH! THAT'S RICH!
MEANWHILE - ACROSS TOWN, IN THE DINGY OFFICE OF DR. MANYAC.....
I TELL YA DOC, IT WAS THE TORCH! HE KILLED ONE OF OUR BROTHERS!
AND I THOUGHT THE HUMAN TORCH WAS JUST A MYTH!
BUT NOW HE BECOMES A PHYSICAL FACT! THEREFORE FOOL - ORDER THE MEN TOGETHER - IT'S TIME TO STRIKE! —
YES - TORCH OR NO TORCH - WE'LL CARRY OUT MY THREAT, WHICH WAS REFUSED, TO THE LETTER... WELL, ON YOUR WAY! BUT FIRST PREPARE THE GREEN BATH FOR THE MEN...
O.K. I'M GOIN!
ONE BY ONE MANYAC'S MEN GARBED IN STRANGE ASBESTOS SUITS DIP INTO THE GREEN BATH.
AND PRESENTLY EMERG WITH A GLOWING GREEN FLAME!
YOUR ORDERS ARE TO DESTROY THE SLUM SECTION, AND I, YOUR CHIEF, SHALL WATCH YOU - I DON'T WANT ANY SLIP-UPS... NOW GO!

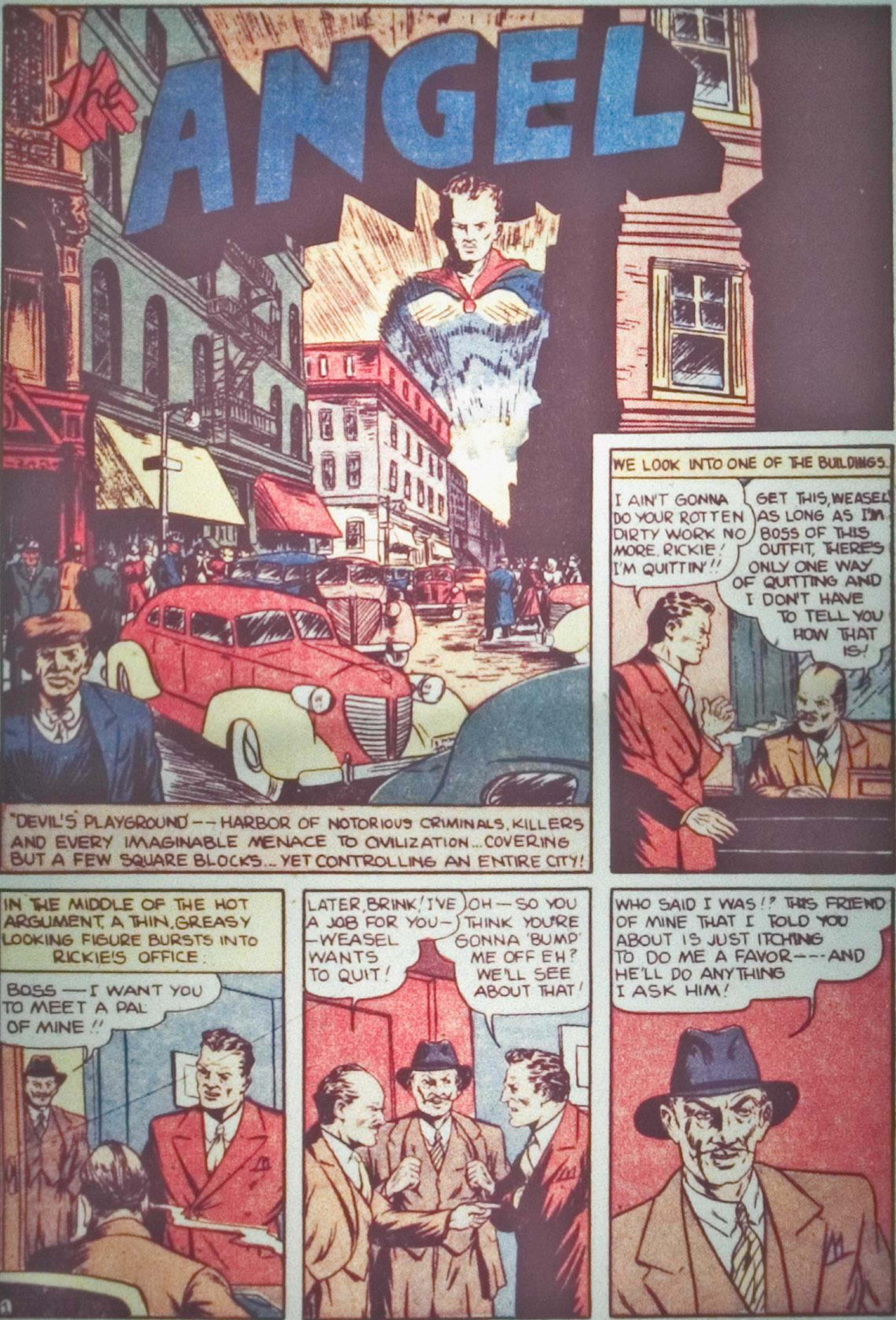

LATER-
WHAT WAS THAT?
CRASH!
LOOK! IT'S THE GREEN FLAME THEY'VE STARTED THEIR REIGN OF TERROR!
THE DEVILS! THEY'VE DESTROYED TWO BUILDINGS ... I'M GOING TO MAKE THEM PAY FOR THAT!
WITH HIS BODY BLAZING THE TORCH DROPS IN THE CENTER OF THE GREEN MEN.
SCATTER, IT'S THE TORCH!
OH - NO YOU DON'T!
AND HERE'S A BALL OF HOT FLAME, RAT... THAT'LL WARM YOU UP! —
HELP!
SUDDENLY A POLICE CAR TEARS DOWN TOWARD THE WRECKED BUILDINGS!
WHE-E-E-...
LOOK - IT'S THE GREEN FLAME AND THAT KILLER THE TORCH! WANT ME TO GET HIM, REISS?
NOT YET! LET HIM POLISH OFF THE GREEN MEN, FIRST! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DO IT!
HELP! - I CAN'T MOVE
FROM ONE OF THE BUILDINGS A TRAPPED TENANT YELLS DESPERATELY FOR HELP!

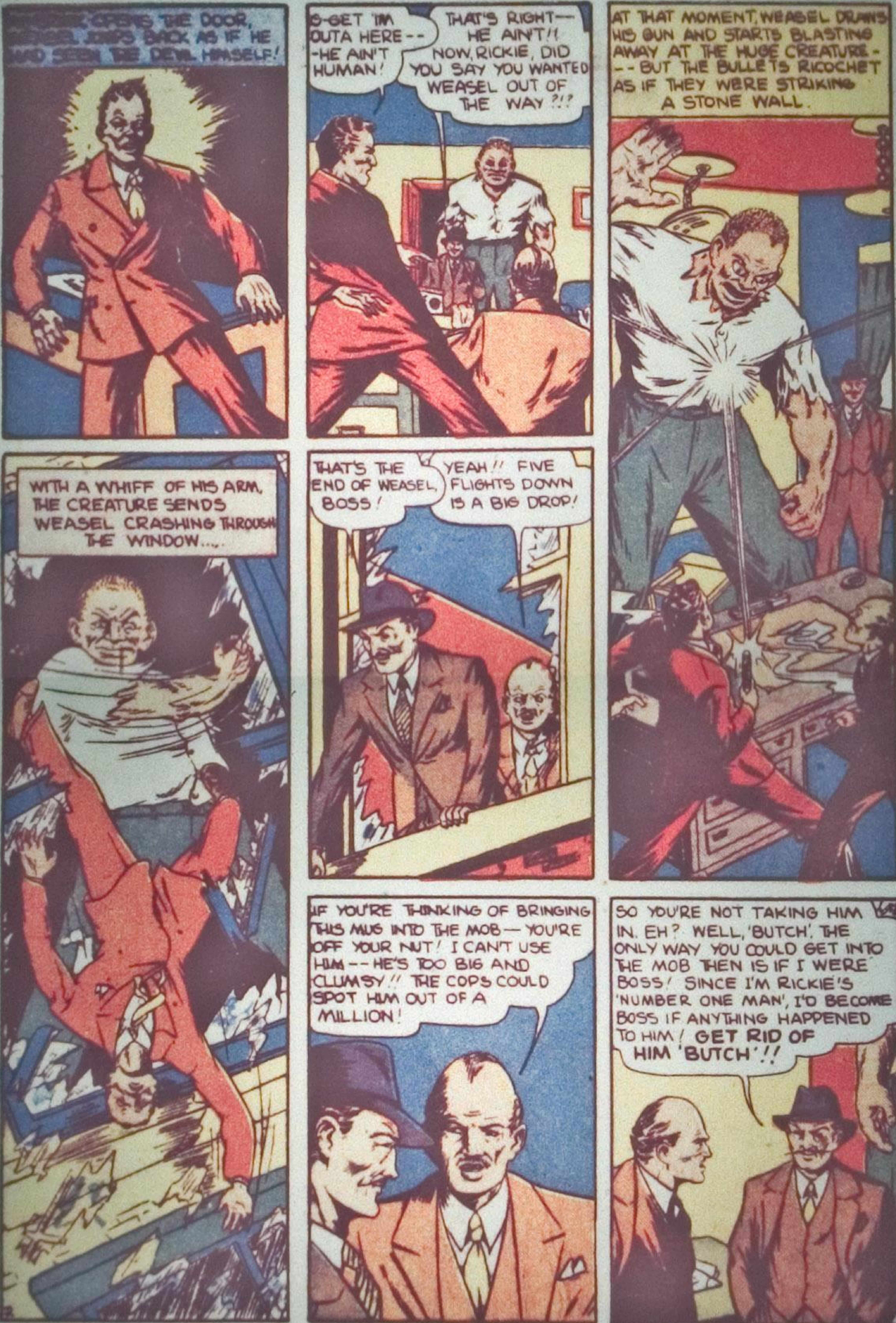

EVEN WHILE INSPECTOR REISS RUSHES TO AID THE TRAPPED VICTIM, A BALL OF FLAME FLASHES BETWEEN HIS FEET AND MELTS AWAY THE DEBRIS ROUND THE MAN.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES - THANKS TO THAT BALL OF FIRE!
HEY DOC! LOOK WHO JUST CAME OUT OF THAT BUILDING ... IT'S MAIZIE THE DOUBLE-CROSSER!
GET HER, BUT USE A LITTLE TACT DOING IT! I DON'T WANT THE TORCH ON MY NECK!
HELLO, MAIZIE ... DON'T YELL OR I'LL BLAST YOUR HEAD OFF ... START MOVING - NONCHALANT LIKE ... GET IT?
OH! IT'S YOU!
WELL, WELL - WE MEET AGAIN! NOW I'M RECOMPENSED FOR THE TORCH'S INTERFERENCE IN MY LITTLE SCHEME! GET INTO THE CAR!
HELP, TORCH! IT'S DR. MANYAC!
FOOL! GAG HER!
THAT WAS MAIZIE'S VOICE! O.K. MANYAC - YOUR TIME IS UP!

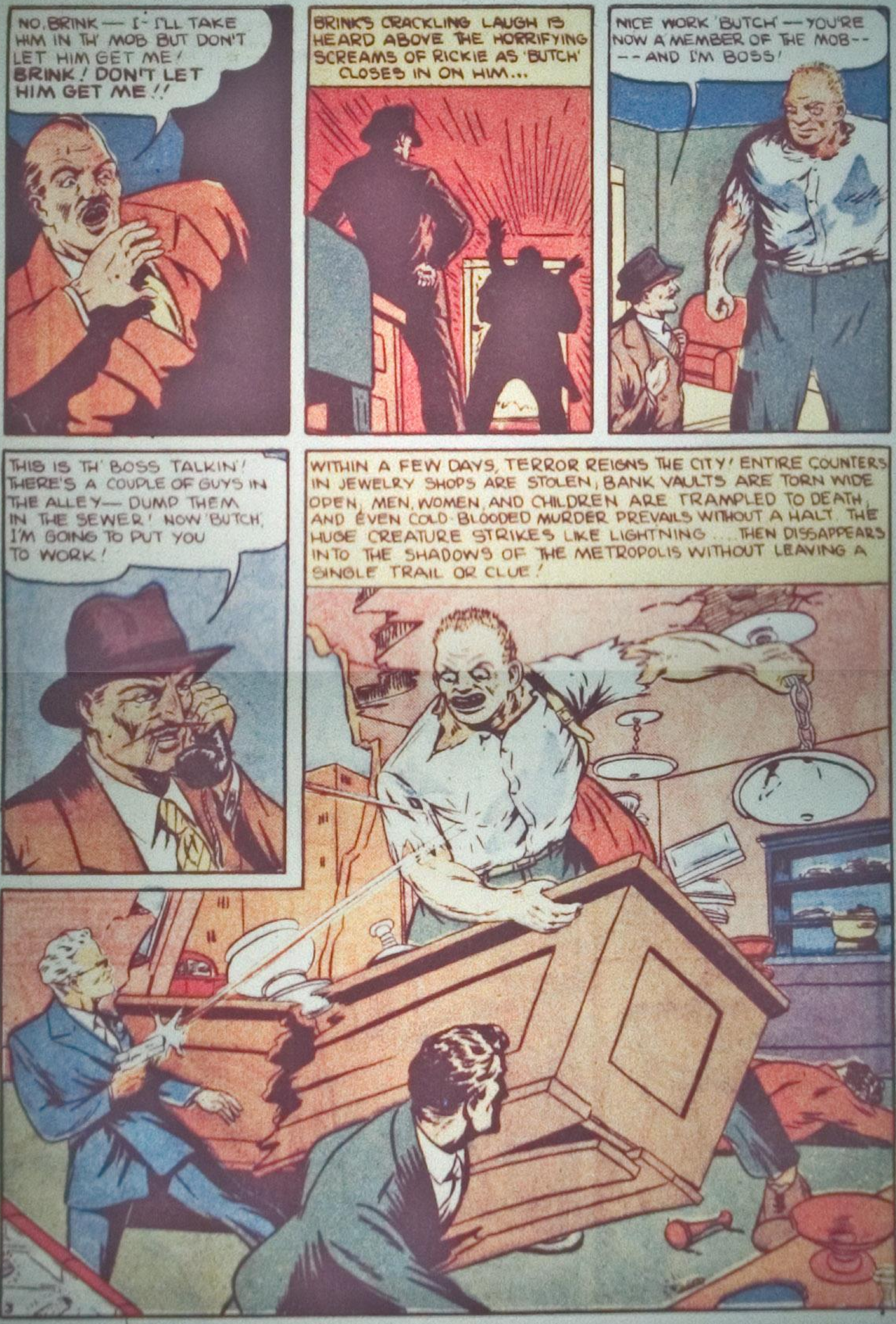

AND ARE YOU GOING TO BE SORRY!
SUDDENLY THE TORCH LEAPS HIGH INTO THE AIR!
AND SOARS THRU SPACE TILL HE IS ALMOST DIRECTLY OVER MANYAC'S AUTO!
MADE IT!
?
SITTING ON THE MOTOR - THE TORCH'S BLAZING BODY BEGINS TO MELT IT!
DO SOMETHING, DOC! THAT GUY'S MELTING THE MOTOR! —
?
I'LL FIX HIM SO HE'LL NEVER BOTHER ANYONE!!
BUT MAIZIE - NOT KNOWING THE LEAD PELLET WOULD MELT BEFORE IT REACHES THE TORCH - GRASPS MANYAC'S GUN HAND, WHO IN TURN LEAVES GO OF THE WHEEL!

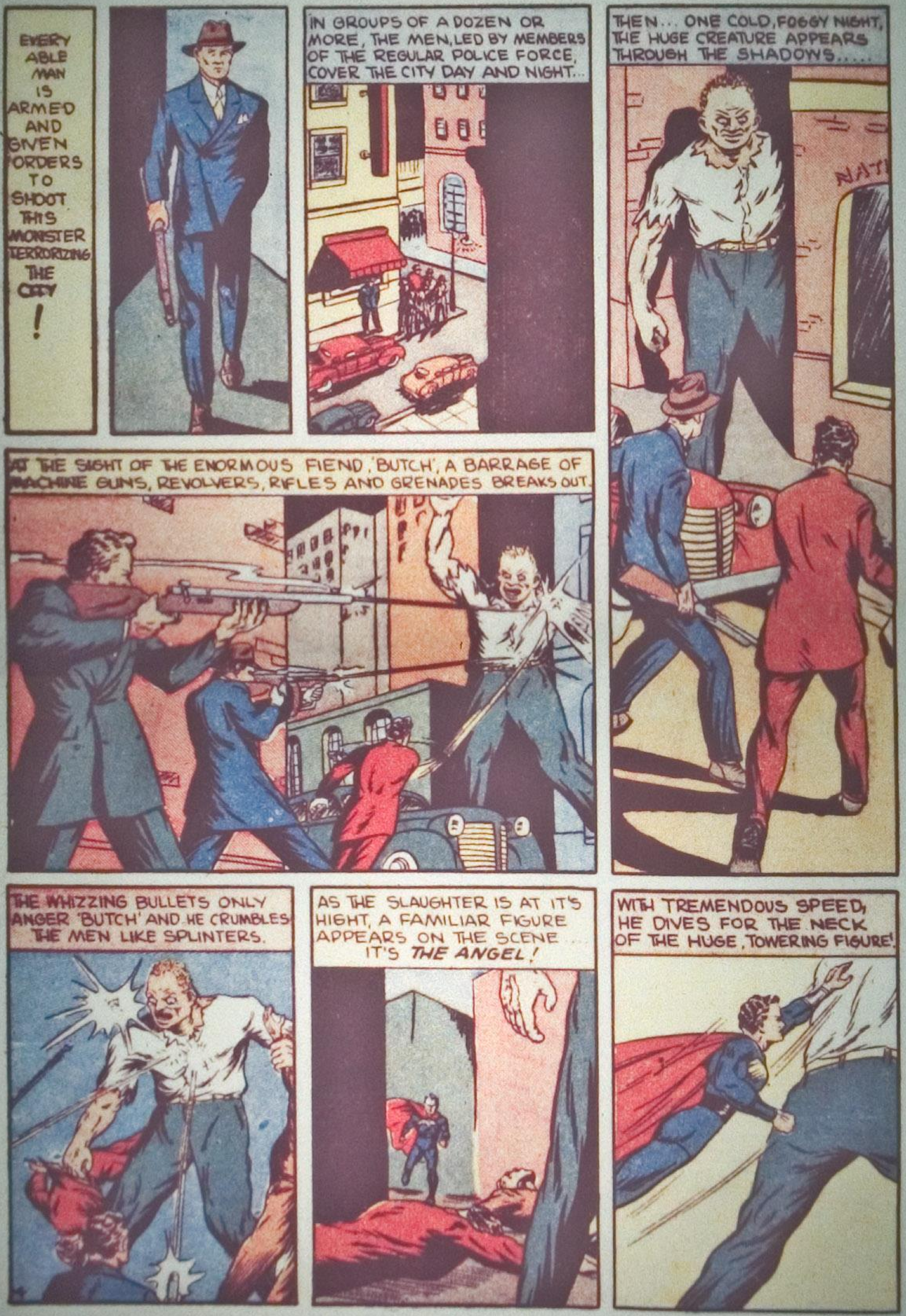

ATTRACTED BY THE COMMOTION, THE TORCH WHIRLS ABOUT JUST AS THE CAR SWERVES WILDLY ONTO THE SIDEWALK AND CRASHES INTO A FIRE HYDRANT! A GEYSER OF WATER SHOOTS UP FULL FORCE INTO THE TORCH AND BEGINS TO SMOULDER HIS FLAME ..
MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING YOU STARTED TO STRUGGLE, MAIZIE!—LOOK AT THE TORCH! HE CAN'T TAKE WATER!
WHILE THE TORCH COMBATS THE WATER—MANYAC DRAGS MAIZIE IN AN EFFORT TO LOSE THE FLAMING MAN!
THEN
YOU BETTER STOP, MANYAC!
OH NO .. UNLESS YOU START MOVING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION I'LL BLAST HER BRAINS OUT.!
IT WON T BE NECESSARY, I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!
BUT SUDDENLY, THE TORCH WHIRLS AND SENDS A BALL OF FLAME THAT CURVES AROUND MAIZIE, CRASHES INTO MANYAC BEFORE HE CAN PULL THE TRIGGER!


COUGHING AND SWEARING MANYAC GOES DOWN BLAZING!
THERE'S THE TORCH!
AT THAT MOMENT — JOHNSON — TRAILED BY INSPECTOR REISS — ROUND THE CORNER —
AND HERE REISS, IS THE MAN TO BLAME FOR THE GREEN FLAME. YOU'LL FIND HIM QUITE ALIVE SO GET THE CUFFS ON HIM!
NOW, TORCH YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF JIM HAMOND. DON'T RUN! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE IT TOUGHER ON YOURSELF!
SO YOU STILL THINK I DID AWAY WITH JIM HAMOND?, HAH! WATCH!
REISS'S EYES POP AS THE TORCH SUBDUES THE FLAME!
Burgos
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU ARE HAMOND! I'M SORRY THAT I EVEN THOUGHT YOU A MURDERER —
FORGET IT, REISS!
NEXT MONTH
ANOTHER COMPLETE
HUMAN TORCH
PICTURE-ACTION STORY!

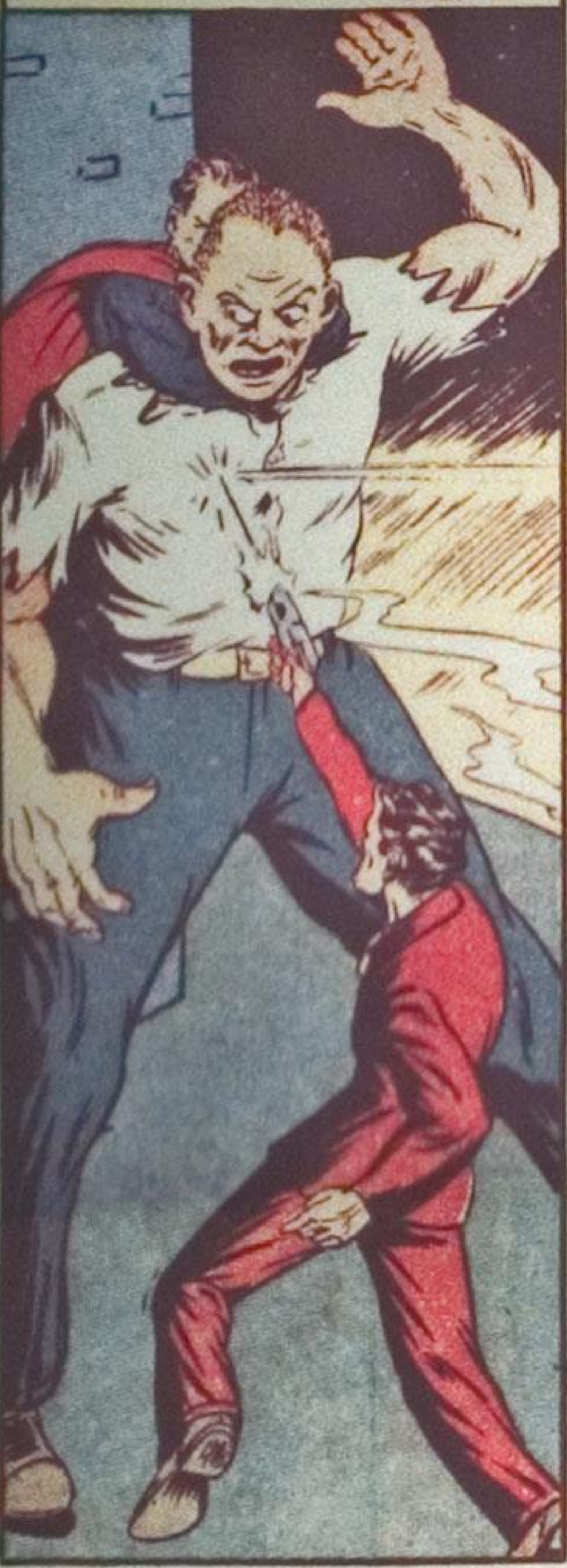

The ANGEL
"DEVIL'S" PLAYGROUND -- HARBOR OF NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS, KILLERS AND EVERY IMAGINABLE MENACE TO CIVILIZATION... COVERING BUT A FEW SQUARE BLOCKS... YET CONTROLLING AN ENTIRE CITY!
WE LOOK INTO ONE OF THE BUILDINGS.
I AIN'T GONNA DO YOUR ROTTEN DIRTY WORK NO MORE, RICKIE! I'M QUITTIN'!!
GET THIS, WEASEL AS LONG AS I'M BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF QUITTING AND I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW THAT IS!
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HOT ARGUMENT, A THIN, GREASY LOOKING FIGURE BURSTS INTO RICKIE'S OFFICE:
BOSS — I WANT YOU TO MEET A PAL OF MINE!!
LATER, BRINK! I'VE A JOB FOR YOU— —WEASEL WANTS TO QUIT!
OH — SO YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA 'BUMP' ME OFF EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
WHO SAID I WAS!? THIS FRIEND OF MINE THAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT IS JUST ITCHING TO DO ME A FAVOR---AND HE'LL DO ANYTHING I ASK HIM!


[illegible] OPENS THE DOOR, WEASEL JUMPS BACK AS IF HE HAD SEEN THE DEVIL HIMSELF!
G-GET 'IM OUTA HERE-- -HE AIN'T HUMAN!
THAT'S RIGHT-- HE AIN'T!! NOW, RICKIE, DID YOU SAY YOU WANTED WEASEL OUT OF THE WAY?!?
AT THAT MOMENT, WEASEL DRAWS HIS GUN AND STARTS BLASTING AWAY AT THE HUGE CREATURE- --BUT THE BULLETS RICOCHET AS IF THEY WERE STRIKING A STONE WALL.
WITH A WHIFF OF HIS ARM, THE CREATURE SENDS WEASEL CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW....
THAT'S THE END OF WEASEL, BOSS!
YEAH!! FIVE FLIGHTS DOWN IS A BIG DROP!
IF YOU'RE THINKING OF BRINGING THIS MUG INTO THE MOB— YOU'RE OFF YOUR NUT! I CAN'T USE HIM-- HE'S TOO BIG AND CLUMSY!! THE COPS COULD SPOT HIM OUT OF A MILLION!
SO YOU'RE NOT TAKING HIM IN, EH? WELL, 'BUTCH', THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD GET INTO THE MOB THEN IS IF I WERE BOSS! SINCE I'M RICKIE'S 'NUMBER ONE MAN', I'D BECOME BOSS IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HIM! GET RID OF HIM 'BUTCH'!!

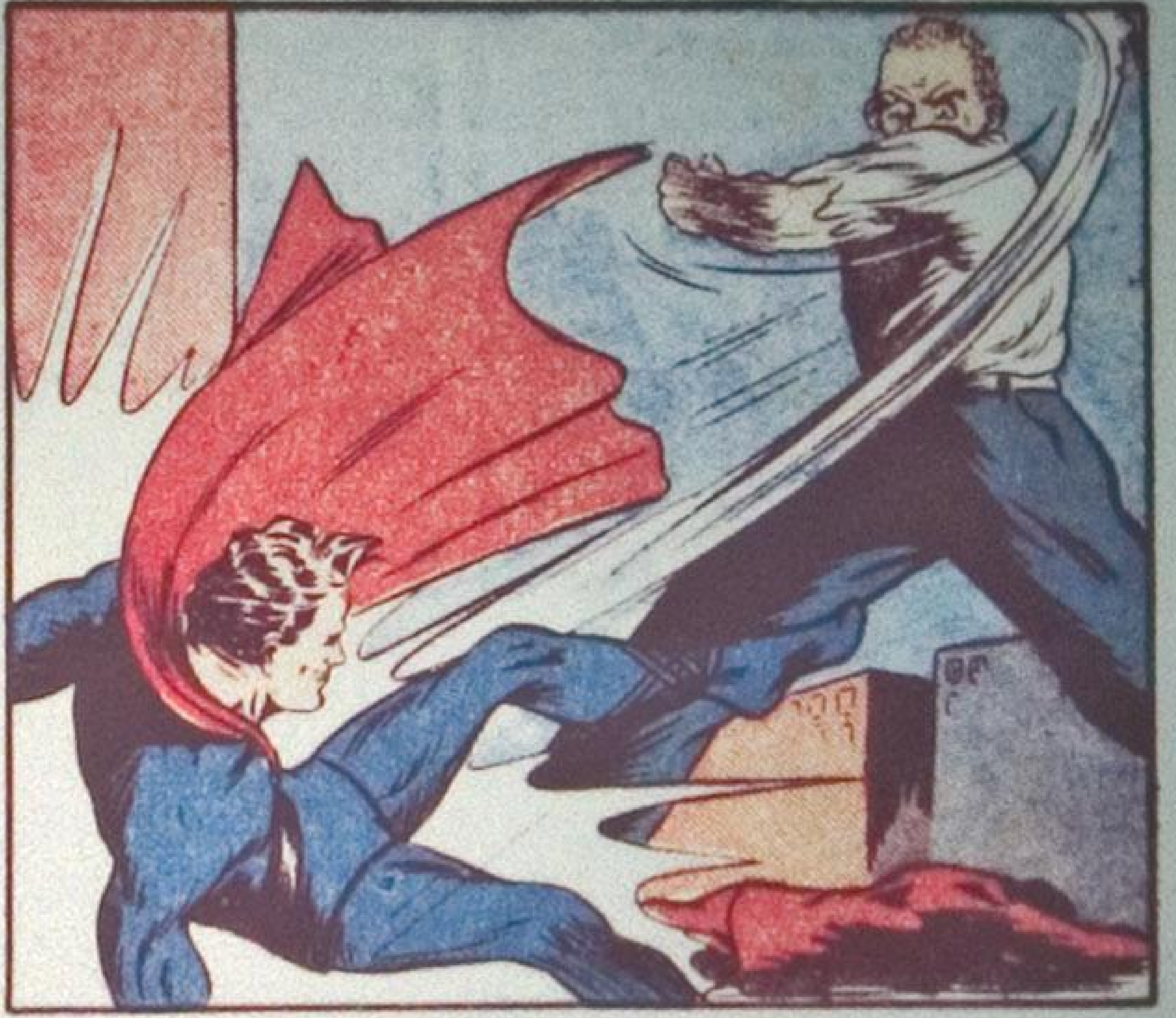

NO, BRINK — I- I'LL TAKE HIM IN TH' MOB BUT DON'T LET HIM GET ME! BRINK! DON'T LET HIM GET ME!!
BRINK'S CRACKLING LAUGH IS HEARD ABOVE THE HORRIFYING SCREAMS OF RICKIE AS 'BUTCH' CLOSES IN ON HIM...
NICE WORK 'BUTCH' — YOU'RE NOW A MEMBER OF THE MOB-- --AND I'M BOSS!
THIS IS TH' BOSS TALKIN'! THERE'S A COUPLE OF GUYS IN THE ALLEY— DUMP THEM IN THE SEWER! NOW 'BUTCH', I'M GOING TO PUT YOU TO WORK!
WITHIN A FEW DAYS, TERROR REIGNS THE CITY! ENTIRE COUNTERS IN JEWELRY SHOPS ARE STOLEN, BANK VAULTS ARE TORN WIDE OPEN, MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN ARE TRAMPLED TO DEATH, AND EVEN COLD-BLOODED MURDER PREVAILS WITHOUT A HALT. THE HUGE CREATURE STRIKES LIKE LIGHTNING.... THEN DISSAPPEARS INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE METROPOLIS WITHOUT LEAVING A SINGLE TRAIL OR CLUE!


EVERY ABLE MAN IS ARMED AND GIVEN ORDERS TO SHOOT THIS MONSTER TERRORIZING THE CITY !
IN GROUPS OF A DOZEN OR MORE, THE MEN, LED BY MEMBERS OF THE REGULAR POLICE FORCE, COVER THE CITY DAY AND NIGHT...
THEN... ONE COLD, FOGGY NIGHT, THE HUGE CREATURE APPEARS THROUGH THE SHADOWS.....
NATI
AT THE SIGHT OF THE ENORMOUS FIEND, 'BUTCH', A BARRAGE OF MACHINE GUNS, REVOLVERS, RIFLES AND GRENADES BREAKS OUT.
THE WHIZZING BULLETS ONLY ANGER 'BUTCH' AND HE CRUMBLES THE MEN LIKE SPLINTERS.
AS THE SLAUGHTER IS AT IT'S HIGHT, A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARS ON THE SCENE ... IT'S *THE ANGEL!*
WITH TREMENDOUS SPEED, HE DIVES FOR THE NECK OF THE HUGE, TOWERING FIGURE!

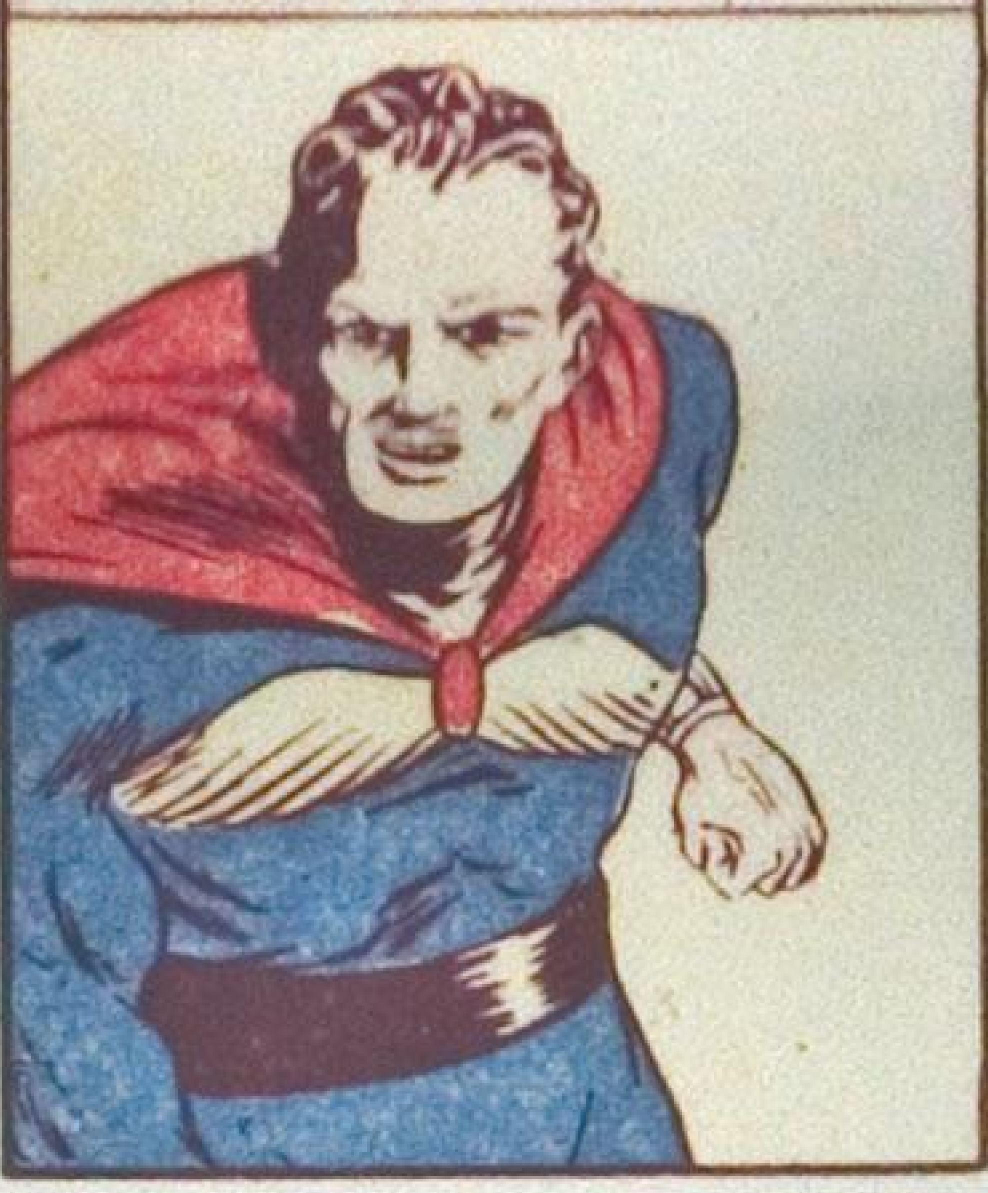
THE POWERFUL ARMS OF **THE ANGEL** CLAMP TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AROUND THE MONSTER'S NECK...



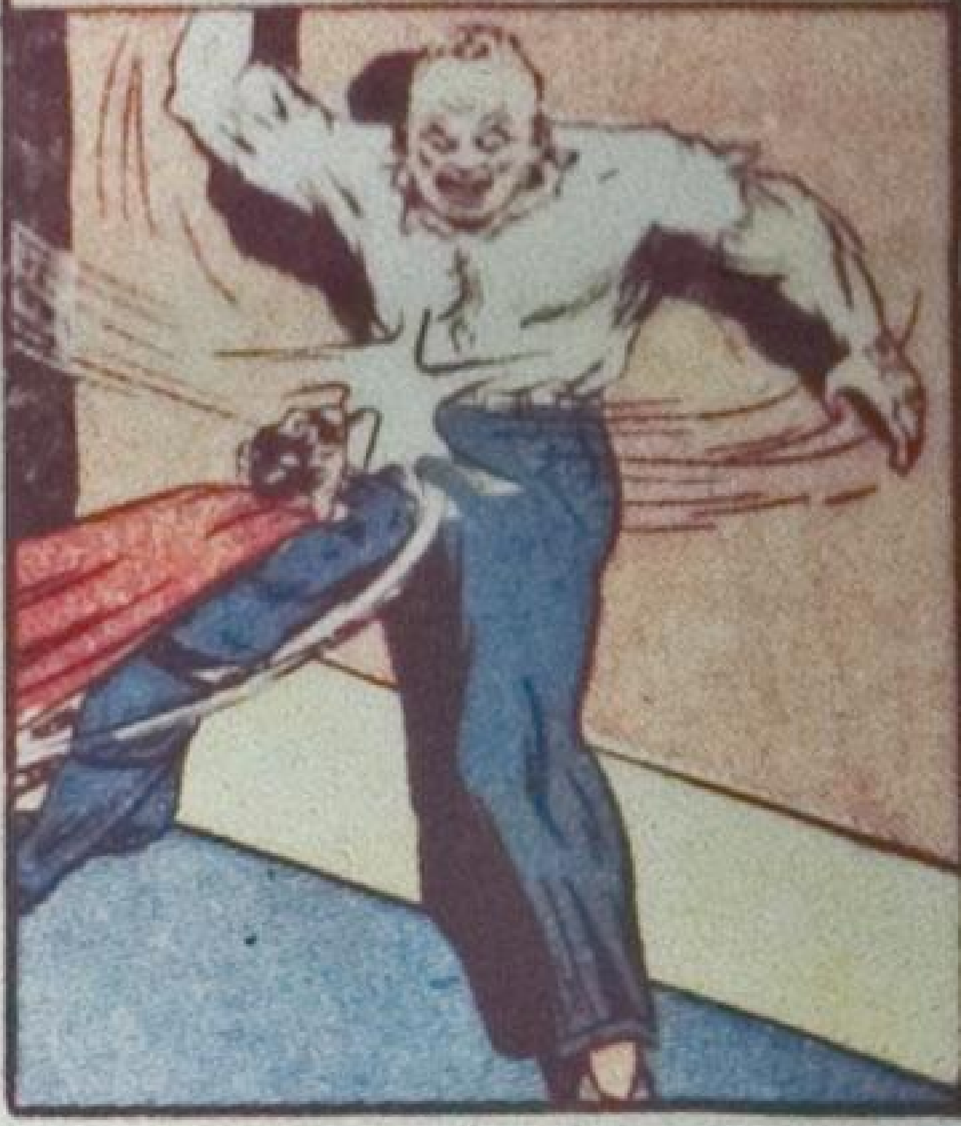
WITH ONE SWEEP OF HIS HUGE ARM, THE MONSTER 'BUTCH TEARS **THE ANGEL** LOOSE AND DASHES HIM TO THE SIDEWALK' !



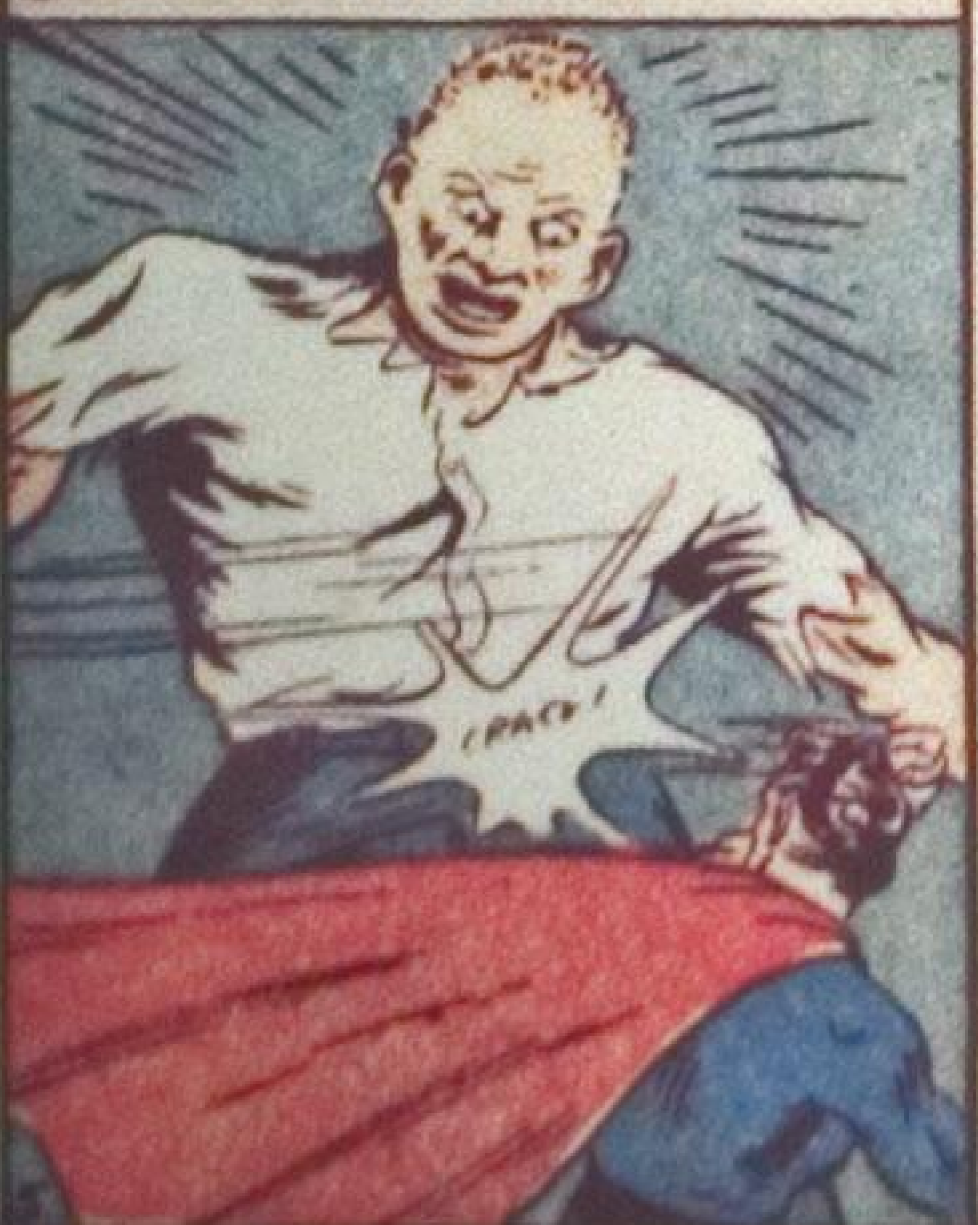
RISING TO HIS FEET, **THE ANGEL** AGAIN CHARGES INTO THE MONSTER LIKE A STRIKING THUNDERBOLT.



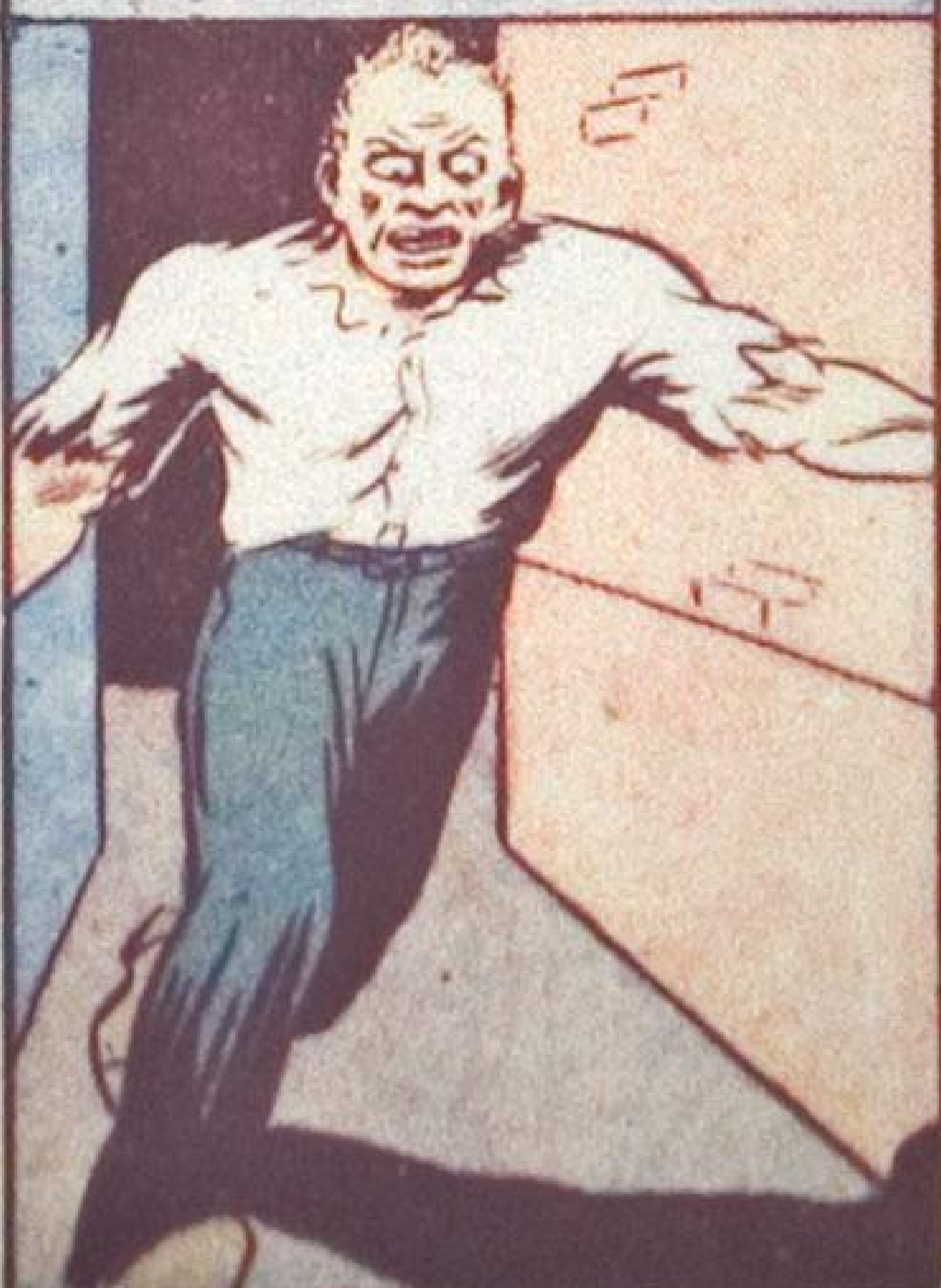
SWERVING AND DODGING THE EVER-SWINGING ARMS OF **THE** HUGE CREATURE, **THE ANGEL'S** BLOWS STRIKE HOME WITH INCREDIBLE RAPIDITY.



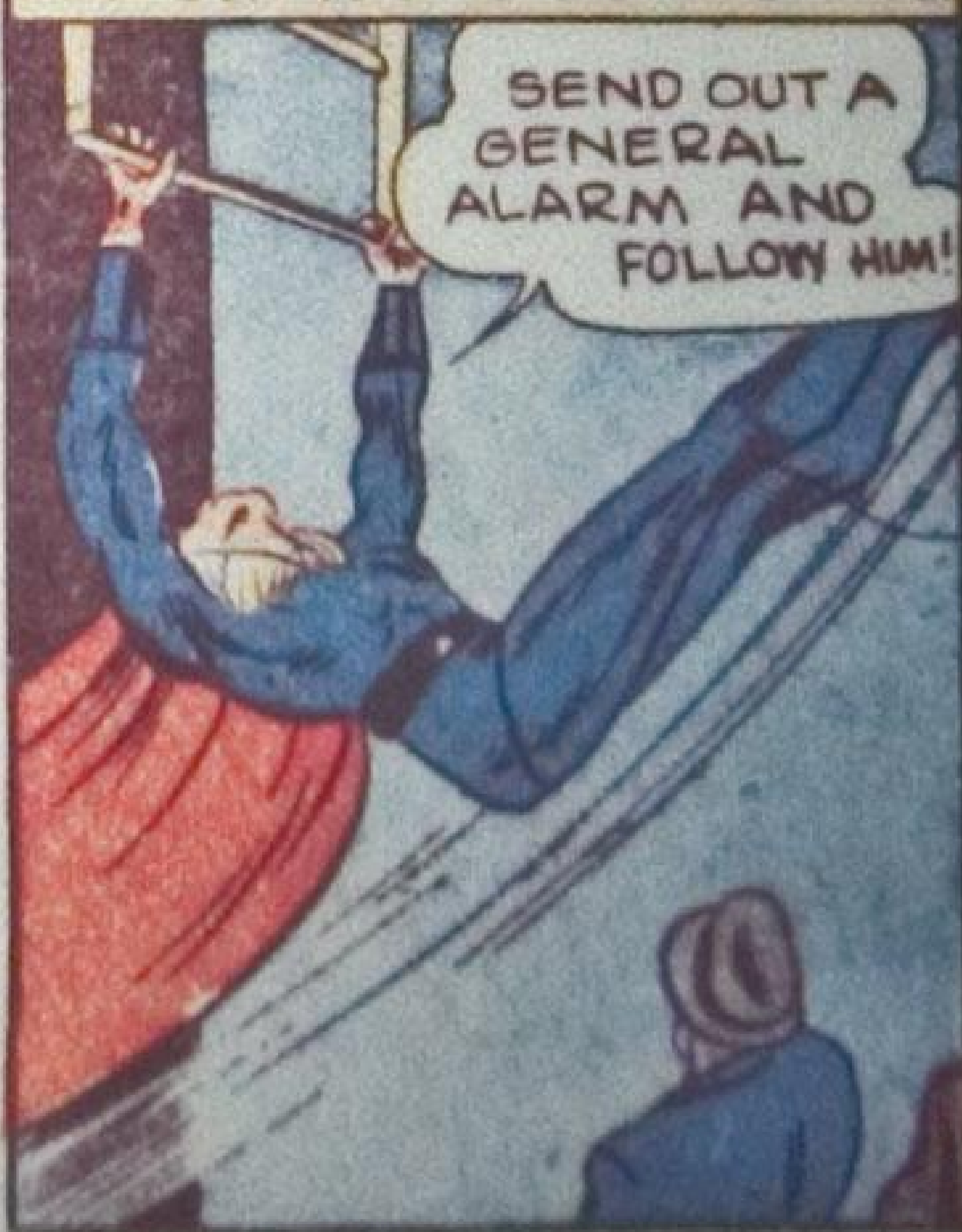
UNABLE TO GET HIS HANDS ON THE FAST-MOVING FIGURE, 'BUTCH' BECOMES PUZZLED...

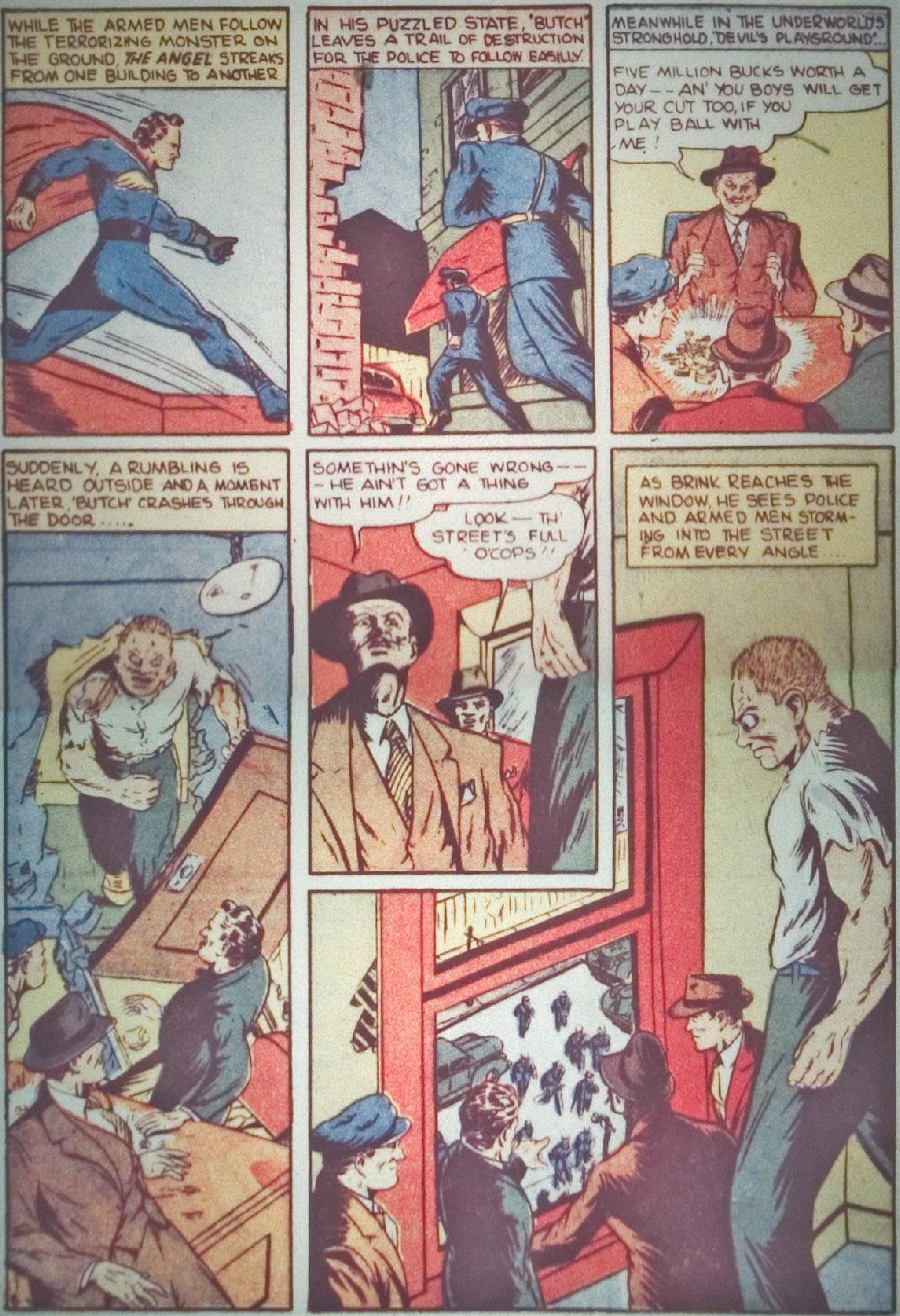


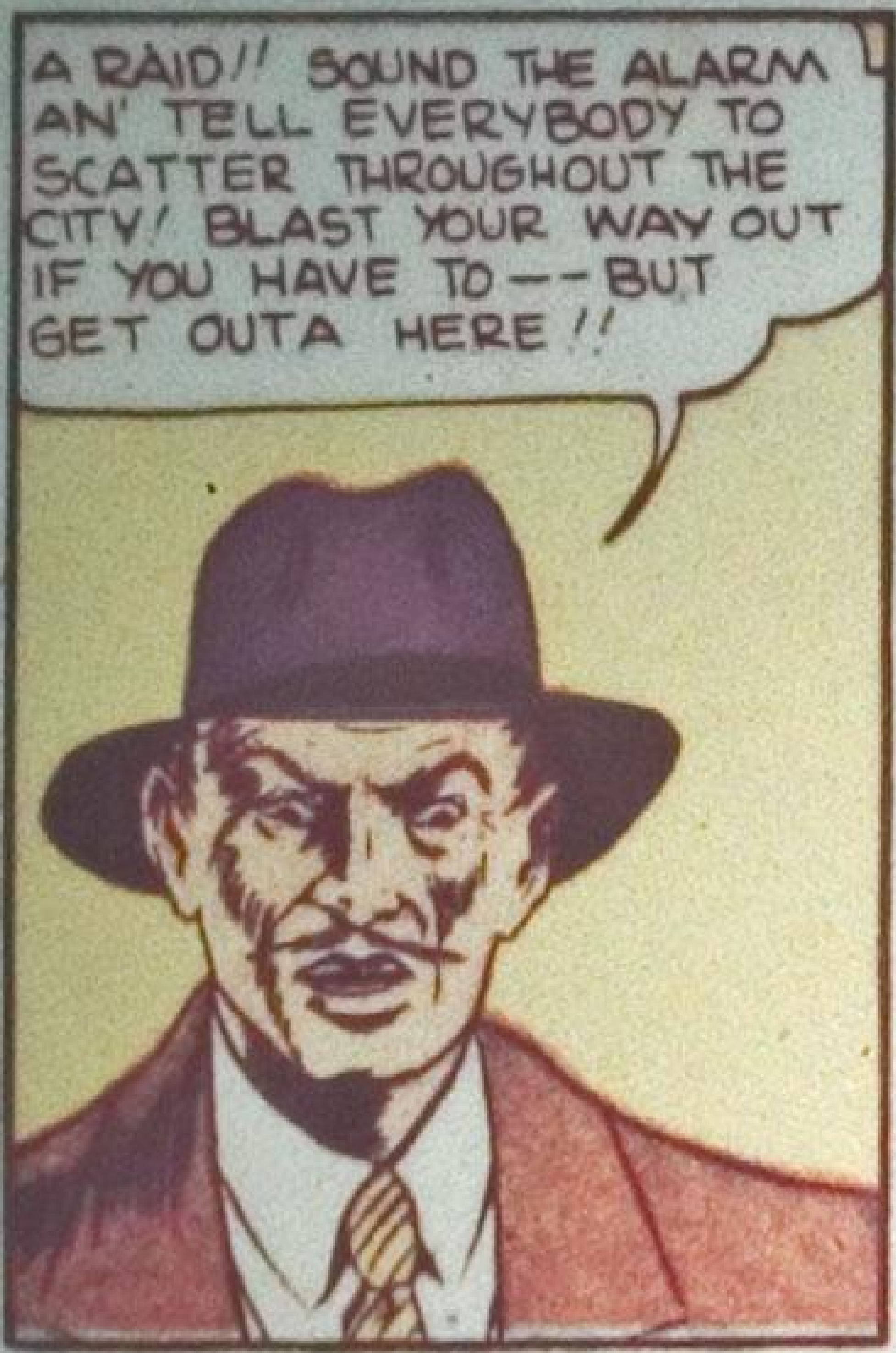
... AND FLEES INTO THE DARKNESS.

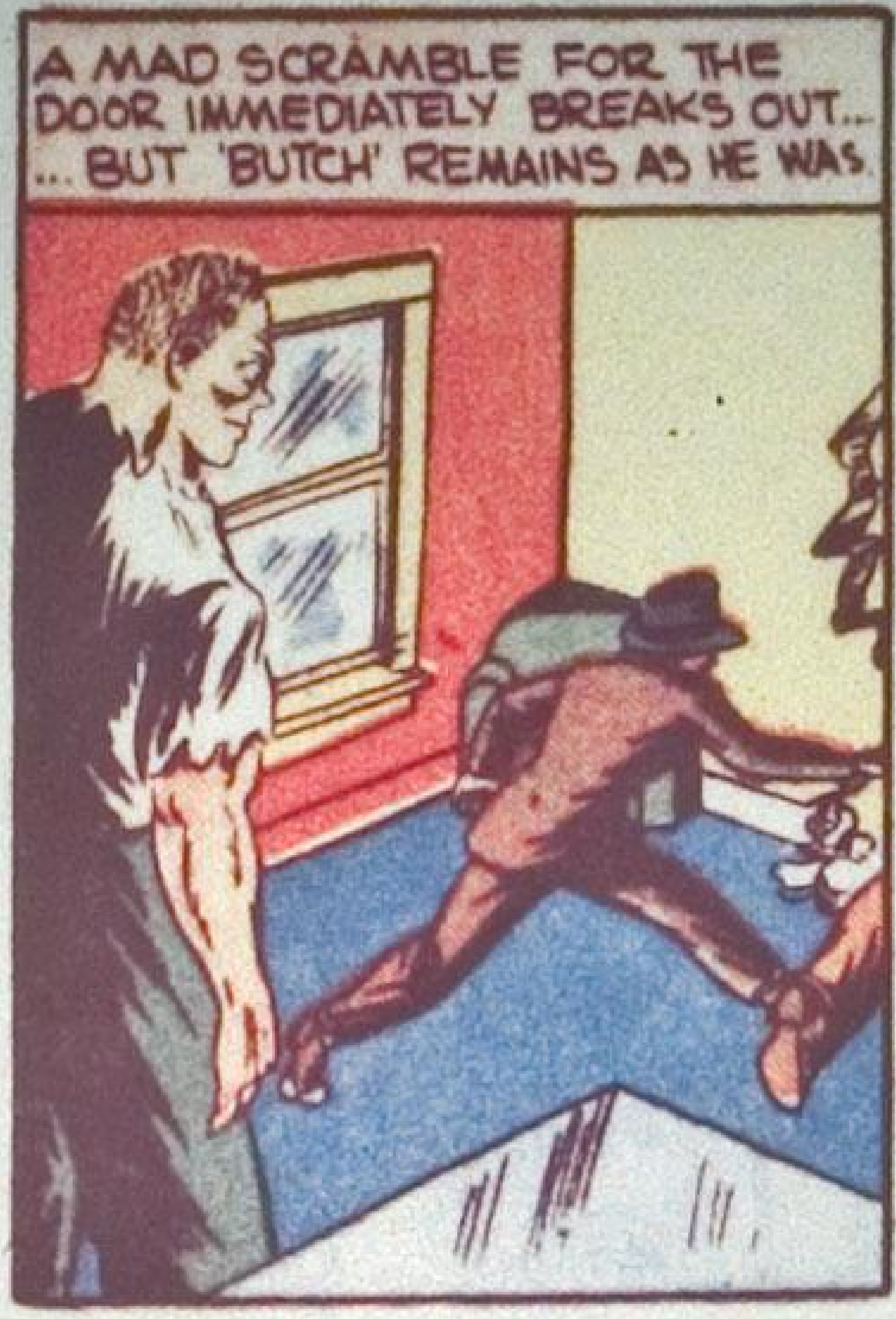


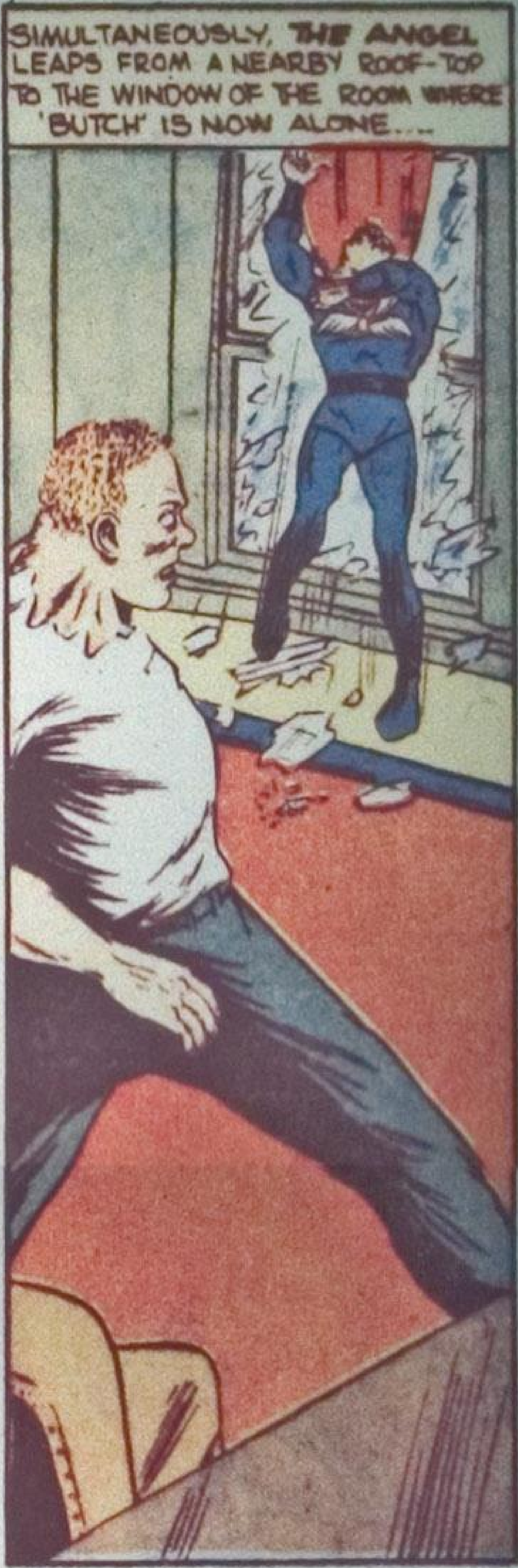
IN A FLASH, **THE ANGEL** LEAPS TO A NEARBY FIRE ESCAPE LADDER AND SWINGS TO THE ROOF-TOPS.

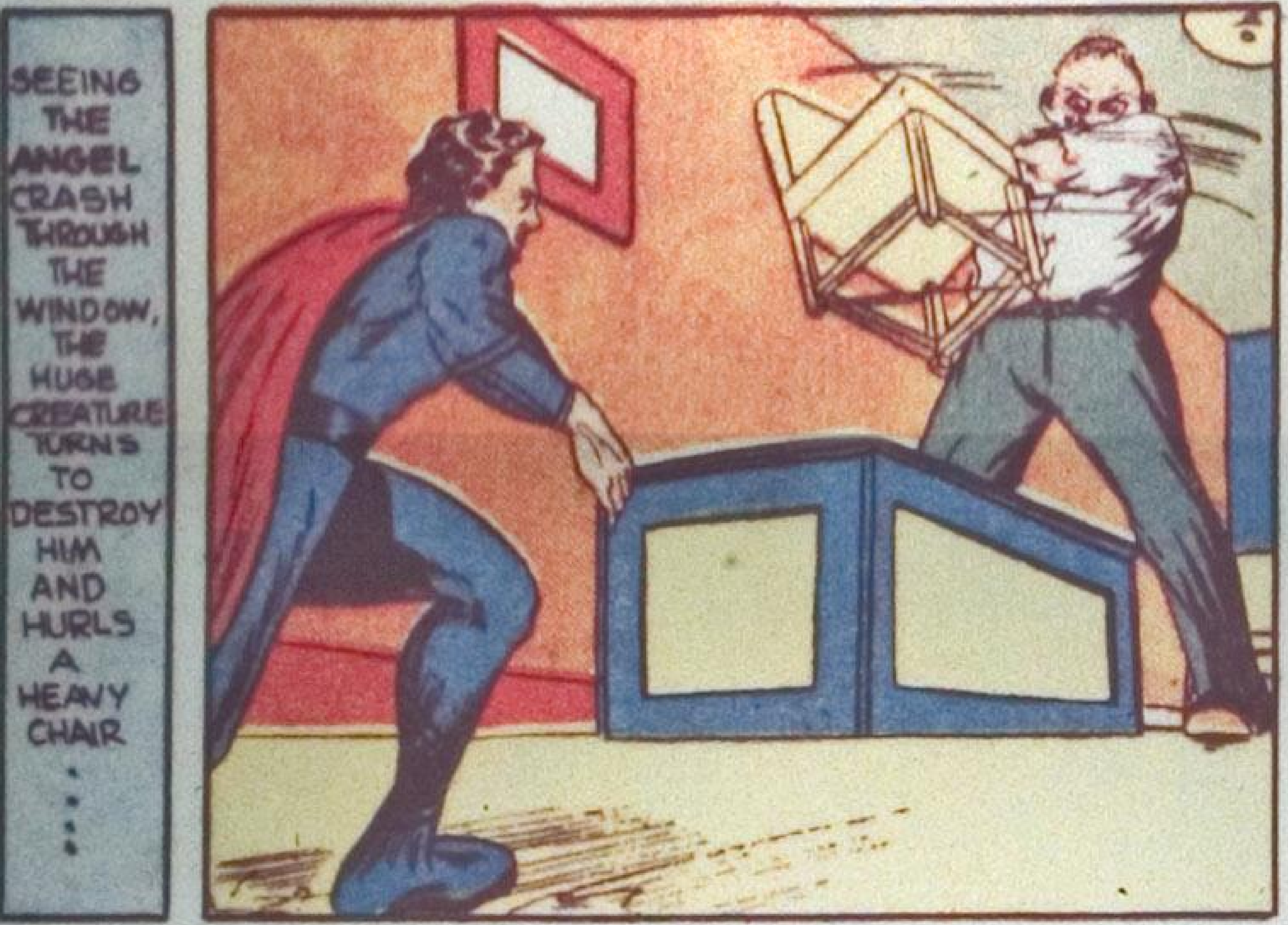

SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM AND FOLLOW HIM!

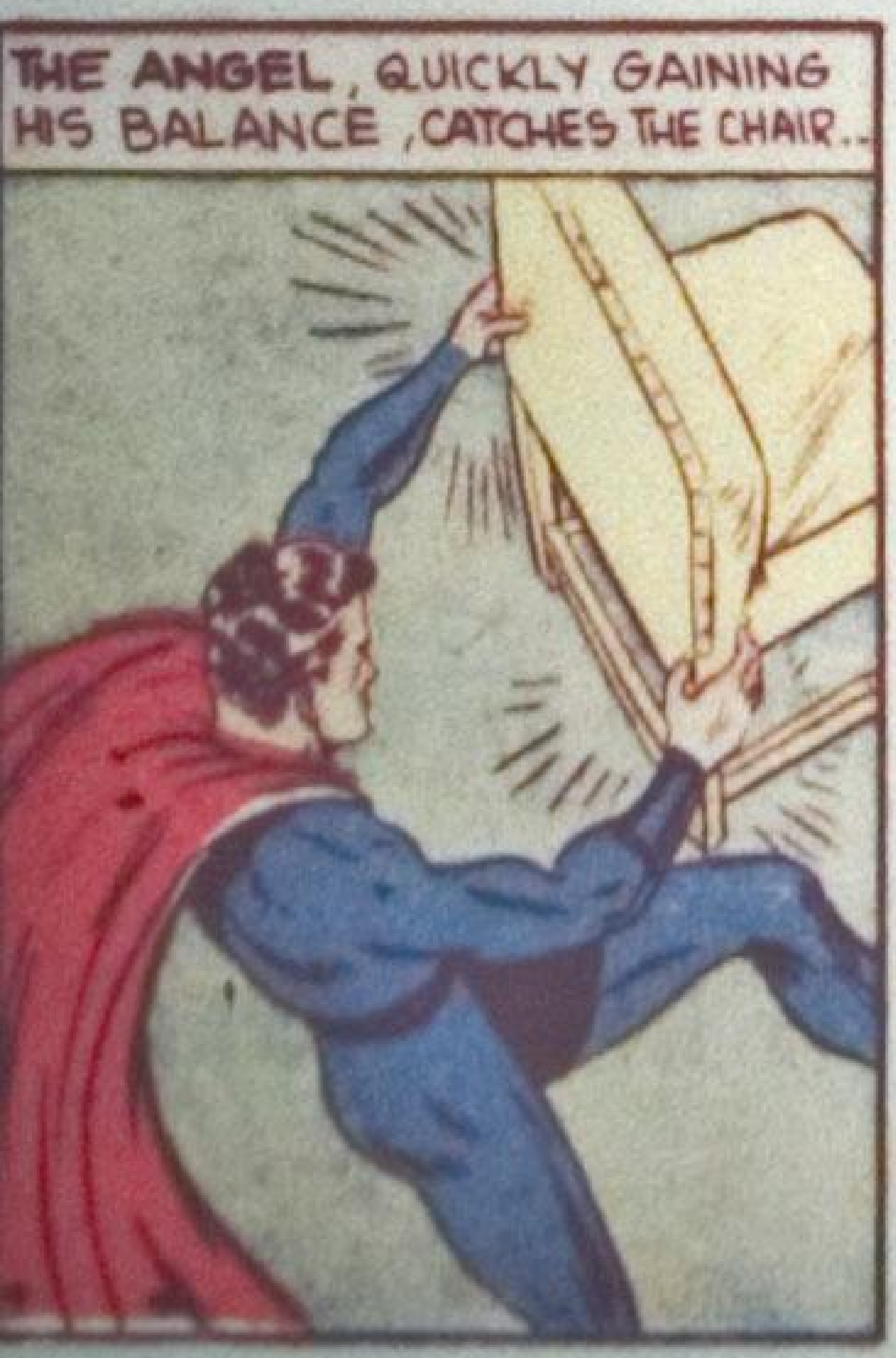

WHILE THE ARMED MEN FOLLOW THE TERRORIZING MONSTER ON THE GROUND, THE ANGEL STREAKS FROM ONE BUILDING TO ANOTHER.
IN HIS PUZZLED STATE, 'BUTCH' LEAVES A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION FOR THE POLICE TO FOLLOW EASILY.
MEANWHILE IN THE UNDERWORLD'S STRONGHOLD, 'DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND'...
FIVE MILLION BUCKS WORTH A DAY -- AN' YOU BOYS WILL GET YOUR CUT TOO, IF YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME!
SUDDENLY, A RUMBLING IS HEARD OUTSIDE AND A MOMENT LATER, 'BUTCH' CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR.....
!
SOMETHIN'S GONE WRONG--- HE AIN'T GOT A THING WITH HIM!!
LOOK — TH' STREET'S FULL O'COPS!!
AS BRINK REACHES THE WINDOW, HE SEES POLICE AND ARMED MEN STORMING INTO THE STREET FROM EVERY ANGLE...

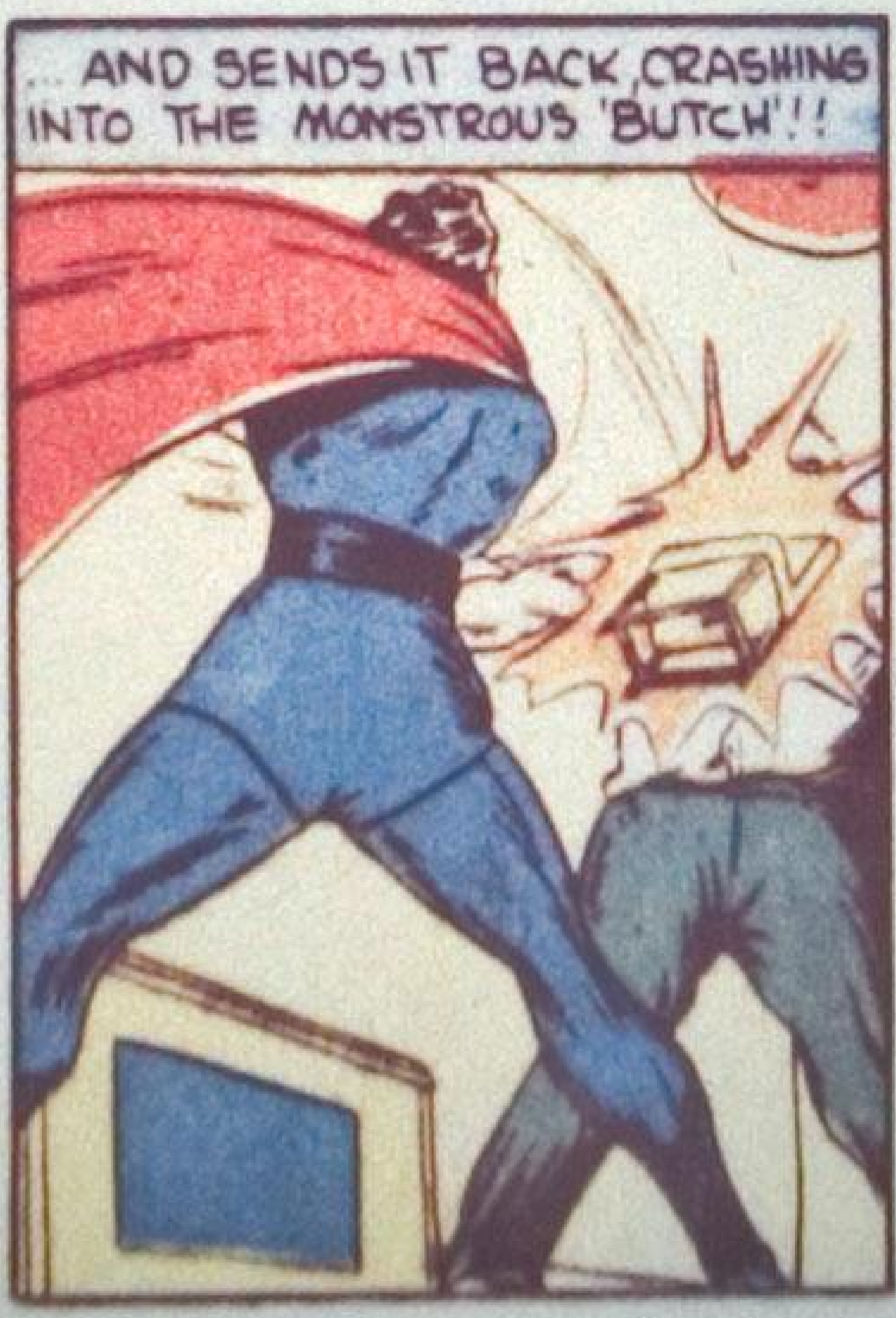

A RAID!! SOUND THE ALARM AN' TELL EVERYBODY TO SCATTER THROUGHOUT THE CITY! BLAST YOUR WAY OUT IF YOU HAVE TO -- BUT GET OUTA HERE!!

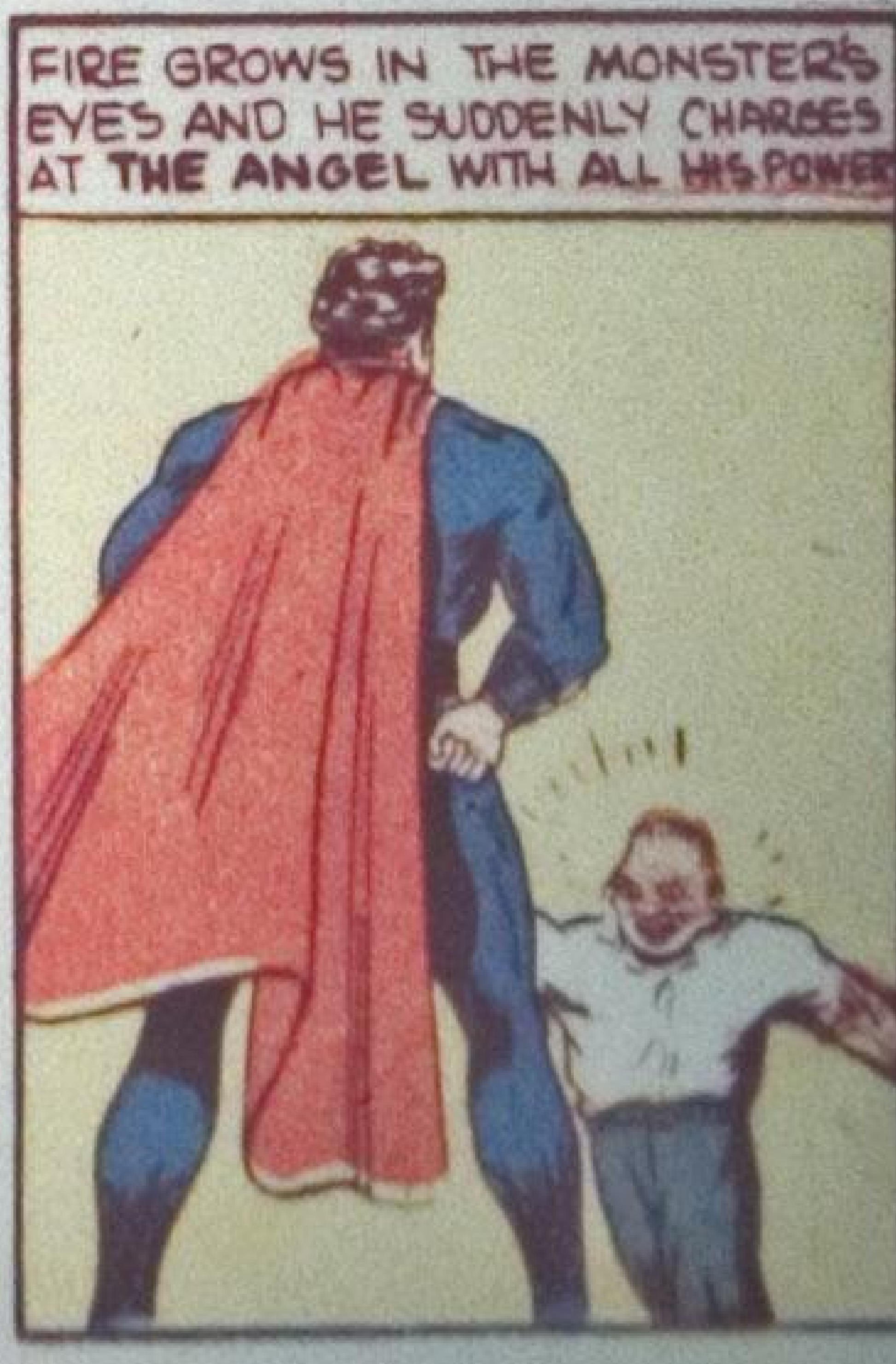

A MAD SCRAMBLE FOR THE DOOR IMMEDIATELY BREAKS OUT... ... BUT 'BUTCH' REMAINS AS HE WAS.

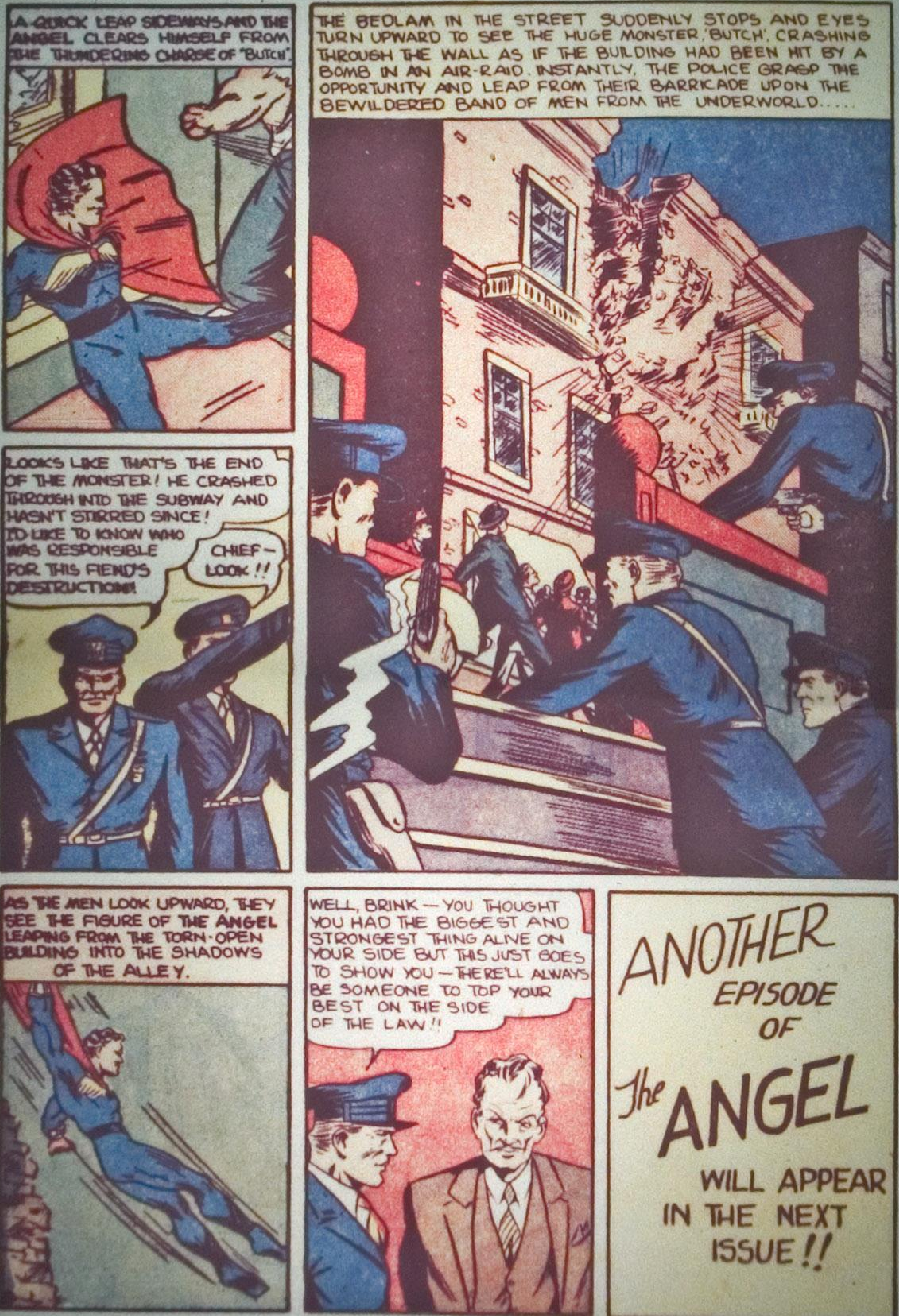

SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE ANGEL LEAPS FROM A NEARBY ROOF-TOP TO THE WINDOW OF THE ROOM WHERE 'BUTCH' IS NOW ALONE....

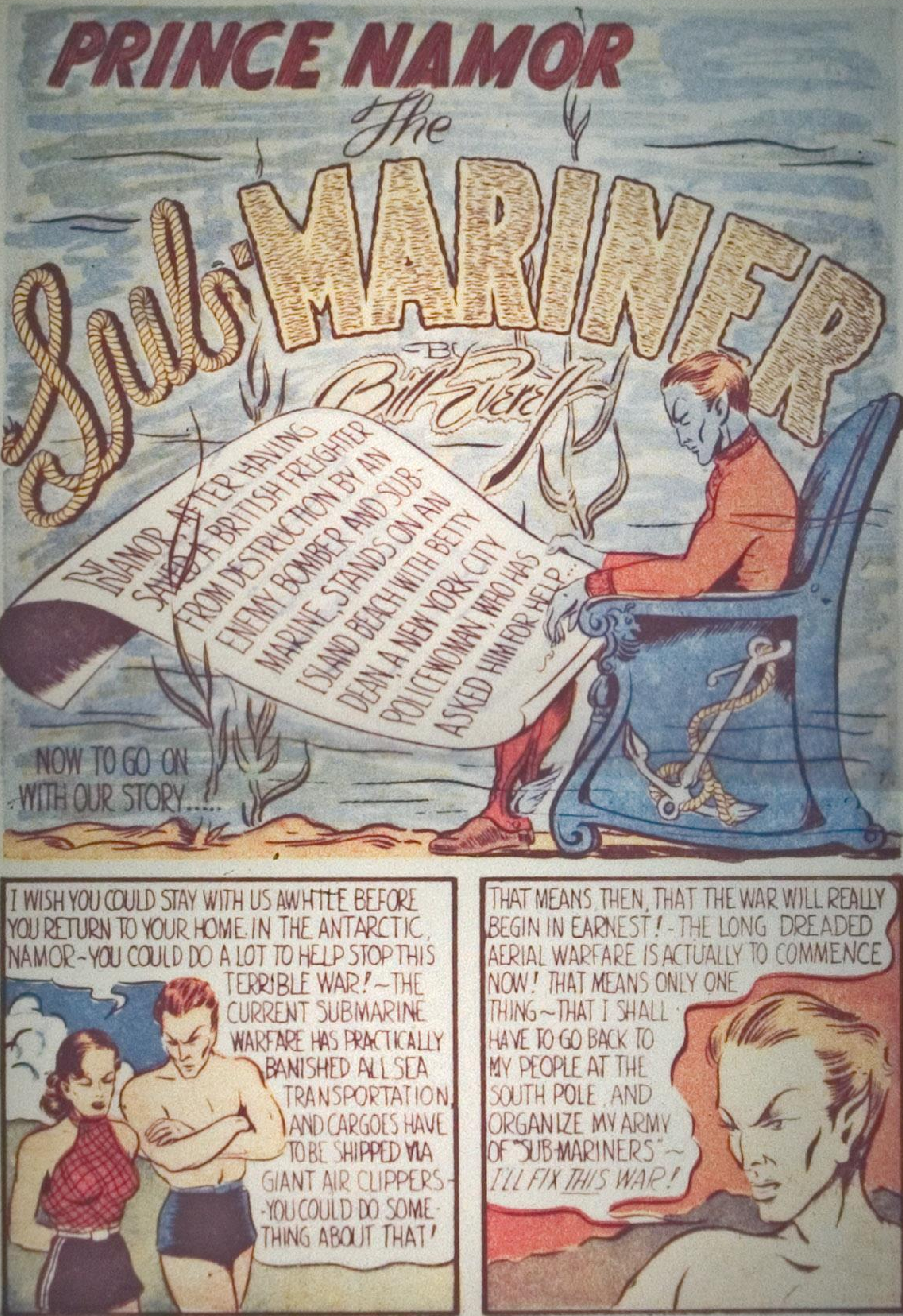

SEEING THE ANGEL CRASH THROUGH THE WINDOW, THE HUGE CREATURE TURNS TO DESTROY HIM AND HURLS A HEAVY CHAIR....

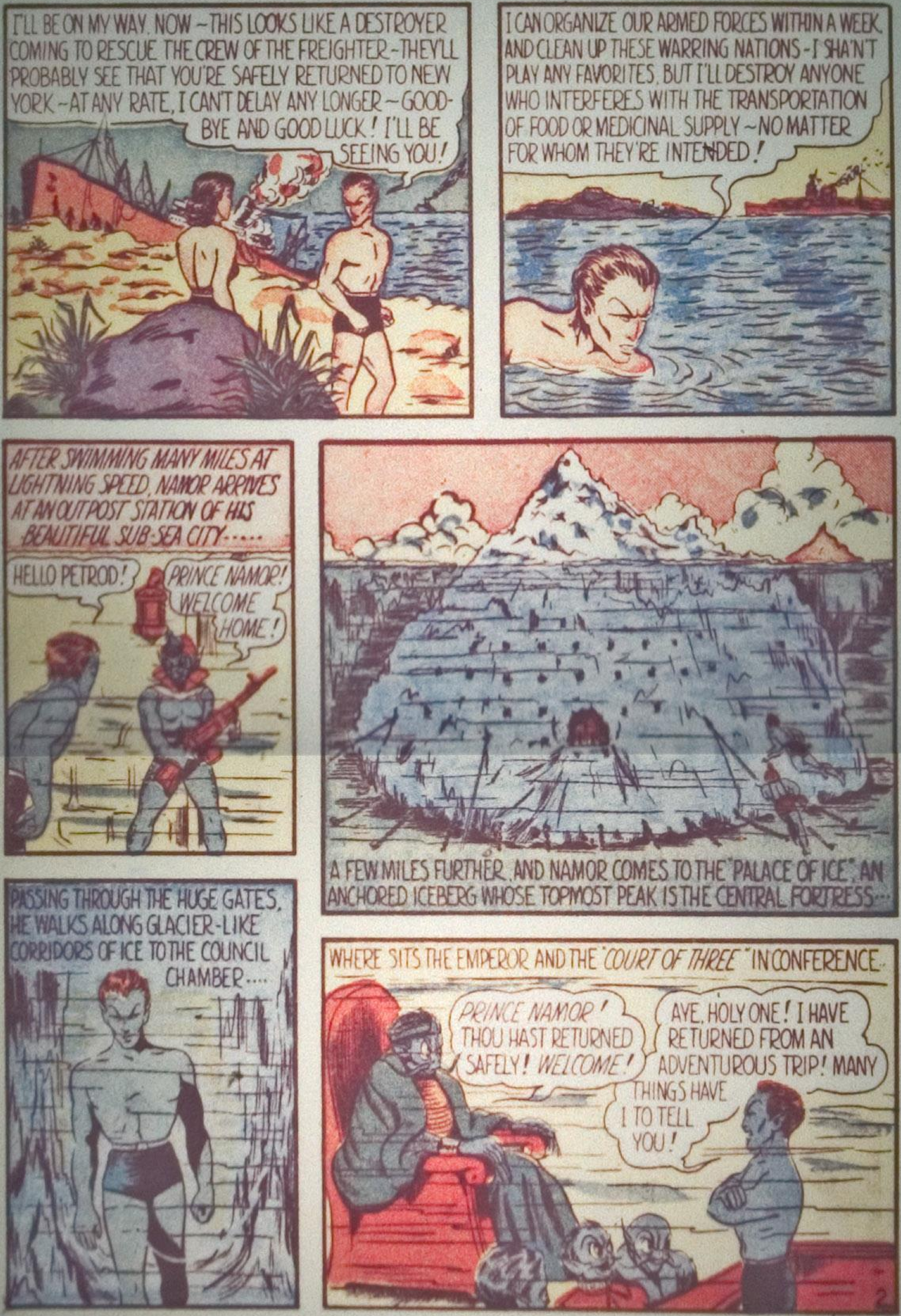

THE ANGEL, QUICKLY GAINING HIS BALANCE, CATCHES THE CHAIR...

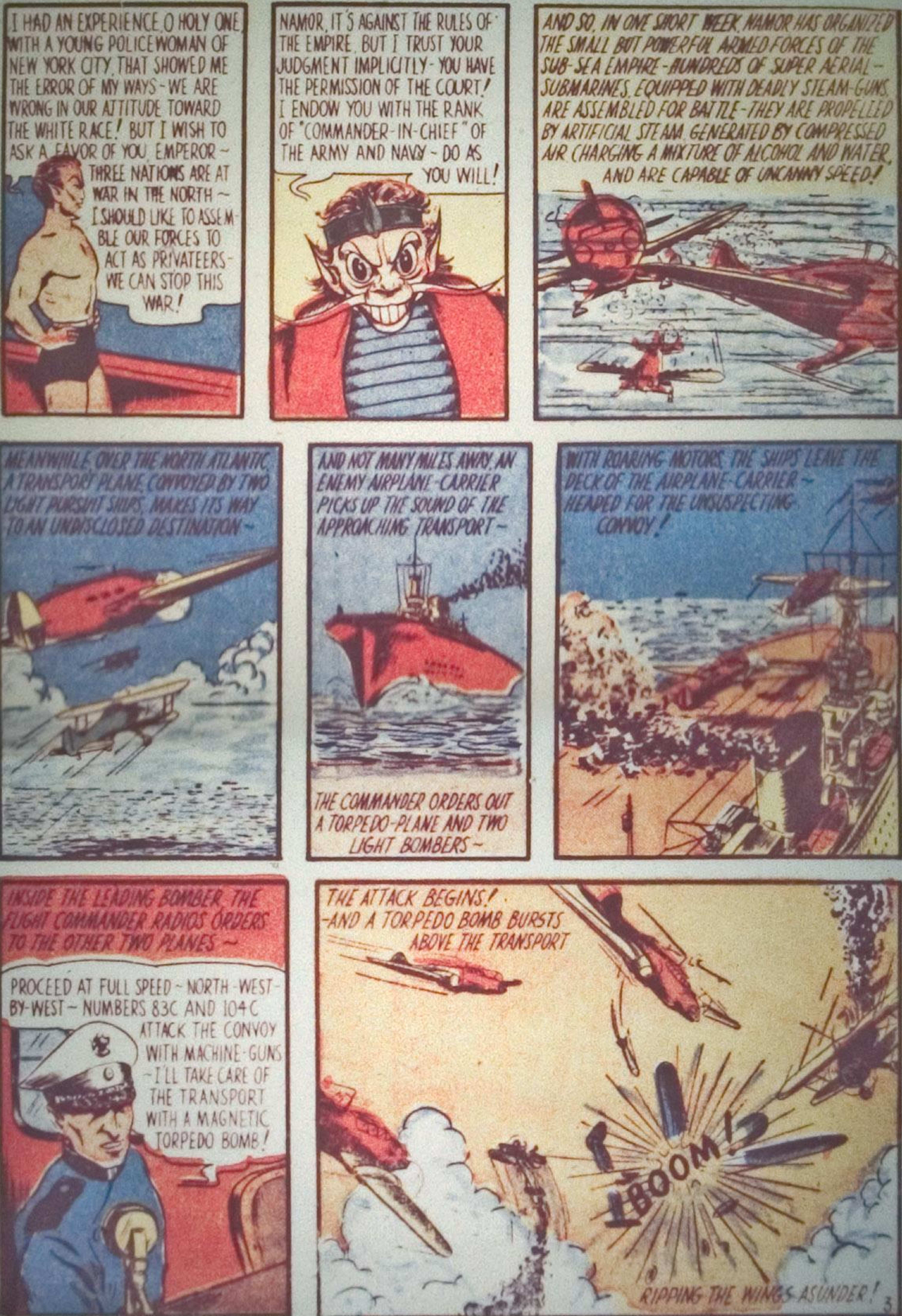

... AND SENDS IT BACK, CRASHING INTO THE MONSTROUS 'BUTCH'!!

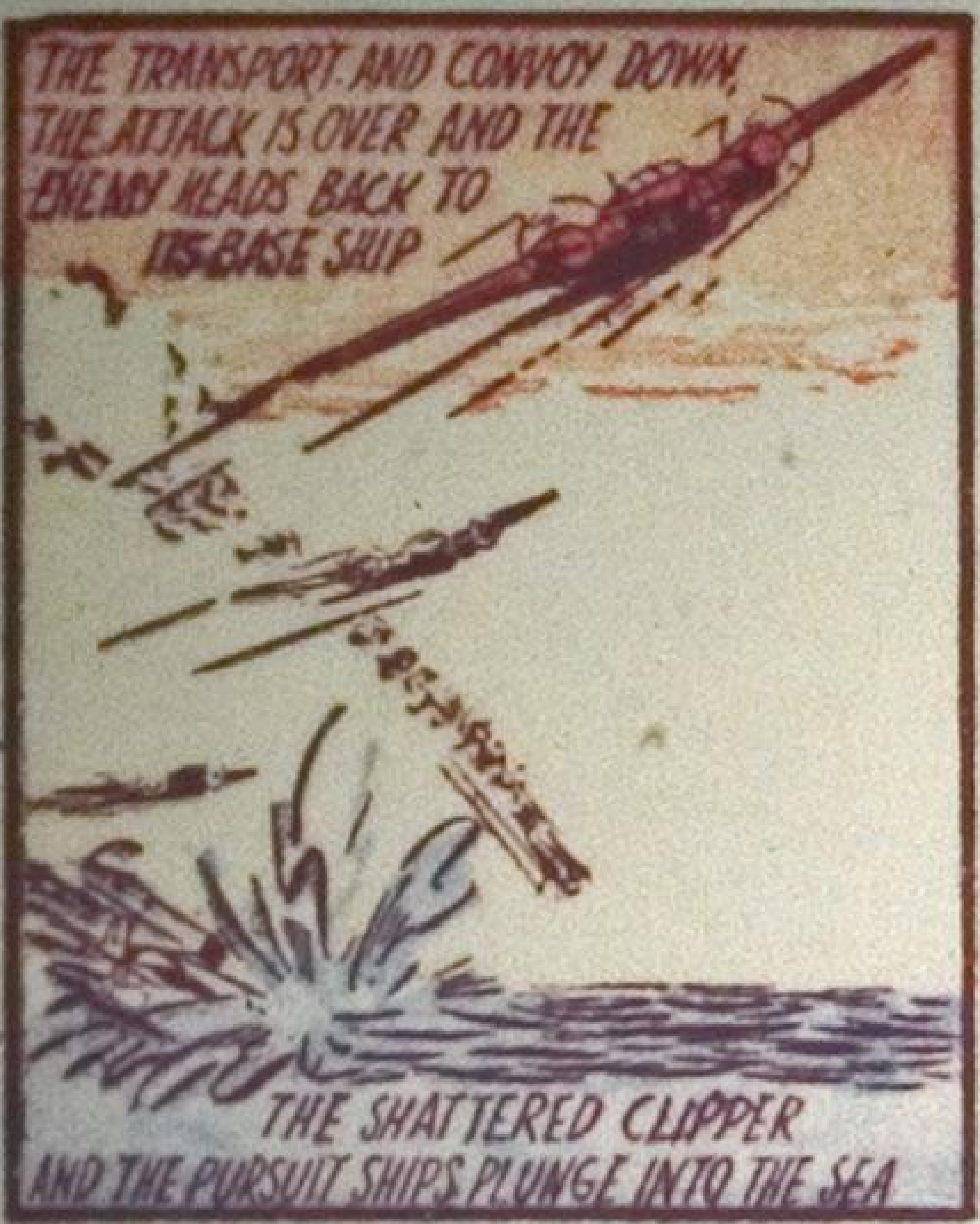

FIRE GROWS IN THE MONSTER'S EYES AND HE SUDDENLY CHARGES AT THE ANGEL WITH ALL HIS POWER

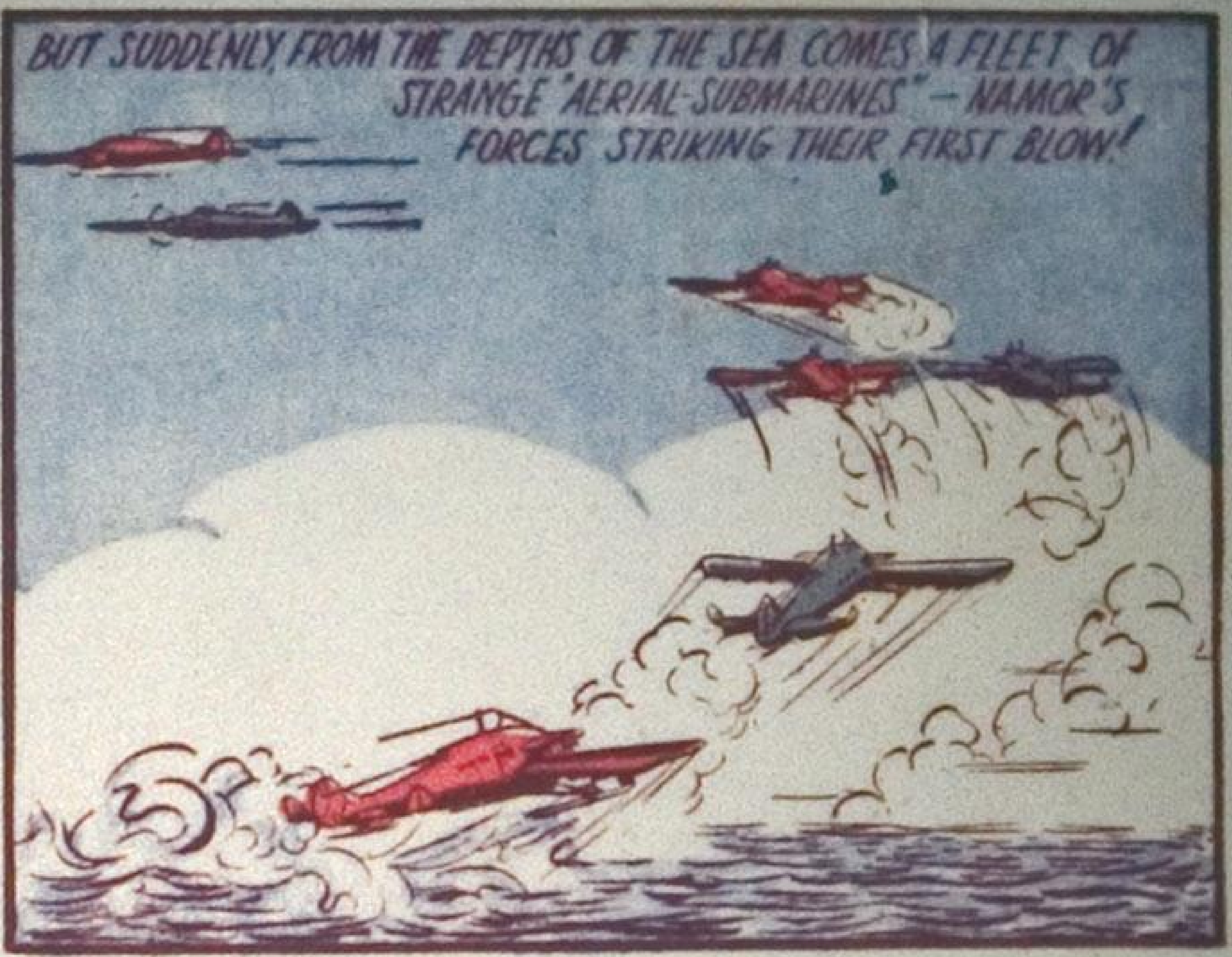

A QUICK LEAP SIDEWAYS AND THE ANGEL CLEARS HIMSELF FROM THE THUNDERING CHARGE OF "BUTCH".
THE BEDLAM IN THE STREET SUDDENLY STOPS AND EYES TURN UPWARD TO SEE THE HUGE MONSTER, 'BUTCH', CRASHING THROUGH THE WALL AS IF THE BUILDING HAD BEEN HIT BY A BOMB IN AN AIR-RAID. INSTANTLY, THE POLICE GRASP THE OPPORTUNITY AND LEAP FROM THEIR BARRICADE UPON THE BEWILDERED BAND OF MEN FROM THE UNDERWORLD....
LOOKS LIKE THAT'S THE END OF THE MONSTER! HE CRASHED THROUGH INTO THE SUBWAY AND HASN'T STIRRED SINCE! I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS FIEND'S DESTRUCTION!
CHIEF— LOOK!!
AS THE MEN LOOK UPWARD, THEY SEE THE FIGURE OF THE ANGEL LEAPING FROM THE TORN-OPEN BUILDING INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE ALLEY.
WELL, BRINK — YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD THE BIGGEST AND STRONGEST THING ALIVE ON YOUR SIDE BUT THIS JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU — THERE'LL ALWAYS BE SOMEONE TO TOP YOUR BEST ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW!!
ANOTHER EPISODE OF The ANGEL WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!

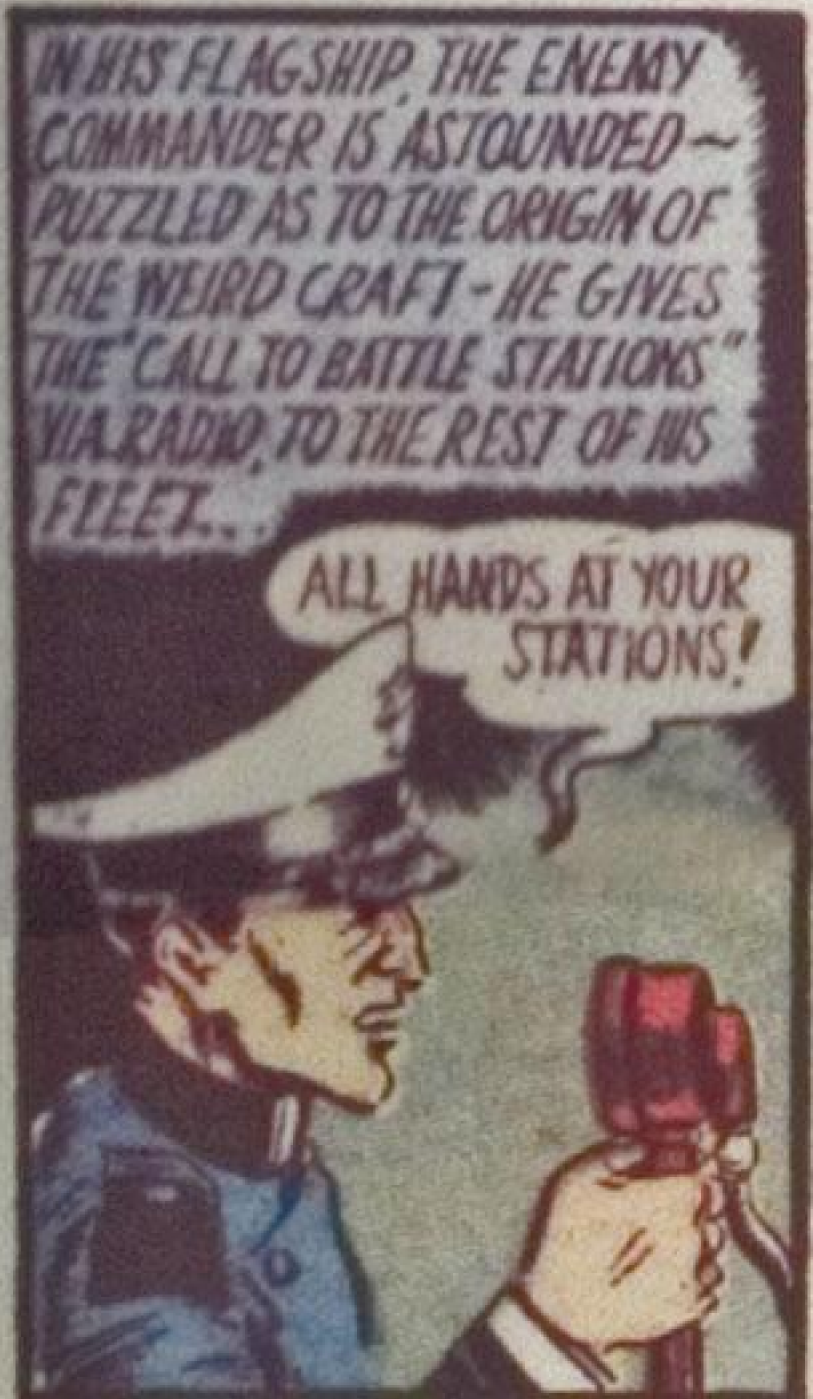

PRINCE NAMOR
The Sub-MARINER
BY Bill Everett
NAMOR AFTER HAVING SAVED A BRITISH FREIGHTER FROM DESTRUCTION BY AN ENEMY BOMBER AND SUBMARINE, STANDS ON AN ISLAND BEACH WITH BETTY DEAN, A NEW YORK CITY POLICEWOMAN, WHO HAS ASKED HIM FOR HELP...
NOW TO GO ON WITH OUR STORY.....
I WISH YOU COULD STAY WITH US AWHILE BEFORE YOU RETURN TO YOUR HOME IN THE ANTARCTIC, NAMOR~YOU COULD DO A LOT TO HELP STOP THIS TERRIBLE WAR!~THE CURRENT SUBMARINE WARFARE HAS PRACTICALLY BANISHED ALL SEA TRANSPORTATION AND CARGOES HAVE TO BE SHIPPED VIA GIANT AIR CLIPPERS -YOU COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!
THAT MEANS, THEN, THAT THE WAR WILL REALLY BEGIN IN EARNEST! - THE LONG DREADED AERIAL WARFARE IS ACTUALLY TO COMMENCE NOW! THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING~THAT I SHALL HAVE TO GO BACK TO MY PEOPLE AT THE SOUTH POLE AND ORGANIZE MY ARMY OF "SUB-MARINERS"~ I'LL FIX THIS WAR!

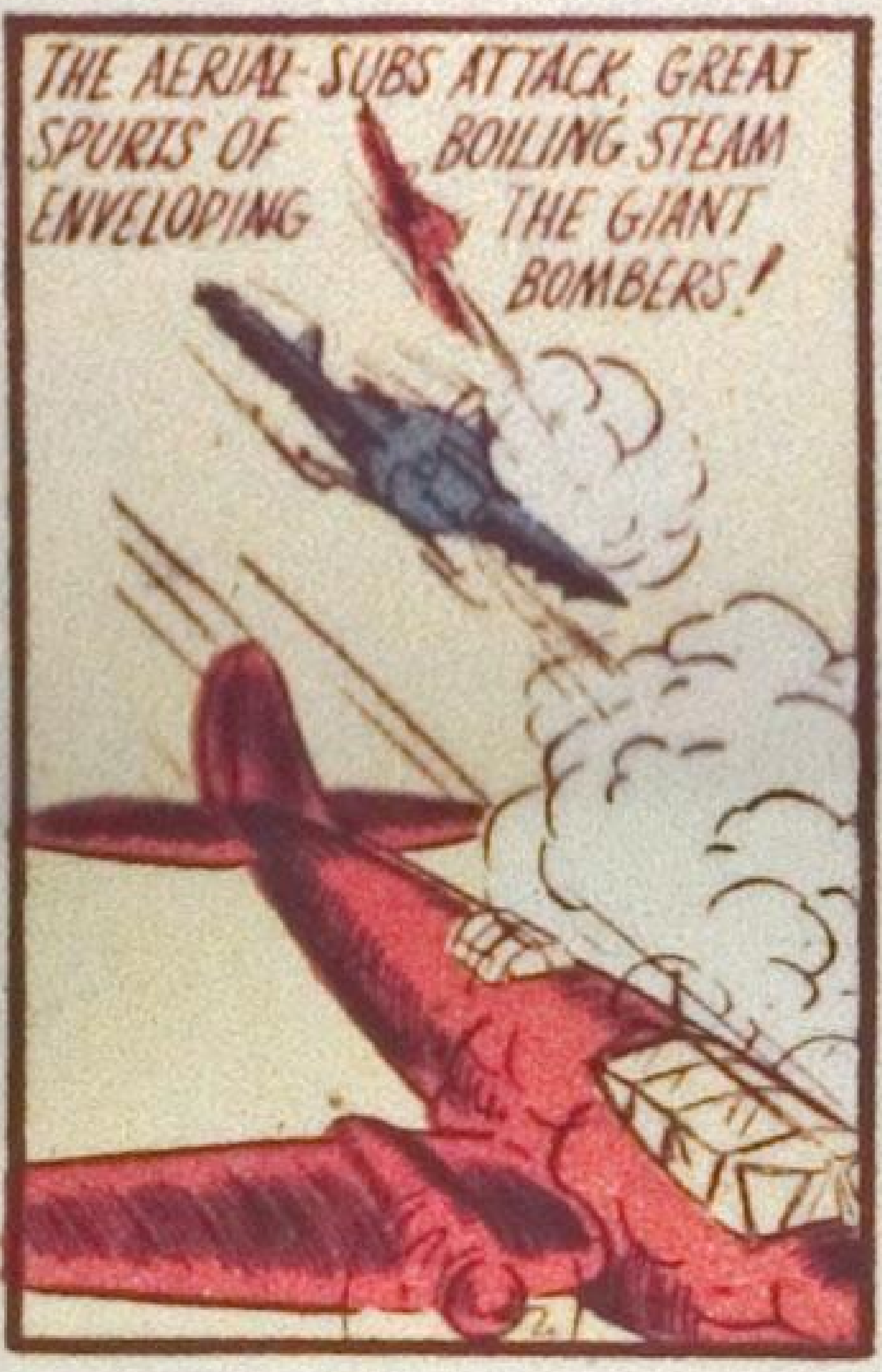

I'LL BE ON MY WAY, NOW ~ THIS LOOKS LIKE A DESTROYER COMING TO RESCUE THE CREW OF THE FREIGHTER ~ THEY'LL PROBABLY SEE THAT YOU'RE SAFELY RETURNED TO NEW YORK ~ AT ANY RATE, I CAN'T DELAY ANY LONGER ~ GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!
I CAN ORGANIZE OUR ARMED FORCES WITHIN A WEEK AND CLEAN UP THESE WARRING NATIONS ~ I SHAN'T PLAY ANY FAVORITES, BUT I'LL DESTROY ANYONE WHO INTERFERES WITH THE TRANSPORTATION OF FOOD OR MEDICINAL SUPPLY ~ NO MATTER FOR WHOM THEY'RE INTENDED!
AFTER SWIMMING MANY MILES AT LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR ARRIVES AT AN OUTPOST STATION OF HIS BEAUTIFUL SUB-SEA CITY.....
HELLO PETROD!
PRINCE NAMOR! WELCOME HOME!
A FEW MILES FURTHER, AND NAMOR COMES TO THE "PALACE OF ICE", AN ANCHORED ICEBERG WHOSE TOPMOST PEAK IS THE CENTRAL FORTRESS...
PASSING THROUGH THE HUGE GATES, HE WALKS ALONG GLACIER-LIKE CORRIDORS OF ICE TO THE COUNCIL CHAMBER....
WHERE SITS THE EMPEROR AND THE "COURT OF THREE" IN CONFERENCE.
PRINCE NAMOR! THOU HAST RETURNED SAFELY! WELCOME!
AYE, HOLY ONE! I HAVE RETURNED FROM AN ADVENTUROUS TRIP! MANY THINGS HAVE I TO TELL YOU!

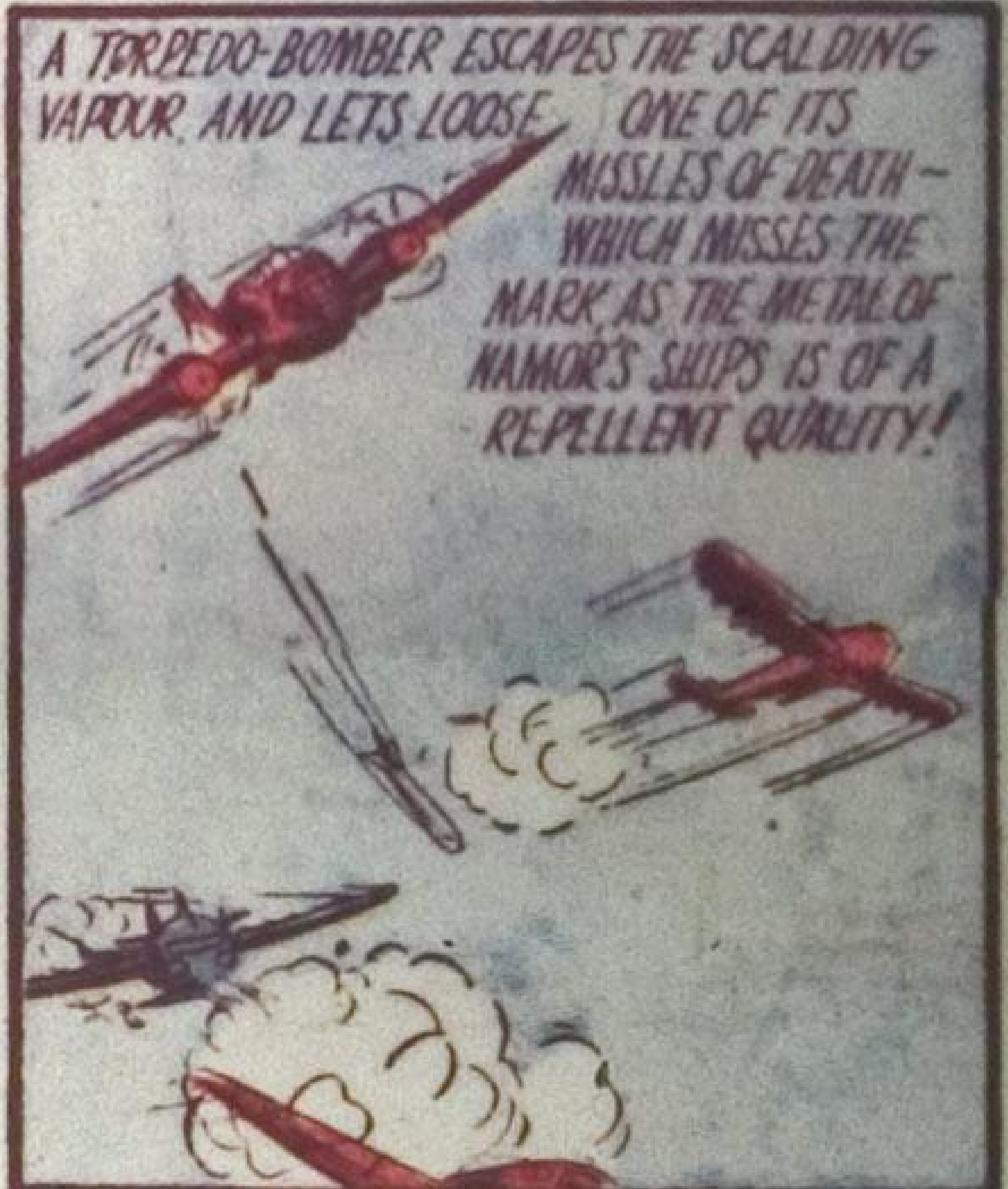

I HAD AN EXPERIENCE, O HOLY ONE, WITH A YOUNG POLICEWOMAN OF NEW YORK CITY, THAT SHOWED ME THE ERROR OF MY WAYS - WE ARE WRONG IN OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD THE WHITE RACE! BUT I WISH TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU, EMPEROR ~ THREE NATIONS ARE AT WAR IN THE NORTH ~ I SHOULD LIKE TO ASSEMBLE OUR FORCES TO ACT AS PRIVATEERS - WE CAN STOP THIS WAR!
NAMOR, IT'S AGAINST THE RULES OF THE EMPIRE, BUT I TRUST YOUR JUDGMENT IMPLICITLY - YOU HAVE THE PERMISSION OF THE COURT! I ENDOW YOU WITH THE RANK OF "COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF" OF THE ARMY AND NAVY ~ DO AS YOU WILL!
AND SO, IN ONE SHORT WEEK, NAMOR HAS ORGANIZED THE SMALL BUT POWERFUL ARMED FORCES OF THE SUB-SEA EMPIRE - HUNDREDS OF SUPER AERIAL-SUBMARINES, EQUIPPED WITH DEADLY STEAM-GUNS, ARE ASSEMBLED FOR BATTLE - THEY ARE PROPELLED BY ARTIFICIAL STEAM, GENERATED BY COMPRESSED AIR CHARGING A MIXTURE OF ALCOHOL AND WATER, AND ARE CAPABLE OF UNCANNY SPEED!
MEANWHILE, OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC, A TRANSPORT PLANE, CONVOYED BY TWO LIGHT PURSUIT SHIPS, MAKES ITS WAY TO AN UNDISCLOSED DESTINATION ~
AND NOT MANY MILES AWAY, AN ENEMY AIRPLANE-CARRIER PICKS UP THE SOUND OF THE APPROACHING TRANSPORT ~
THE COMMANDER ORDERS OUT A TORPEDO-PLANE AND TWO LIGHT BOMBERS ~
WITH ROARING MOTORS, THE SHIPS LEAVE THE DECK OF THE AIRPLANE-CARRIER ~ HEADED FOR THE UNSUSPECTING CONVOY!
INSIDE THE LEADING BOMBER, THE FLIGHT COMMANDER RADIOS ORDERS TO THE OTHER TWO PLANES ~
PROCEED AT FULL SPEED ~ NORTH-WEST-BY-WEST ~ NUMBERS 83C AND 104C ATTACK THE CONVOY WITH MACHINE-GUNS ~ I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE TRANSPORT WITH A MAGNETIC TORPEDO BOMB!
THE ATTACK BEGINS! -AND A TORPEDO BOMB BURSTS ABOVE THE TRANSPORT
BOOM!
RIPPING THE WINGS ASUNDER!

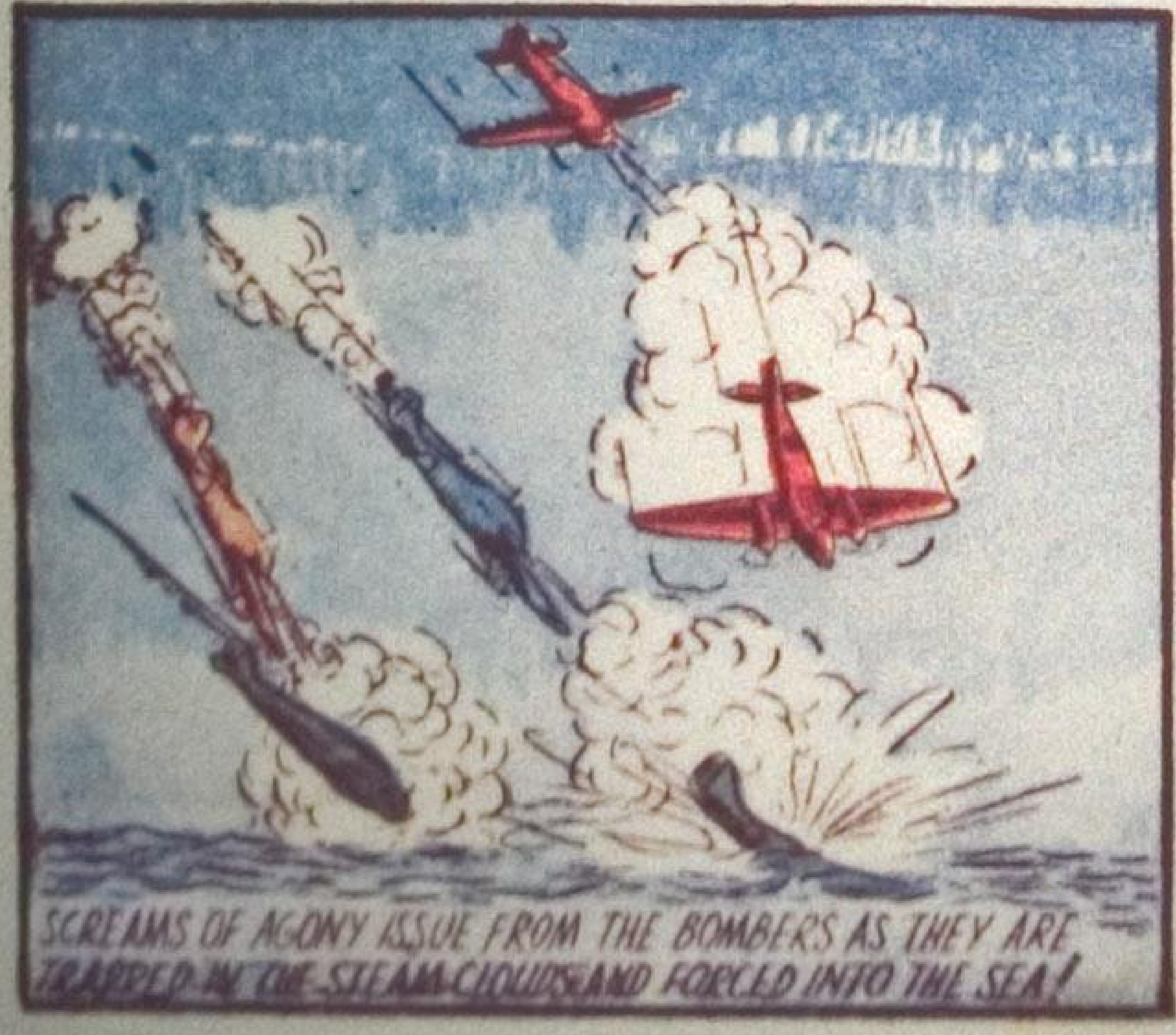

THE TRANSPORT AND CONVOY DOWN, THE ATTACK IS OVER AND THE ENEMY HEADS BACK TO ITS BASE SHIP
THE SHATTERED CLIPPER AND THE PURSUIT SHIPS PLUNGE INTO THE SEA

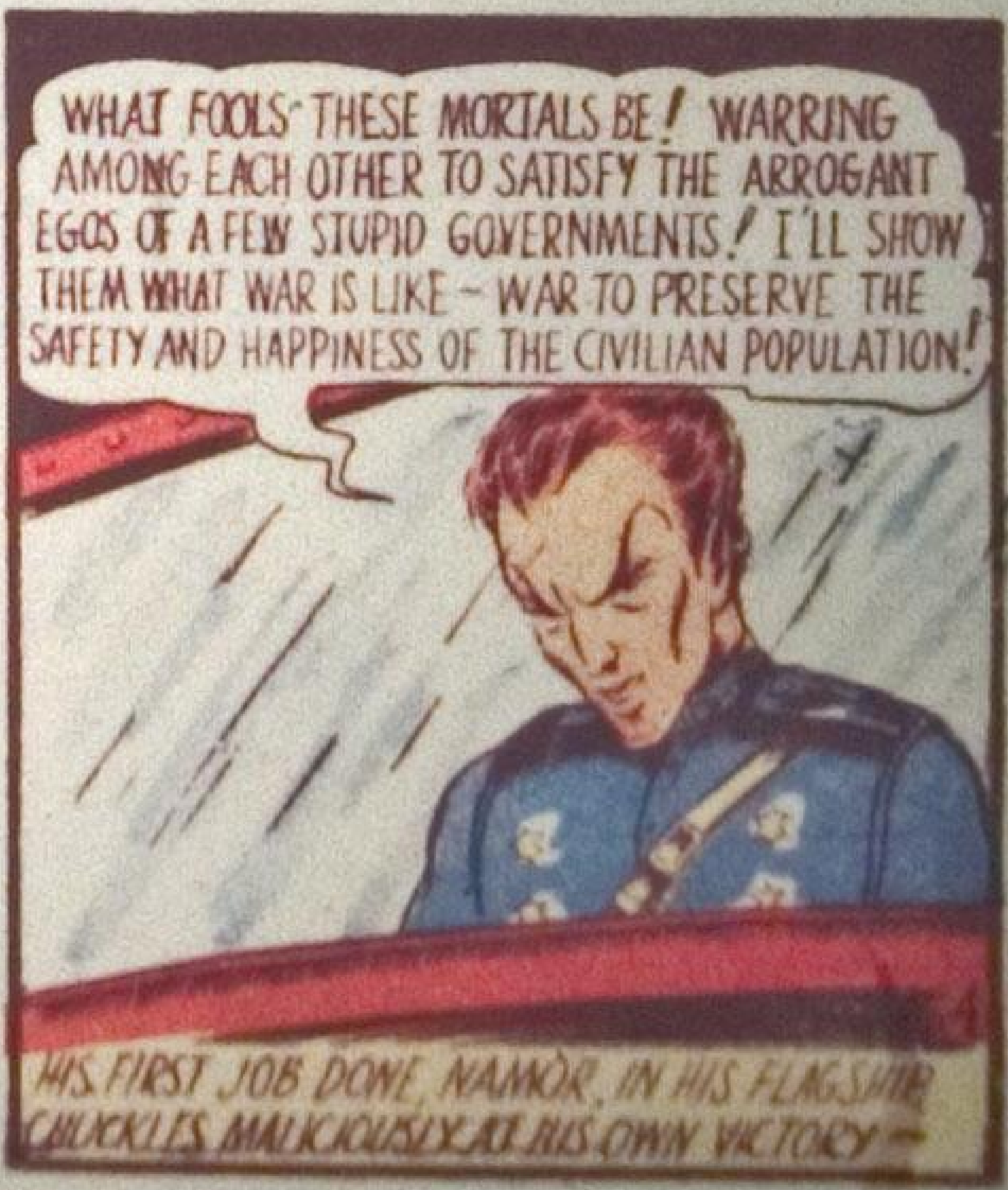

BUT SUDDENLY, FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA COMES A FLEET OF STRANGE "AERIAL-SUBMARINES"—NAMOR'S FORCES STRIKING THEIR FIRST BLOW!

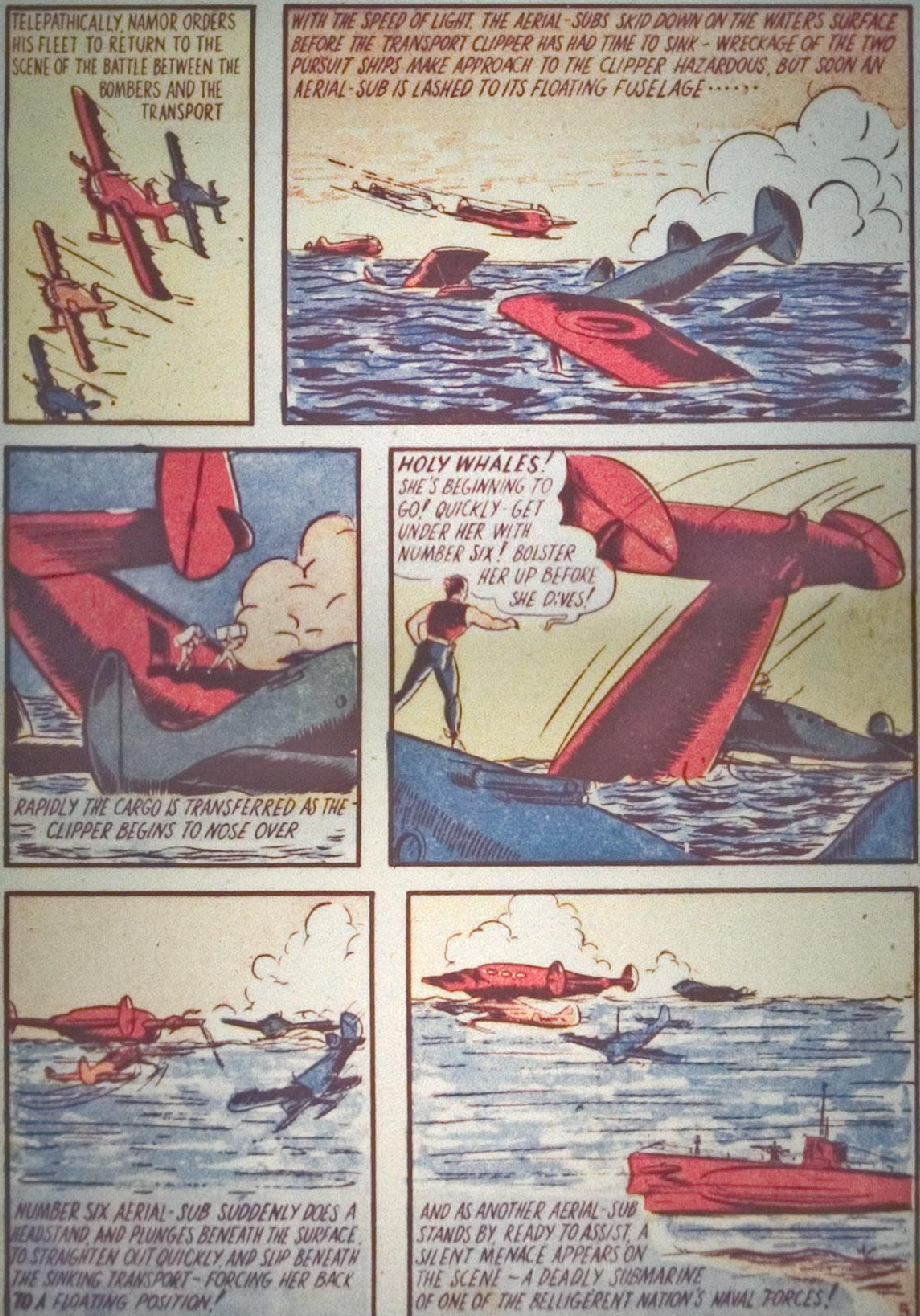

IN HIS FLAGSHIP, THE ENEMY COMMANDER IS ASTOUNDED—PUZZLED AS TO THE ORIGIN OF THE WEIRD CRAFT—HE GIVES THE "CALL TO BATTLE STATIONS" VIA RADIO, TO THE REST OF HIS FLEET...
ALL HANDS AT YOUR STATIONS!

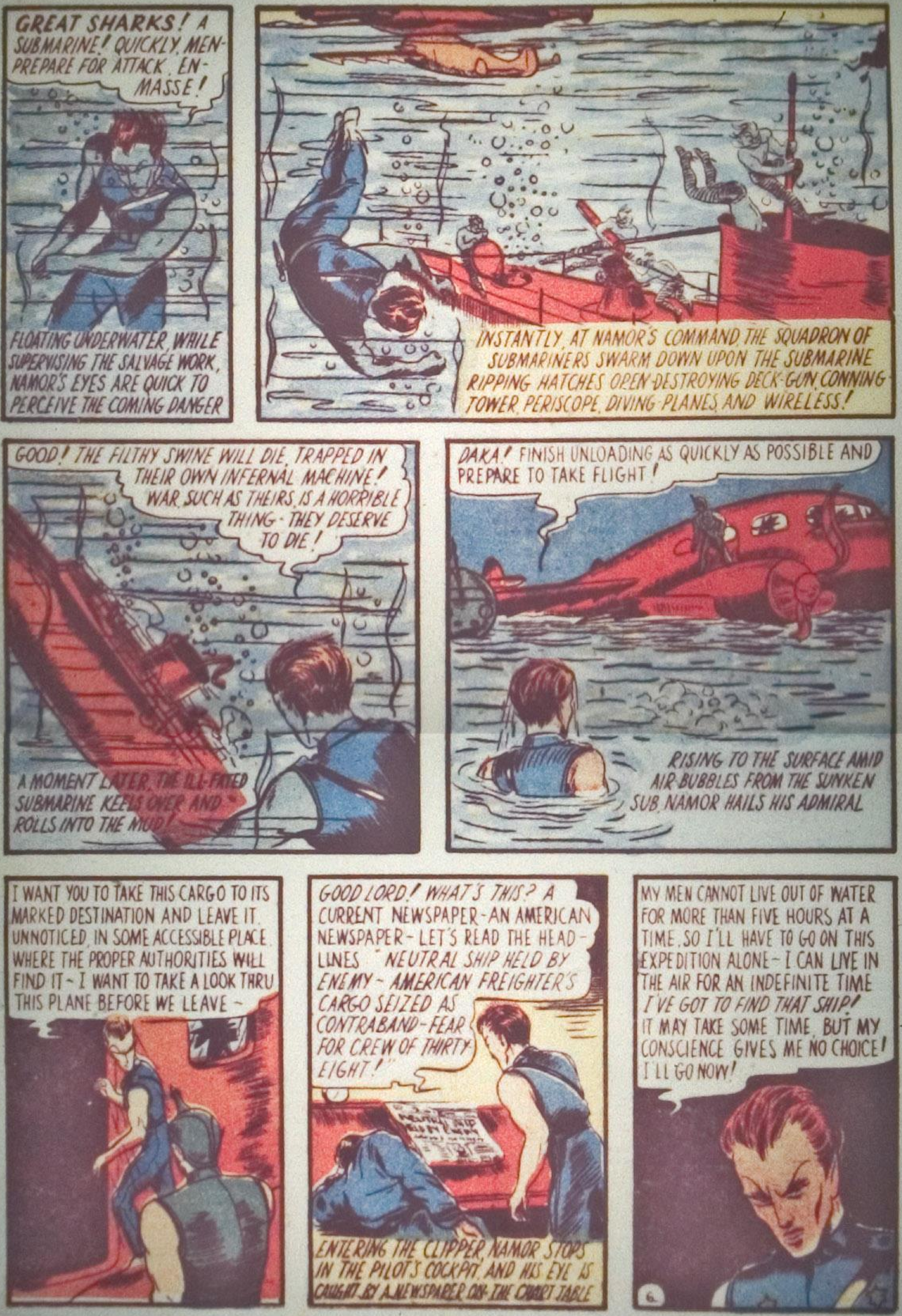

THE AERIAL-SUBS ATTACK, GREAT SPURTS OF BOILING STEAM ENVELOPING THE GIANT BOMBERS!

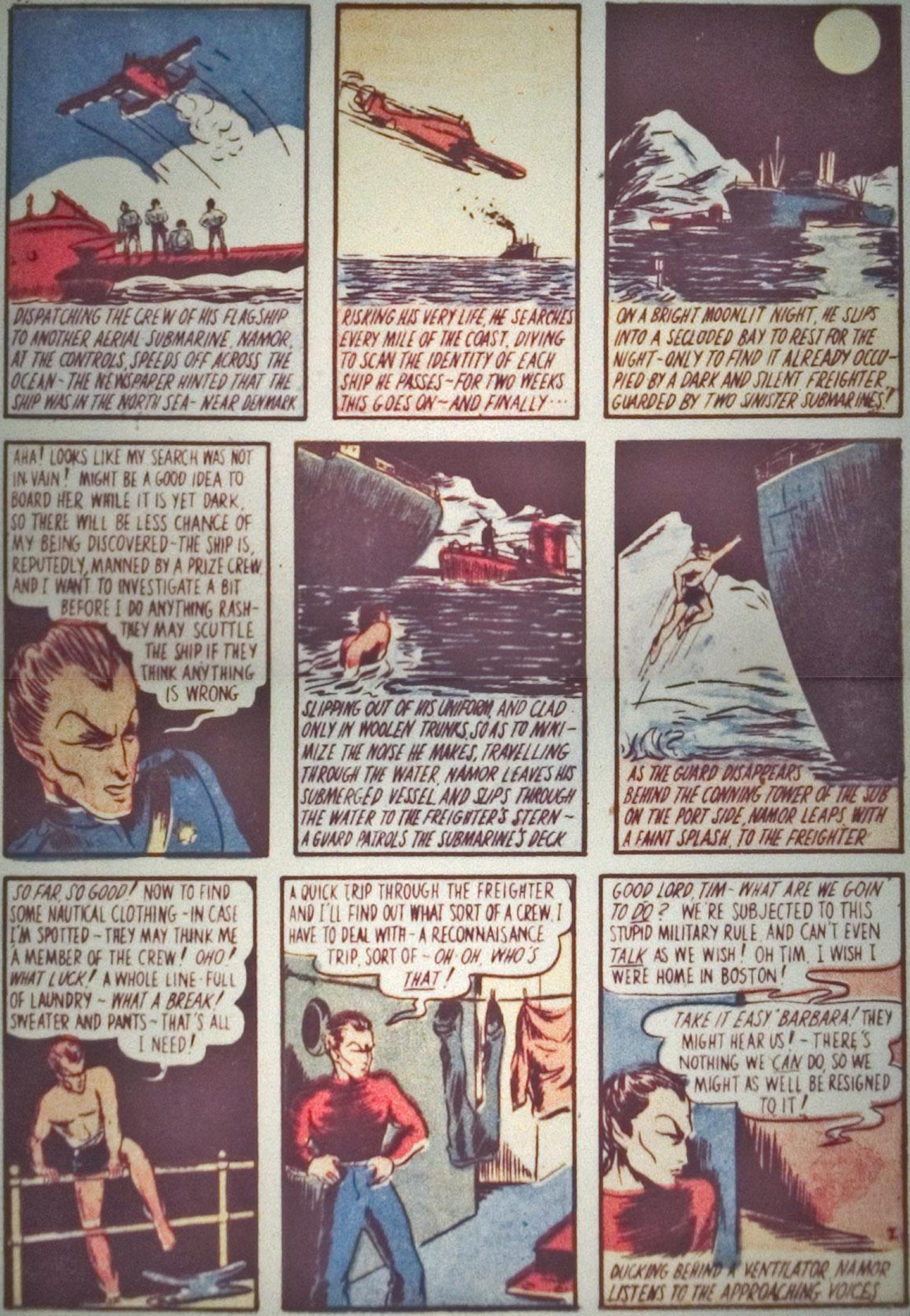

A TORPEDO-BOMBER ESCAPES THE SCALDING VAPOUR, AND LETS LOOSE ONE OF ITS MISSLES OF DEATH—WHICH MISSES THE MARK, AS THE METAL OF NAMOR'S SHIPS IS OF A REPELLENT QUALITY!

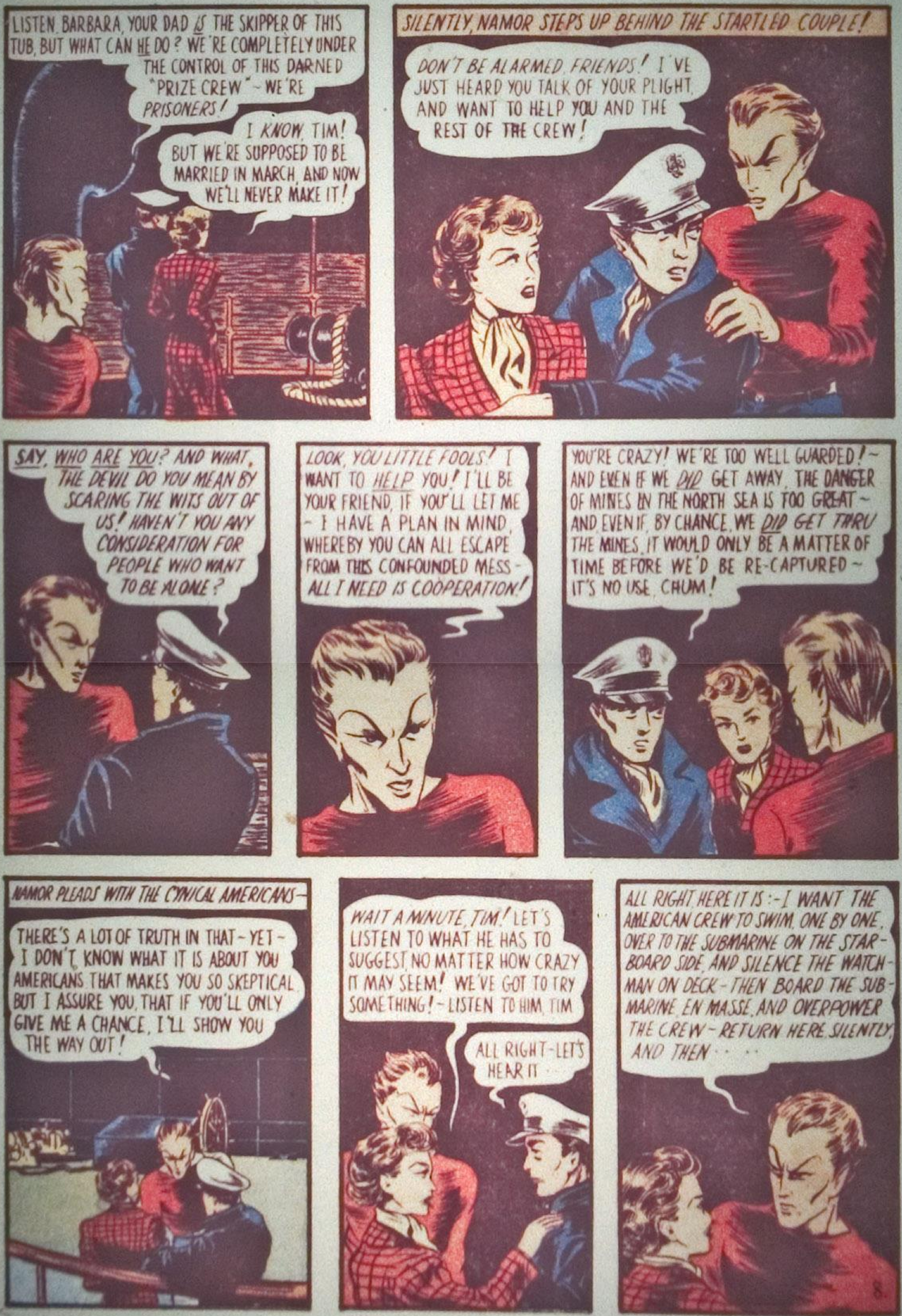

SCREAMS OF AGONY ISSUE FROM THE BOMBERS AS THEY ARE TRAPPED IN THE STEAM CLOUDS AND FORCED INTO THE SEA!

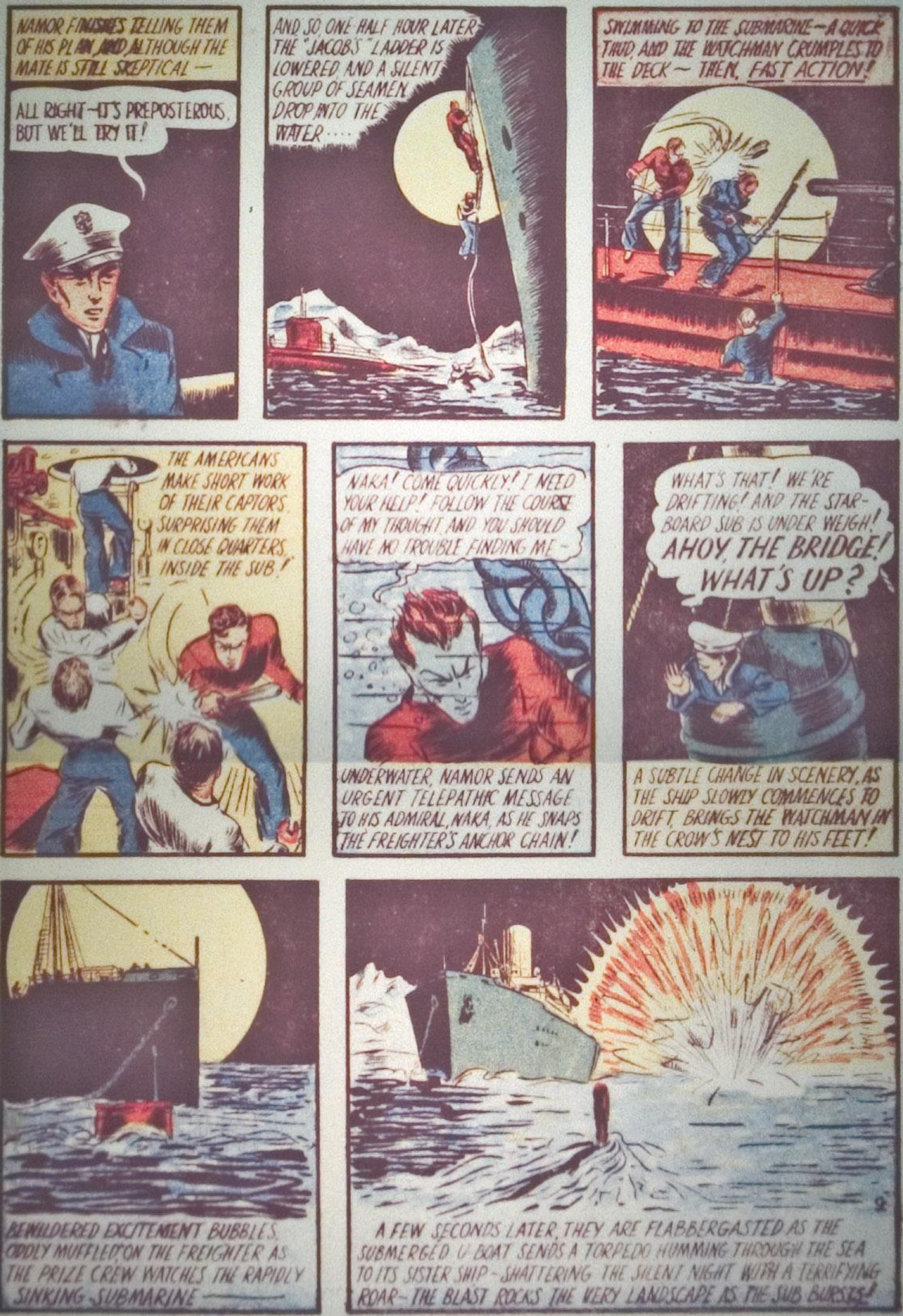

WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE! WARRING AMONG EACH OTHER TO SATISFY THE ARROGANT EGOS OF A FEW STUPID GOVERNMENTS! I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT WAR IS LIKE—WAR TO PRESERVE THE SAFETY AND HAPPINESS OF THE CIVILIAN POPULATION!
HIS FIRST JOB DONE, NAMOR, IN HIS FLAGSHIP CHUCKLES MALICIOUSLY AT HIS OWN VICTORY—

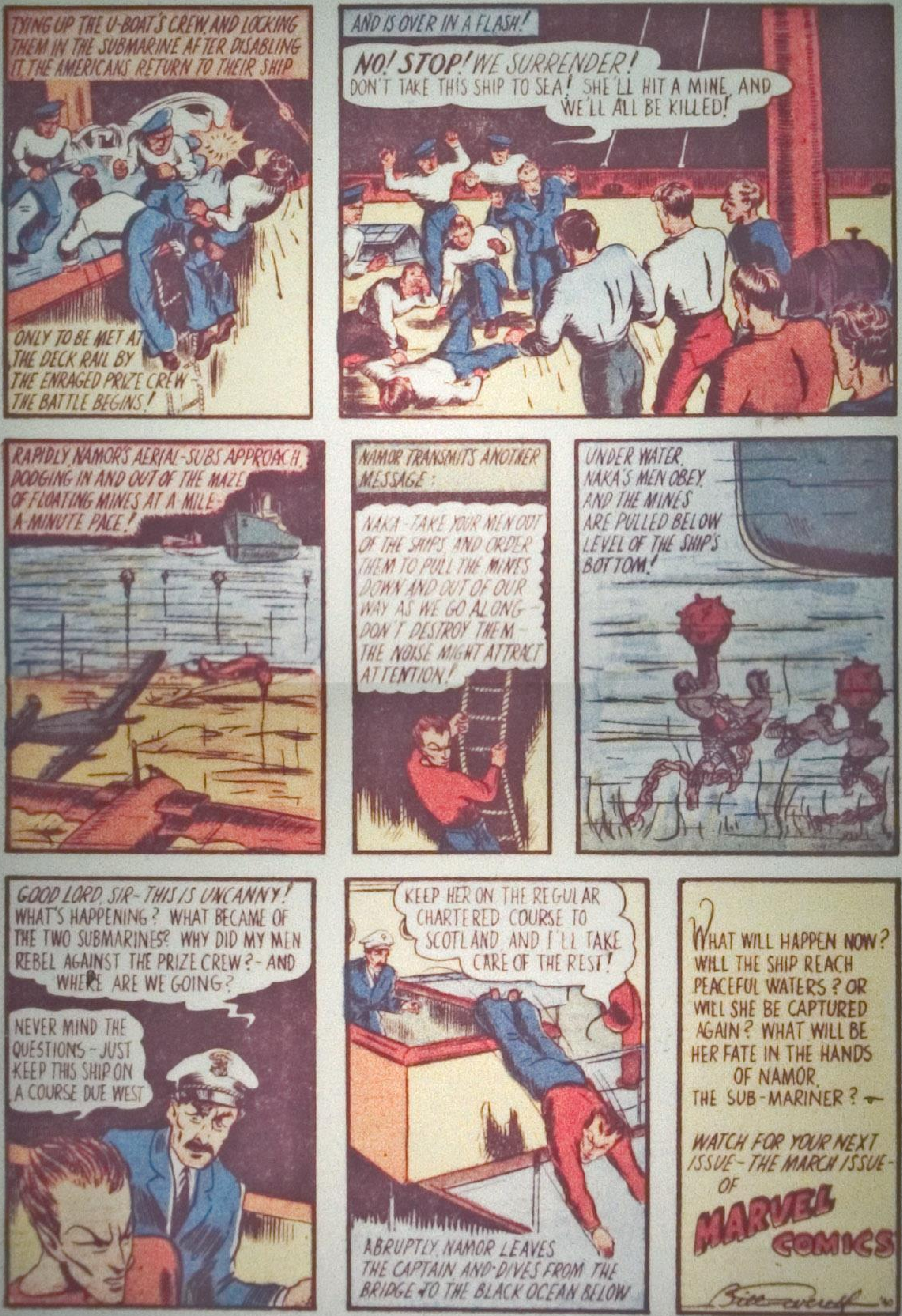

TELEPATHICALLY, NAMOR ORDERS HIS FLEET TO RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE BOMBERS AND THE TRANSPORT
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE AERIAL-SUBS SKID DOWN ON THE WATERS SURFACE BEFORE THE TRANSPORT CLIPPER HAS HAD TIME TO SINK - WRECKAGE OF THE TWO PURSUIT SHIPS MAKE APPROACH TO THE CLIPPER HAZARDOUS, BUT SOON AN AERIAL-SUB IS LASHED TO ITS FLOATING FUSELAGE......
RAPIDLY THE CARGO IS TRANSFERRED AS THE CLIPPER BEGINS TO NOSE OVER
HOLY WHALES! SHE'S BEGINNING TO GO! QUICKLY-GET UNDER HER WITH NUMBER SIX! BOLSTER HER UP BEFORE SHE DIVES!
NUMBER SIX AERIAL-SUB SUDDENLY DOES A HEADSTAND, AND PLUNGES BENEATH THE SURFACE, TO STRAIGHTEN OUT QUICKLY AND SLIP BENEATH THE SINKING TRANSPORT- FORCING HER BACK TO A FLOATING POSITION!
AND AS ANOTHER AERIAL-SUB STANDS BY, READY TO ASSIST, A SILENT MENACE APPEARS ON THE SCENE -A DEADLY SUBMARINE OF ONE OF THE BELLIGERENT NATION'S NAVAL FORCES!


GREAT SHARKS! A SUBMARINE! QUICKLY, MEN - PREPARE FOR ATTACK, EN-MASSE!
FLOATING UNDERWATER, WHILE SUPERVISING THE SALVAGE WORK, NAMOR'S EYES ARE QUICK TO PERCEIVE THE COMING DANGER
INSTANTLY, AT NAMOR'S COMMAND, THE SQUADRON OF SUBMARINERS SWARM DOWN UPON THE SUBMARINE RIPPING HATCHES OPEN-DESTROYING DECK-GUN, CONNING-TOWER, PERISCOPE, DIVING-PLANES, AND WIRELESS!
GOOD! THE FILTHY SWINE WILL DIE, TRAPPED IN THEIR OWN INFERNAL MACHINE! WAR SUCH AS THEIRS, IS A HORRIBLE THING - THEY DESERVE TO DIE!
A MOMENT LATER, THE ILL-FATED SUBMARINE KEELS OVER AND ROLLS INTO THE MUD!
DAKA! FINISH UNLOADING AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE AND PREPARE TO TAKE FLIGHT!
RISING TO THE SURFACE AMID AIR-BUBBLES FROM THE SUNKEN SUB, NAMOR HAILS HIS ADMIRAL
I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS CARGO TO ITS MARKED DESTINATION AND LEAVE IT, UNNOTICED, IN SOME ACCESSIBLE PLACE WHERE THE PROPER AUTHORITIES WILL FIND IT ~ I WANT TO TAKE A LOOK THRU THIS PLANE BEFORE WE LEAVE ~
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THIS? A CURRENT NEWSPAPER - AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER - LET'S READ THE HEADLINES "NEUTRAL SHIP HELD BY ENEMY - AMERICAN FREIGHTER'S CARGO SEIZED AS CONTRABAND - FEAR FOR CREW OF THIRTY-EIGHT!"
NEUTRAL SHIP HELD BY ENEMY
ENTERING THE CLIPPER, NAMOR STOPS IN THE PILOT'S COCKPIT, AND HIS EYE IS CAUGHT BY A NEWSPAPER ON THE CHART TABLE
MY MEN CANNOT LIVE OUT OF WATER FOR MORE THAN FIVE HOURS AT A TIME, SO I'LL HAVE TO GO ON THIS EXPEDITION ALONE ~ I CAN LIVE IN THE AIR FOR AN INDEFINITE TIME I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT SHIP! IT MAY TAKE SOME TIME, BUT MY CONSCIENCE GIVES ME NO CHOICE! I'LL GO NOW!
6

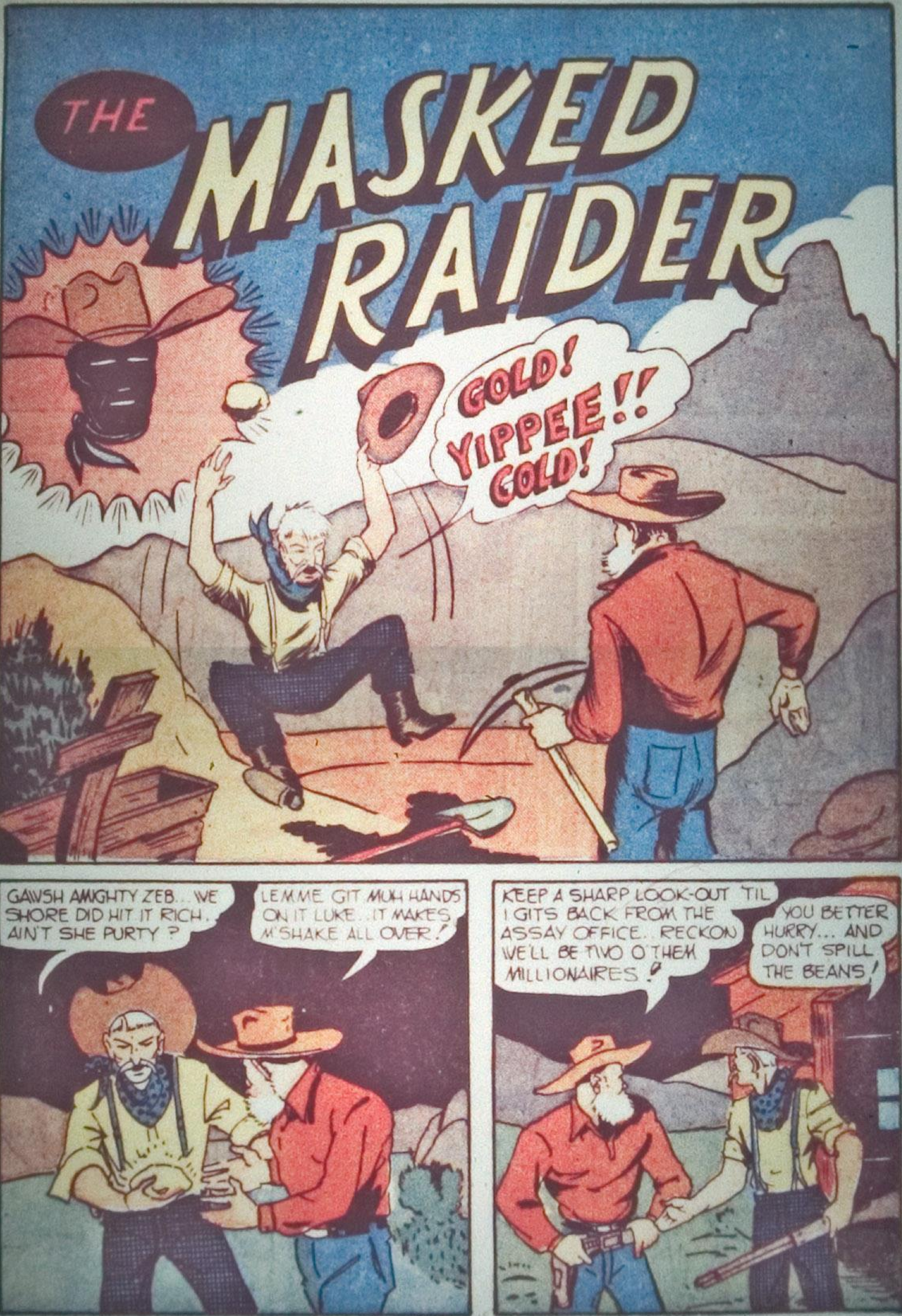

DISPATCHING THE CREW OF HIS FLAGSHIP TO ANOTHER AERIAL-SUBMARINE, NAMOR, AT THE CONTROLS, SPEEDS OFF ACROSS THE OCEAN~THE NEWSPAPER HINTED THAT THE SHIP WAS IN THE NORTH SEA~NEAR DENMARK
RISKING HIS VERY LIFE, HE SEARCHES EVERY MILE OF THE COAST, DIVING TO SCAN THE IDENTITY OF EACH SHIP HE PASSES~FOR TWO WEEKS THIS GOES ON~AND FINALLY···
ON A BRIGHT MOONLIT NIGHT, HE SLIPS INTO A SECLUDED BAY TO REST FOR THE NIGHT~ONLY TO FIND IT ALREADY OCCUPIED BY A DARK AND SILENT FREIGHTER, GUARDED BY TWO SINISTER SUBMARINES!
AHA! LOOKS LIKE MY SEARCH WAS NOT IN VAIN! MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO BOARD HER WHILE IT IS YET DARK, SO THERE WILL BE LESS CHANCE OF MY BEING DISCOVERED~THE SHIP IS, REPUTEDLY, MANNED BY A PRIZE CREW, AND I WANT TO INVESTIGATE A BIT BEFORE I DO ANYTHING RASH~THEY MAY SCUTTLE THE SHIP IF THEY THINK ANYTHING IS WRONG
SLIPPING OUT OF HIS UNIFORM, AND CLAD ONLY IN WOOLEN TRUNKS, SO AS TO MINIMIZE THE NOISE HE MAKES, TRAVELLING THROUGH THE WATER, NAMOR LEAVES HIS SUBMERGED VESSEL AND SLIPS THROUGH THE WATER TO THE FREIGHTER'S STERN~A GUARD PATROLS THE SUBMARINE'S DECK
AS THE GUARD DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE CONNING TOWER OF THE SUB ON THE PORT SIDE, NAMOR LEAPS, WITH A FAINT SPLASH, TO THE FREIGHTER
SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO FIND SOME NAUTICAL CLOTHING~IN CASE I'M SPOTTED~THEY MAY THINK ME A MEMBER OF THE CREW! OHO! WHAT LUCK! A WHOLE LINE-FULL OF LAUNDRY~WHAT A BREAK! SWEATER AND PANTS~THAT'S ALL I NEED!
A QUICK TRIP THROUGH THE FREIGHTER AND I'LL FIND OUT WHAT SORT OF A CREW I HAVE TO DEAL WITH~A RECONNAISANCE TRIP, SORT OF~OH-OH, WHO'S THAT!
GOOD LORD, TIM~WHAT ARE WE GOIN' TO DO? WE'RE SUBJECTED TO THIS STUPID MILITARY RULE, AND CAN'T EVEN TALK AS WE WISH! OH TIM, I WISH I WERE HOME IN BOSTON!
TAKE IT EASY, BARBARA! THEY MIGHT HEAR US! ~THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL BE RESIGNED TO IT!
2
DUCKING BEHIND A VENTILATOR, NAMOR LISTENS TO THE APPROACHING VOICES

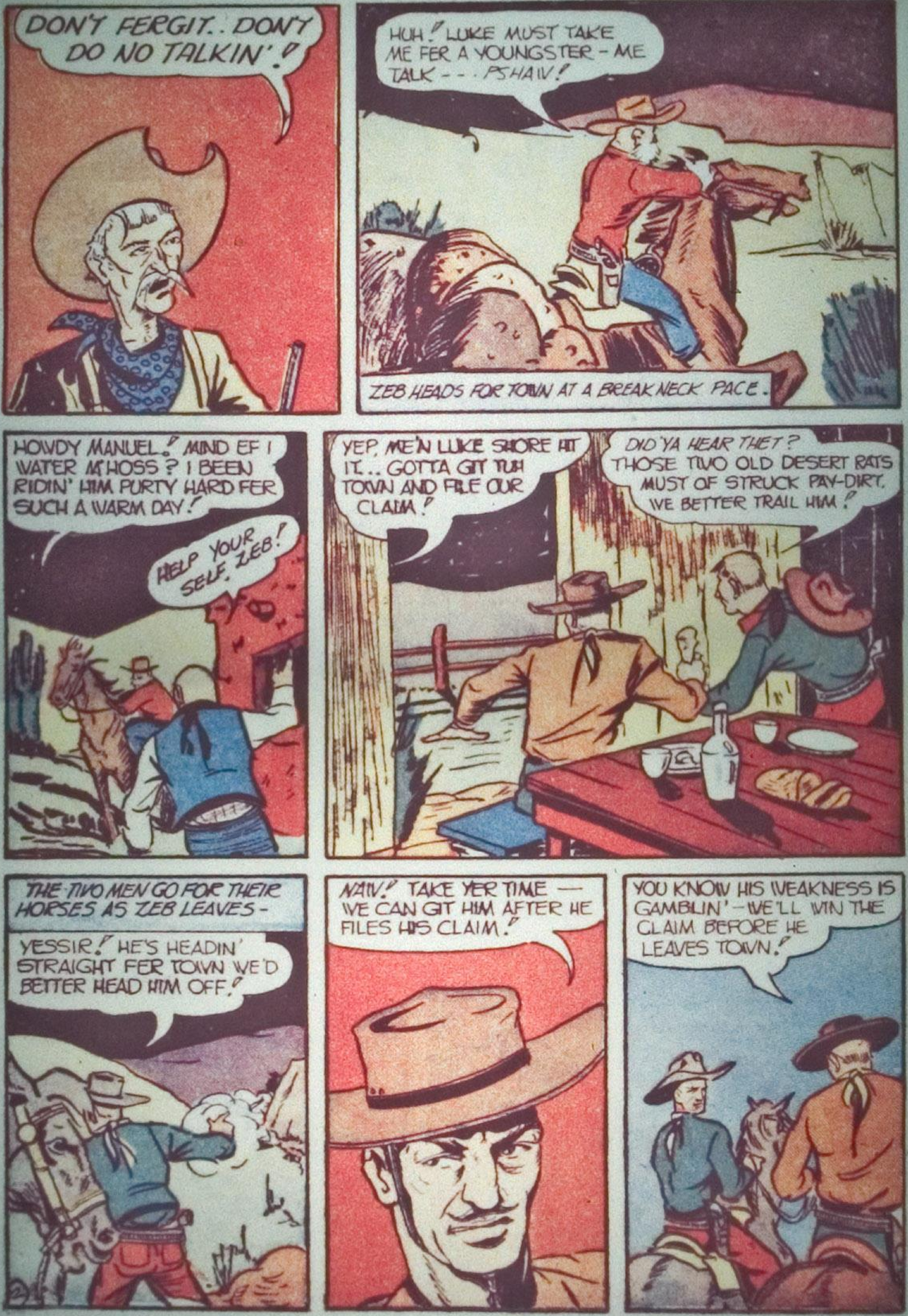

LISTEN, BARBARA, YOUR DAD IS THE SKIPPER OF THIS TUB, BUT WHAT CAN HE DO? WE'RE COMPLETELY UNDER THE CONTROL OF THIS DARNED "PRIZE CREW" - WE'RE PRISONERS!
I KNOW, TIM! BUT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MARRIED IN MARCH, AND NOW WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
SILENTLY, NAMOR STEPS UP BEHIND THE STARTLED COUPLE!
DON'T BE ALARMED, FRIENDS! I'VE JUST HEARD YOU TALK OF YOUR PLIGHT, AND WANT TO HELP YOU AND THE REST OF THE CREW!
SAY, WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU MEAN BY SCARING THE WITS OUT OF US! HAVEN'T YOU ANY CONSIDERATION FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BE ALONE?
LOOK, YOU LITTLE FOOLS! I WANT TO HELP YOU! I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND, IF YOU'LL LET ME - I HAVE A PLAN IN MIND, WHEREBY YOU CAN ALL ESCAPE FROM THIS CONFOUNDED MESS - ALL I NEED IS COOPERATION!
YOU'RE CRAZY! WE'RE TOO WELL GUARDED! - AND EVEN IF WE DID GET AWAY, THE DANGER OF MINES IN THE NORTH SEA IS TOO GREAT - AND EVEN IF, BY CHANCE, WE DID GET THRU THE MINES, IT WOULD ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE'D BE RE-CAPTURED - IT'S NO USE, CHUM!
NAMOR PLEADS WITH THE CYNICAL AMERICANS -
THERE'S A LOT OF TRUTH IN THAT - YET - I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS ABOUT YOU AMERICANS THAT MAKES YOU SO SKEPTICAL BUT I ASSURE YOU, THAT IF YOU'LL ONLY GIVE ME A CHANCE, I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY OUT!
WAIT A MINUTE, TIM! LET'S LISTEN TO WHAT HE HAS TO SUGGEST, NO MATTER HOW CRAZY IT MAY SEEM! WE'VE GOT TO TRY SOMETHING! - LISTEN TO HIM, TIM
ALL RIGHT - LET'S HEAR IT . . .
ALL RIGHT, HERE IT IS :- I WANT THE AMERICAN CREW TO SWIM, ONE BY ONE, OVER TO THE SUBMARINE ON THE STARBOARD SIDE, AND SILENCE THE WATCHMAN ON DECK - THEN BOARD THE SUBMARINE EN MASSE, AND OVERPOWER THE CREW - RETURN HERE SILENTLY, AND THEN . . . . .
8.

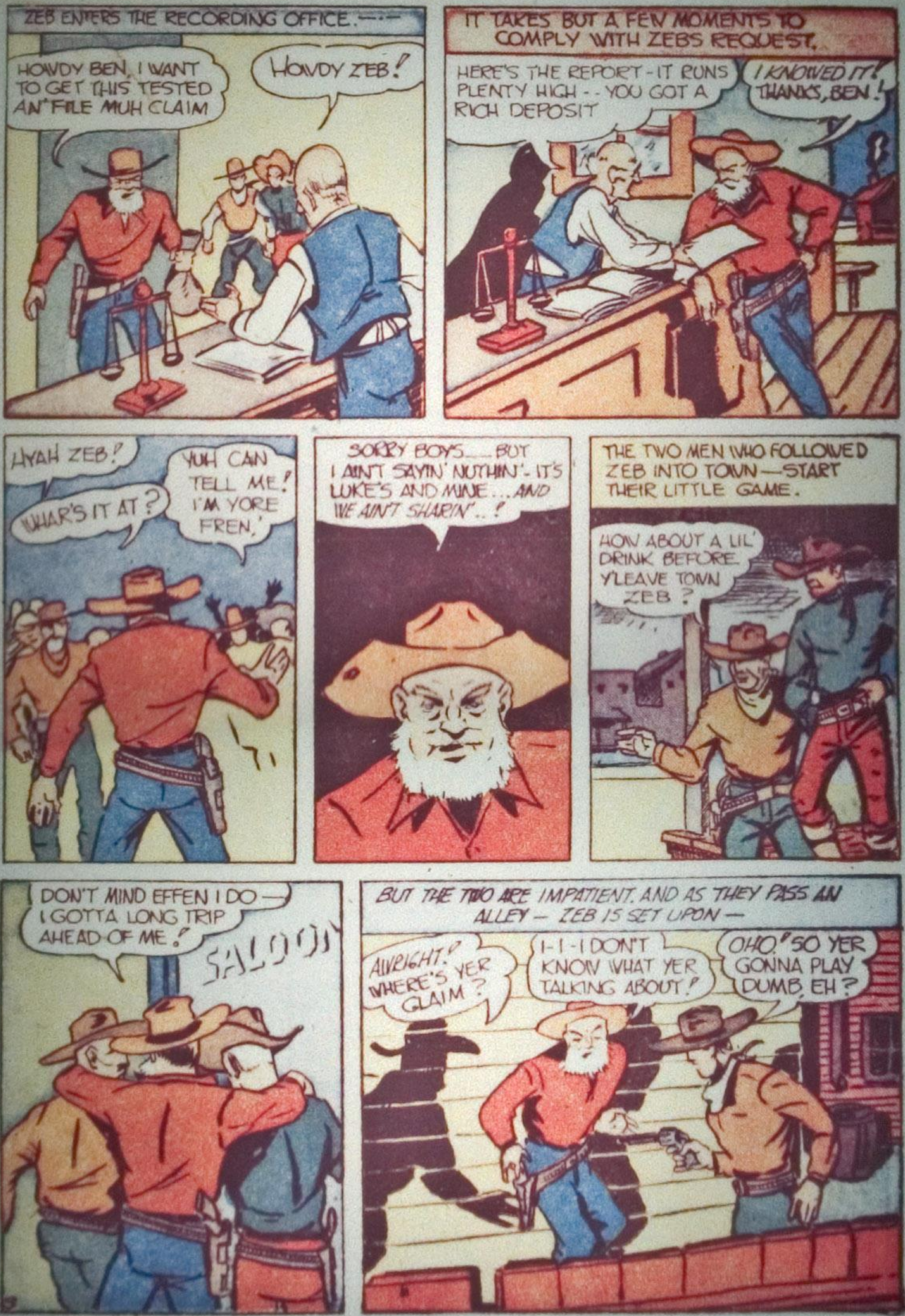

NAMOR FINISHES TELLING THEM OF HIS PLAN AND ALTHOUGH THE MATE IS STILL SKEPTICAL —
ALL RIGHT — IT'S PREPOSTEROUS, BUT WE'LL TRY IT!
AND SO, ONE HALF HOUR LATER THE "JACOB'S" LADDER IS LOWERED, AND A SILENT GROUP OF SEAMEN DROP INTO THE WATER....
SWIMMING TO THE SUBMARINE — A QUICK THUD, AND THE WATCHMAN CRUMPLES TO THE DECK — THEN, FAST ACTION!
THE AMERICANS MAKE SHORT WORK OF THEIR CAPTORS, SURPRISING THEM IN CLOSE QUARTERS, INSIDE THE SUB!
NAKA! COME QUICKLY! I NEED YOUR HELP! FOLLOW THE COURSE OF MY THOUGHT AND YOU SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE FINDING ME —
UNDERWATER, NAMOR SENDS AN URGENT TELEPATHIC MESSAGE TO HIS ADMIRAL, NAKA, AS HE SNAPS THE FREIGHTER'S ANCHOR CHAIN!
WHAT'S THAT! WE'RE DRIFTING! AND THE STARBOARD SUB IS UNDER WEIGH! AHOY, THE BRIDGE! WHAT'S UP?
A SUBTLE CHANGE IN SCENERY, AS THE SHIP SLOWLY COMMENCES TO DRIFT, BRINGS THE WATCHMAN IN THE CROW'S NEST TO HIS FEET!
BEWILDERED EXCITEMENT BUBBLES, ODDLY MUFFLED, ON THE FREIGHTER AS THE PRIZE CREW WATCHES THE RAPIDLY SINKING SUBMARINE ——
A FEW SECONDS LATER, THEY ARE FLABBERGASTED AS THE SUBMERGED U-BOAT SENDS A TORPEDO HUMMING THROUGH THE SEA TO ITS SISTER SHIP — SHATTERING THE SILENT NIGHT WITH A TERRIFYING ROAR — THE BLAST ROCKS THE VERY LANDSCAPE AS THE SUB BURSTS!

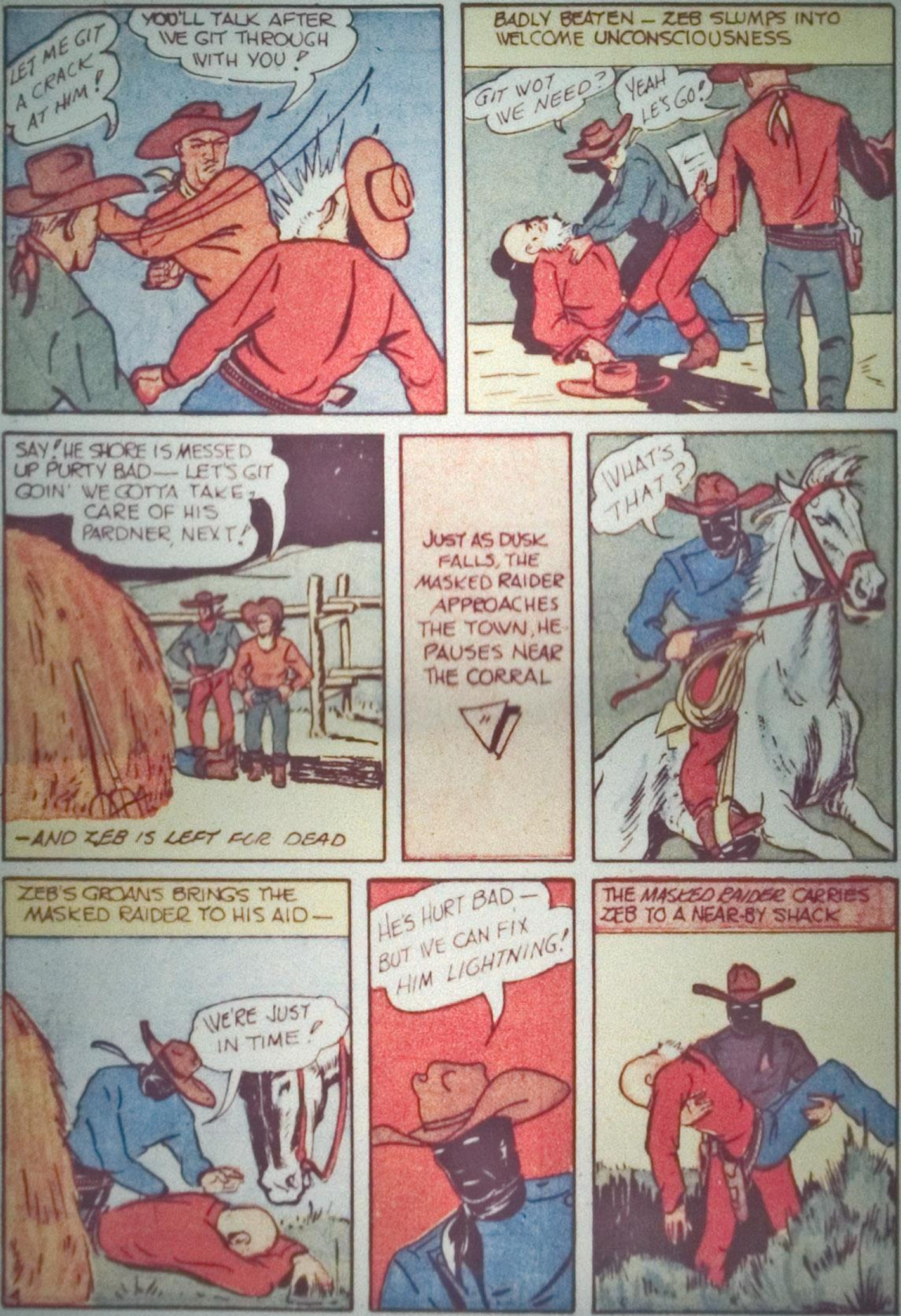

TYING UP THE U-BOAT'S CREW, AND LOCKING THEM IN THE SUBMARINE AFTER DISABLING IT THE AMERICANS RETURN TO THEIR SHIP
ONLY TO BE MET AT THE DECK RAIL BY THE ENRAGED PRIZE CREW THE BATTLE BEGINS!
AND IS OVER IN A FLASH!
NO! STOP! WE SURRENDER! DON'T TAKE THIS SHIP TO SEA! SHE'LL HIT A MINE, AND WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
RAPIDLY, NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUBS APPROACH, DODGING IN AND OUT OF THE MAZE OF FLOATING MINES AT A MILE-A-MINUTE PACE!
NAMOR TRANSMITS ANOTHER MESSAGE:
NAKA-TAKE YOUR MEN OUT OF THE SHIPS AND ORDER THEM TO PULL THE MINES DOWN AND OUT OF OUR WAY AS WE GO ALONG-DON'T DESTROY THEM-THE NOISE MIGHT ATTRACT ATTENTION!
UNDER WATER, NAKA'S MEN OBEY, AND THE MINES ARE PULLED BELOW LEVEL OF THE SHIP'S BOTTOM!
GOOD LORD, SIR-THIS IS UNCANNY! WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT BECAME OF THE TWO SUBMARINES? WHY DID MY MEN REBEL AGAINST THE PRIZE CREW?-AND WHERE ARE WE GOING?
NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS-JUST KEEP THIS SHIP ON A COURSE DUE WEST
KEEP HER ON THE REGULAR CHARTERED COURSE TO SCOTLAND AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!
ABRUPTLY, NAMOR LEAVES THE CAPTAIN AND DIVES FROM THE BRIDGE TO THE BLACK OCEAN BELOW
WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW? WILL THE SHIP REACH PEACEFUL WATERS? OR WILL SHE BE CAPTURED AGAIN? WHAT WILL BE HER FATE IN THE HANDS OF NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER?
WATCH FOR YOUR NEXT ISSUE-THE MARCH ISSUE-OF
MARVEL COMICS
Bill Everett '40

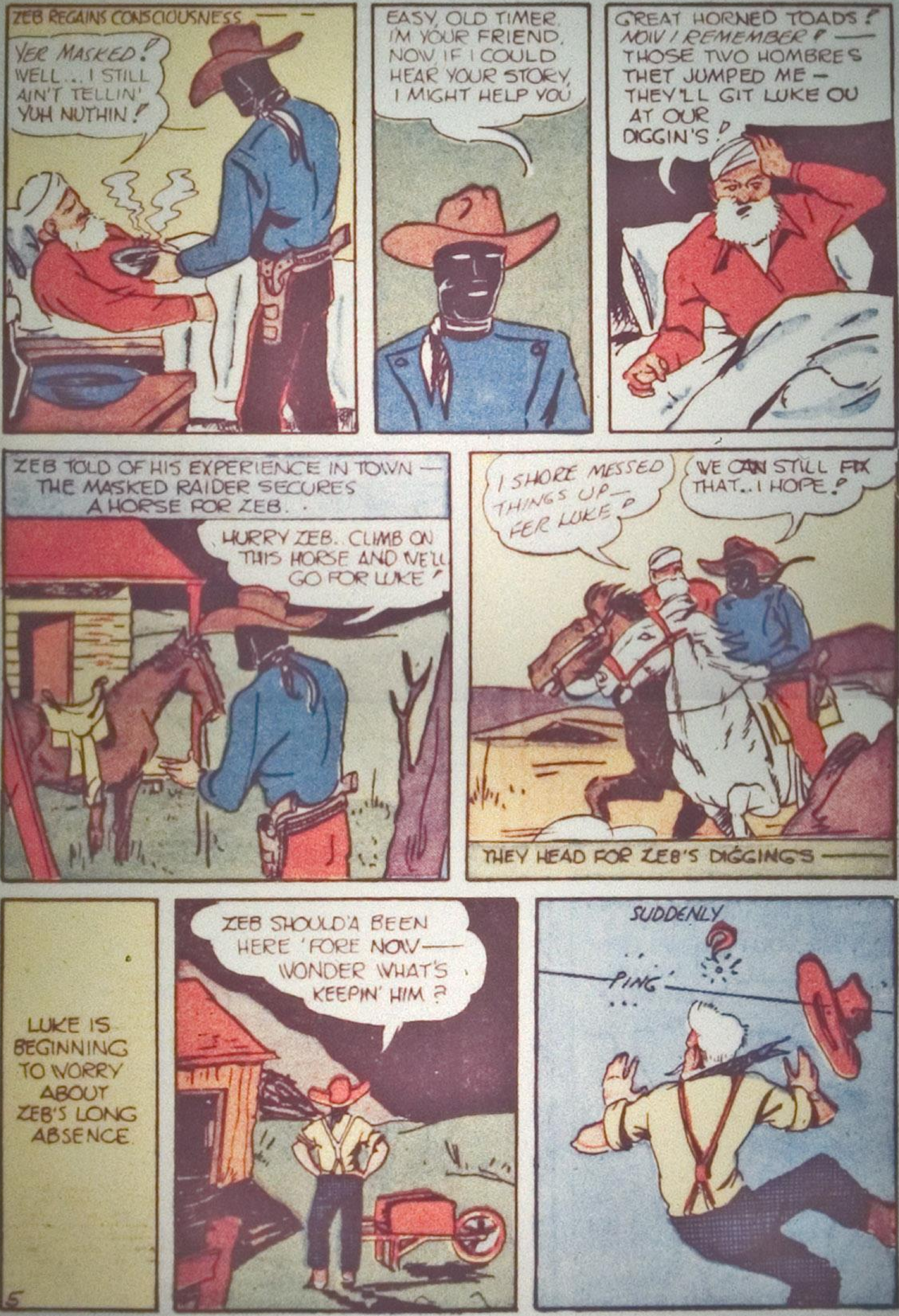
THE MASKED RAIDER

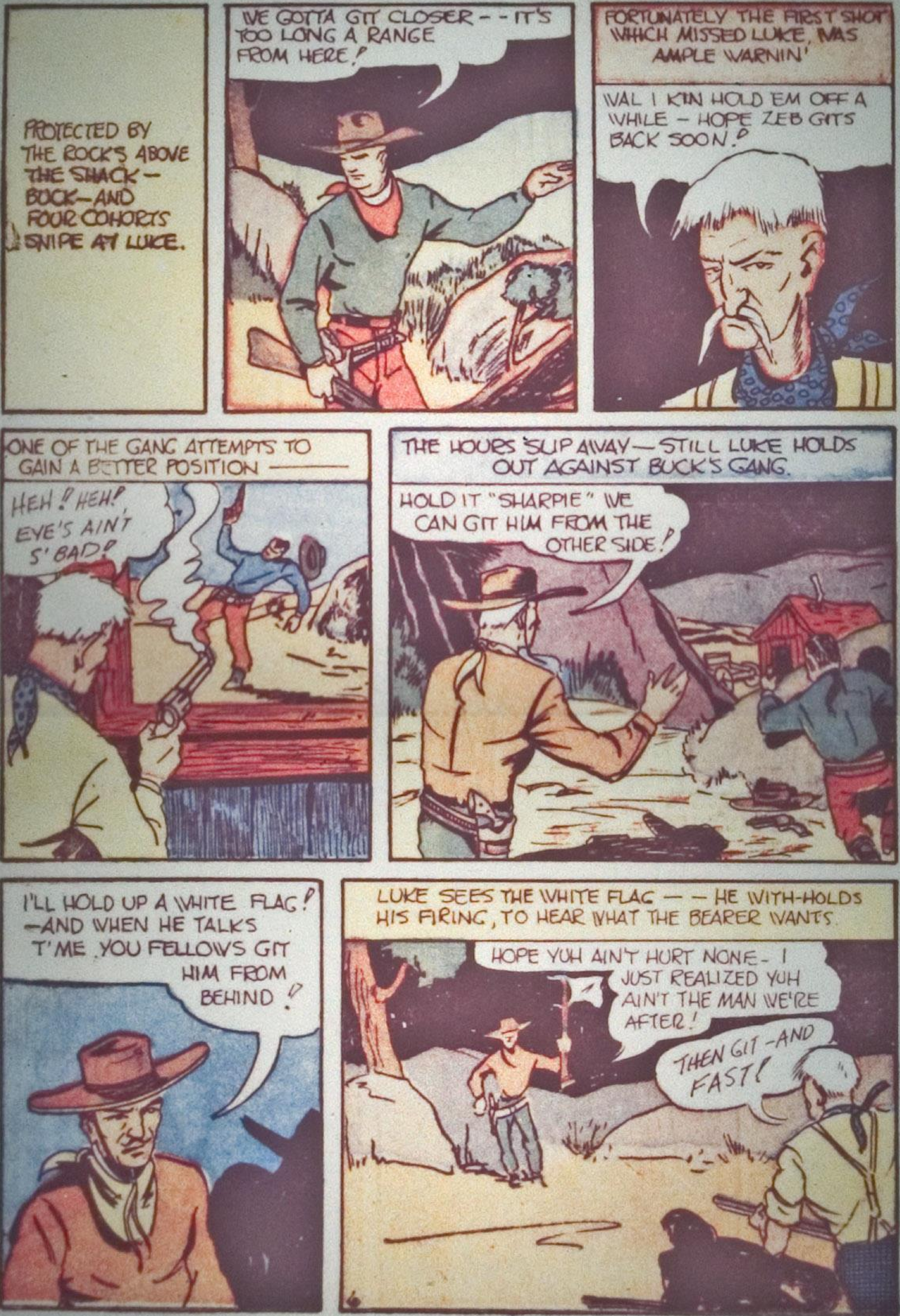

GOLD! YIPPEE!! GOLD!
GAWSH AMIGHTY ZEB... WE SHORE DID HIT IT RICH. AIN'T SHE PURTY ?
LEMME GIT MUH HANDS ON IT LUKE.. IT MAKES M'SHAKE ALL OVER!
KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT 'TIL I GITS BACK FROM THE ASSAY OFFICE.. RECKON WE'LL BE TWO O'THEM MILLIONAIRES!
YOU BETTER HURRY... AND DON'T SPILL THE BEANS!

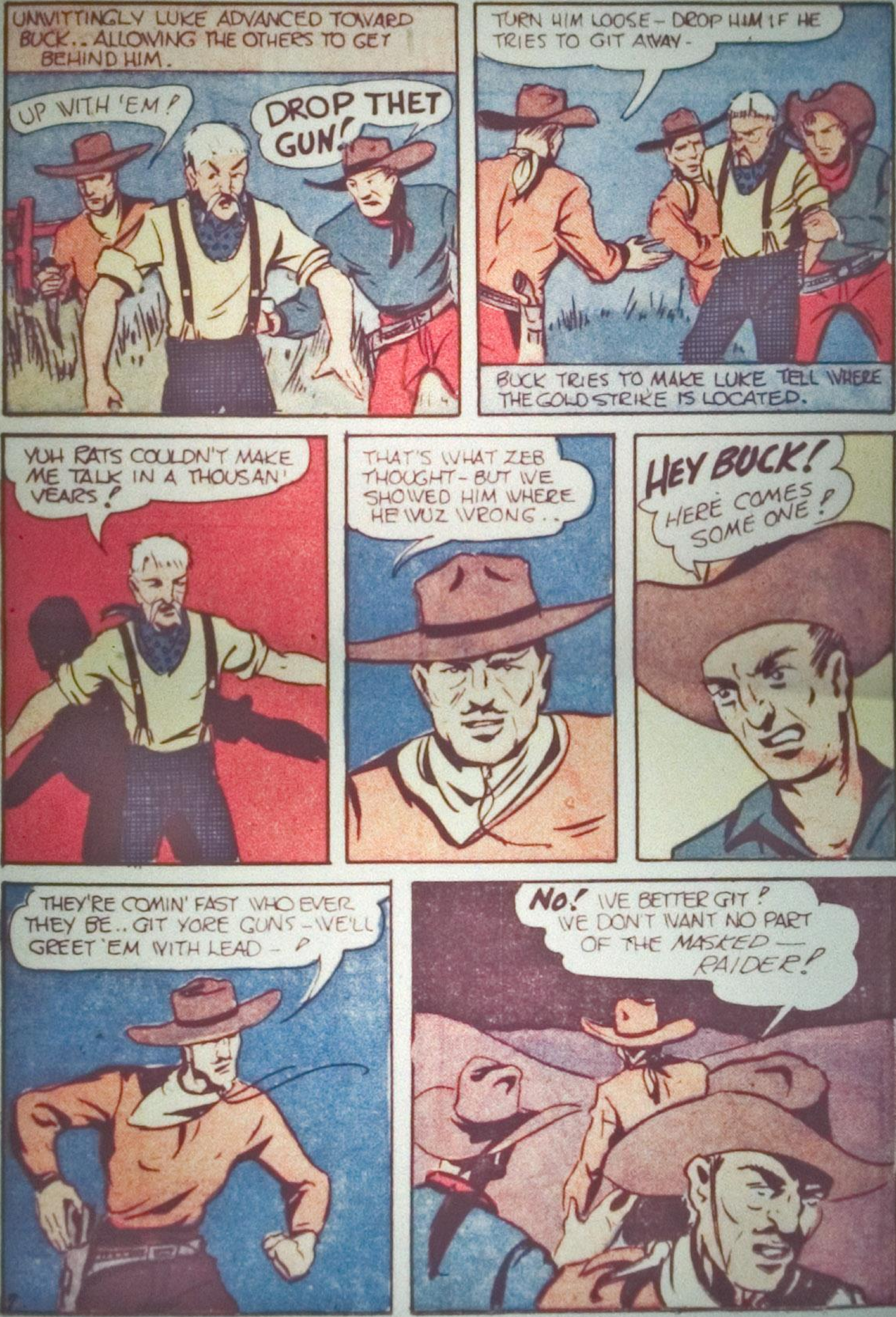

DON'T FERGIT.. DON'T DO NO TALKIN'!
HUH! LUKE MUST TAKE ME FER A YOUNGSTER - ME TALK - - - PSHAW!
ZEB HEADS FOR TOWN AT A BREAKNECK PACE.
HOWDY MANUEL! MIND EF I WATER M'HOSS? I BEEN RIDIN' HIM PURTY HARD FER SUCH A WARM DAY!
HELP YOUR SELF, ZEB!
YEP, ME'N LUKE SHORE HIT IT.. GOTTA GIT TUH TOWN AND FILE OUR CLAIM!
DID'YA HEAR THET? THOSE TWO OLD DESERT RATS MUST OF STRUCK PAY-DIRT. WE BETTER TRAIL HIM!
THE TWO MEN GO FOR THEIR HORSES AS ZEB LEAVES -
YESSIR! HE'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT FER TOWN WE'D BETTER HEAD HIM OFF!
NAW! TAKE YER TIME — WE CAN GIT HIM AFTER HE FILES HIS CLAIM!
YOU KNOW HIS WEAKNESS IS GAMBLIN' - WE'LL WIN THE CLAIM BEFORE HE LEAVES TOWN!

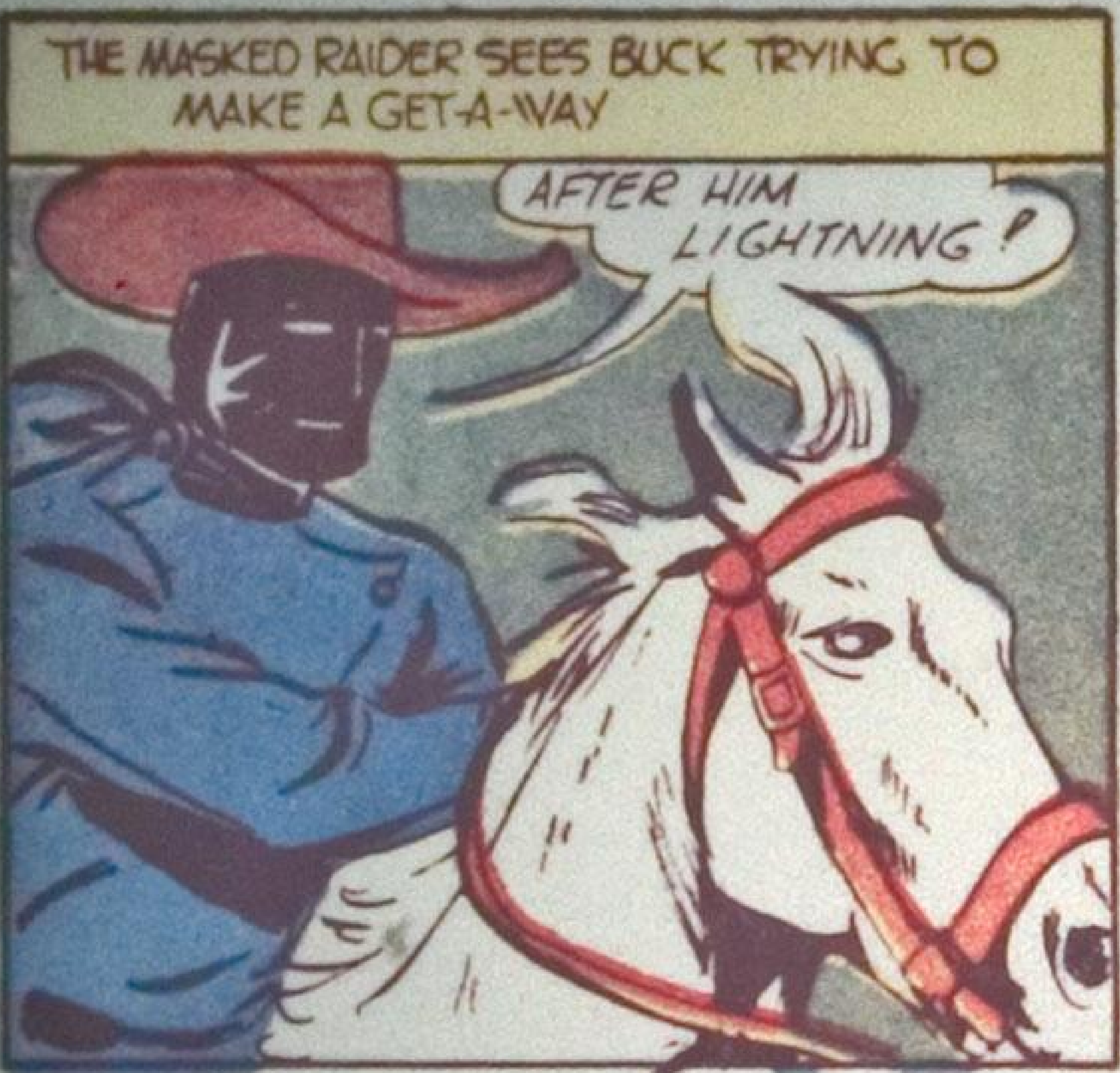

ZEB ENTERS THE RECORDING OFFICE.
HOWDY BEN, I WANT TO GET THIS TESTED AN' FILE MUH CLAIM
HOWDY ZEB!
IT TAKES BUT A FEW MOMENTS TO COMPLY WITH ZEB'S REQUEST.
HERE'S THE REPORT - IT RUNS PLENTY HIGH - - YOU GOT A RICH DEPOSIT
I KNOWED IT! THANKS, BEN!
HYAH ZEB!
WHAR'S IT AT?
YUH CAN TELL ME! I'M YORE FREN'
SORRY BOYS.... BUT I AIN'T SAYIN' NUTHIN' - IT'S LUKE'S AND MINE... AND WE AIN'T SHARIN'..!
THE TWO MEN WHO FOLLOWED ZEB INTO TOWN — START THEIR LITTLE GAME.
HOW ABOUT A LIL' DRINK BEFORE Y'LEAVE TOWN ZEB?
DON'T MIND EFFEN I DO — I GOTTA LONG TRIP AHEAD OF ME!
SALOON
BUT THE TWO ARE IMPATIENT. AND AS THEY PASS AN ALLEY — ZEB IS SET UPON —
AWRIGHT! WHERE'S YER CLAIM?
I-I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT YER TALKING ABOUT!
OHO! SO YER GONNA PLAY DUMB, EH?


LET ME GIT A CRACK AT HIM!
YOU'LL TALK AFTER WE GIT THROUGH WITH YOU!
BADLY BEATEN — ZEB SLUMPS INTO WELCOME UNCONSCIOUSNESS
GIT WOT WE NEED?
YEAH LE'S GO!
SAY! HE SHORE IS MESSED UP PURTY BAD— LET'S GIT GOIN' WE GOTTA TAKE CARE OF HIS PARDNER, NEXT!
—AND ZEB IS LEFT FOR DEAD
JUST AS DUSK FALLS, THE MASKED RAIDER APPROACHES THE TOWN, HE PAUSES NEAR THE CORRAL
WHAT'S THAT?
ZEB'S GROANS BRINGS THE MASKED RAIDER TO HIS AID—
WE'RE JUST IN TIME!
HE'S HURT BAD.— BUT WE CAN FIX HIM LIGHTNING!
THE MASKED RAIDER CARRIES ZEB TO A NEAR-BY SHACK

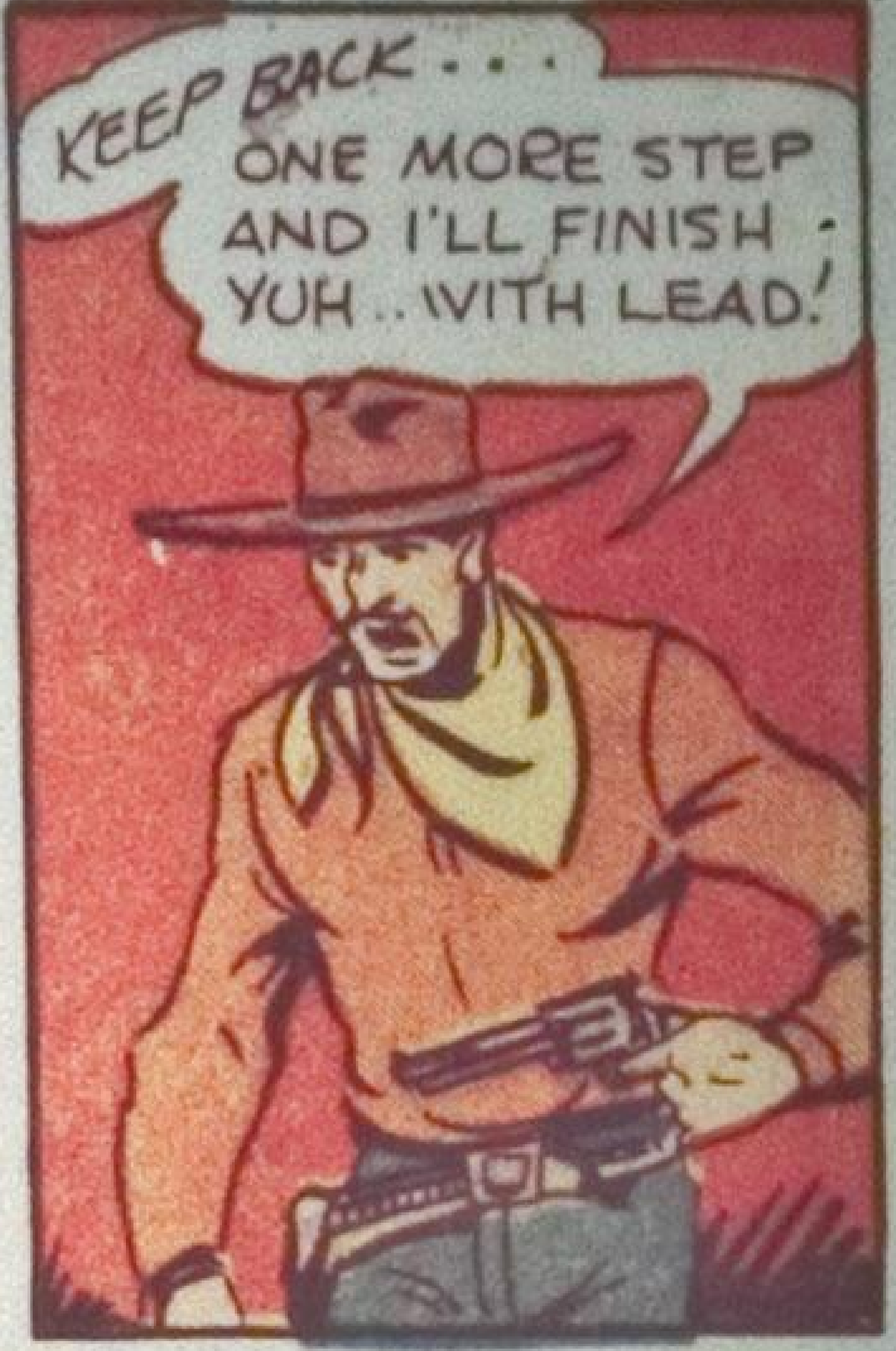

ZEB REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS — —
YER MASKED! WELL... I STILL AIN'T TELLIN' YUH NUTHIN!
EASY, OLD TIMER. I'M YOUR FRIEND. NOW IF I COULD HEAR YOUR STORY, I MIGHT HELP YOU
GREAT HORNED TOADS! NOW I REMEMBER! — THOSE TWO HOMBRES THET JUMPED ME — THEY'LL GIT LUKE OU AT OUR DIGGIN'S!
ZEB TOLD OF HIS EXPERIENCE IN TOWN — THE MASKED RAIDER SECURES A HORSE FOR ZEB.
HURRY ZEB.. CLIMB ON THIS HORSE AND WE'LL GO FOR LUKE!
I SHORE MESSED THINGS UP — FER LUKE!
WE CAN STILL FIX THAT.. I HOPE!
THEY HEAD FOR ZEB'S DIGGINGS ——
LUKE IS BEGINNING TO WORRY ABOUT ZEB'S LONG ABSENCE.
ZEB SHOULD'A BEEN HERE 'FORE NOW — WONDER WHAT'S KEEPIN' HIM ?
SUDDENLY
PING

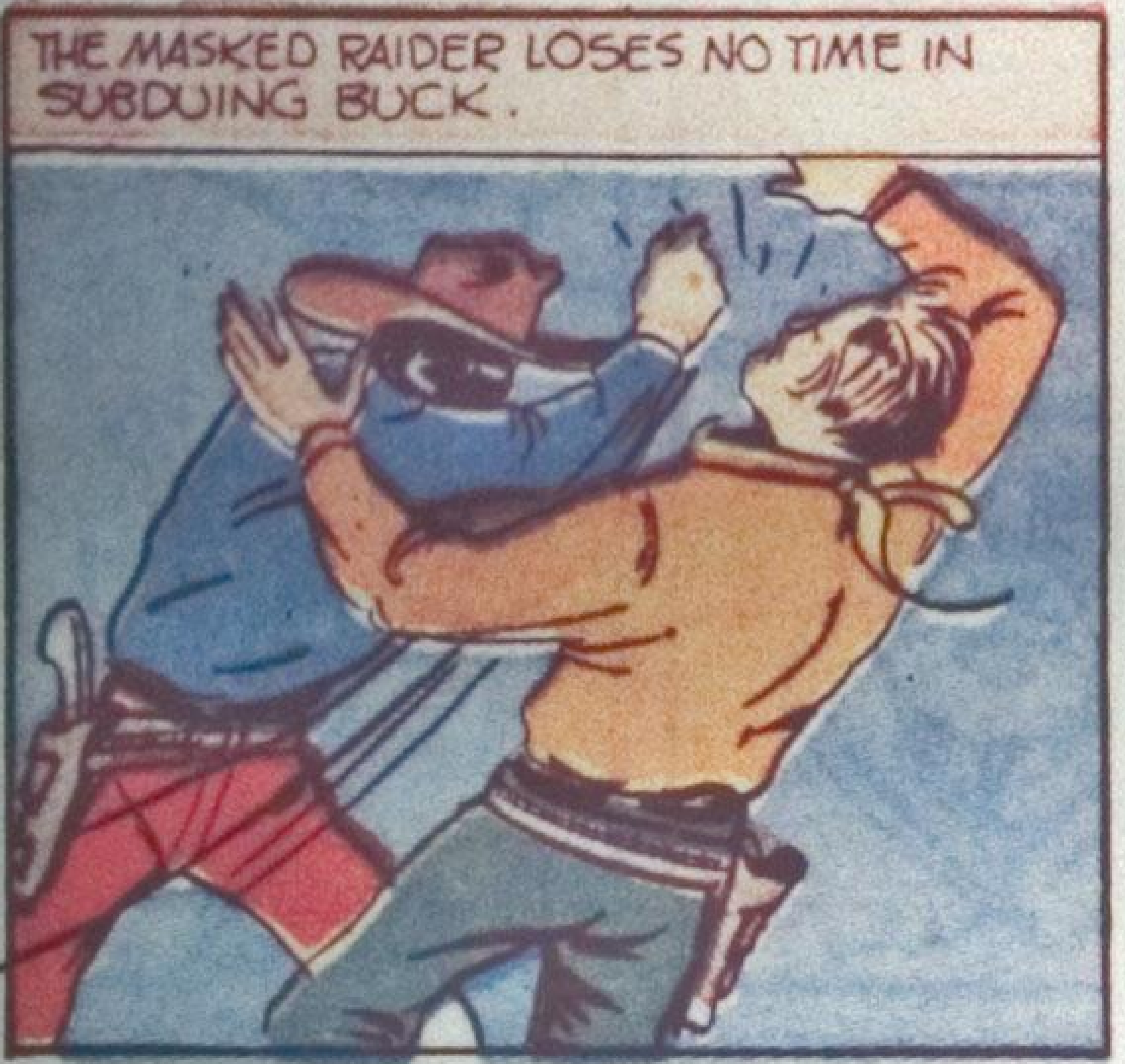

PROTECTED BY THE ROCKS ABOVE THE SHACK— BUCK—AND FOUR COHORTS SNIPE AT LUKE.
WE GOTTA GIT CLOSER — — IT'S TOO LONG A RANGE FROM HERE!
FORTUNATELY THE FIRST SHOT WHICH MISSED LUKE, WAS AMPLE WARNIN'
WAL I KIN HOLD 'EM OFF A WHILE — HOPE ZEB GITS BACK SOON!
ONE OF THE GANG ATTEMPTS TO GAIN A BETTER POSITION ———
HEH! HEH! EYE'S AIN'T S' BAD!
THE HOURS SLIP AWAY— STILL LUKE HOLDS OUT AGAINST BUCK'S GANG.
HOLD IT "SHARPIE" WE CAN GIT HIM FROM THE OTHER SIDE!
I'LL HOLD UP A WHITE FLAG! —AND WHEN HE TALKS T'ME, YOU FELLOWS GIT HIM FROM BEHIND!
LUKE SEES THE WHITE FLAG — — HE WITH-HOLDS HIS FIRING, TO HEAR WHAT THE BEARER WANTS.
HOPE YUH AIN'T HURT NONE— I JUST REALIZED YUH AIN'T THE MAN WE'RE AFTER!
THEN GIT —AND FAST!

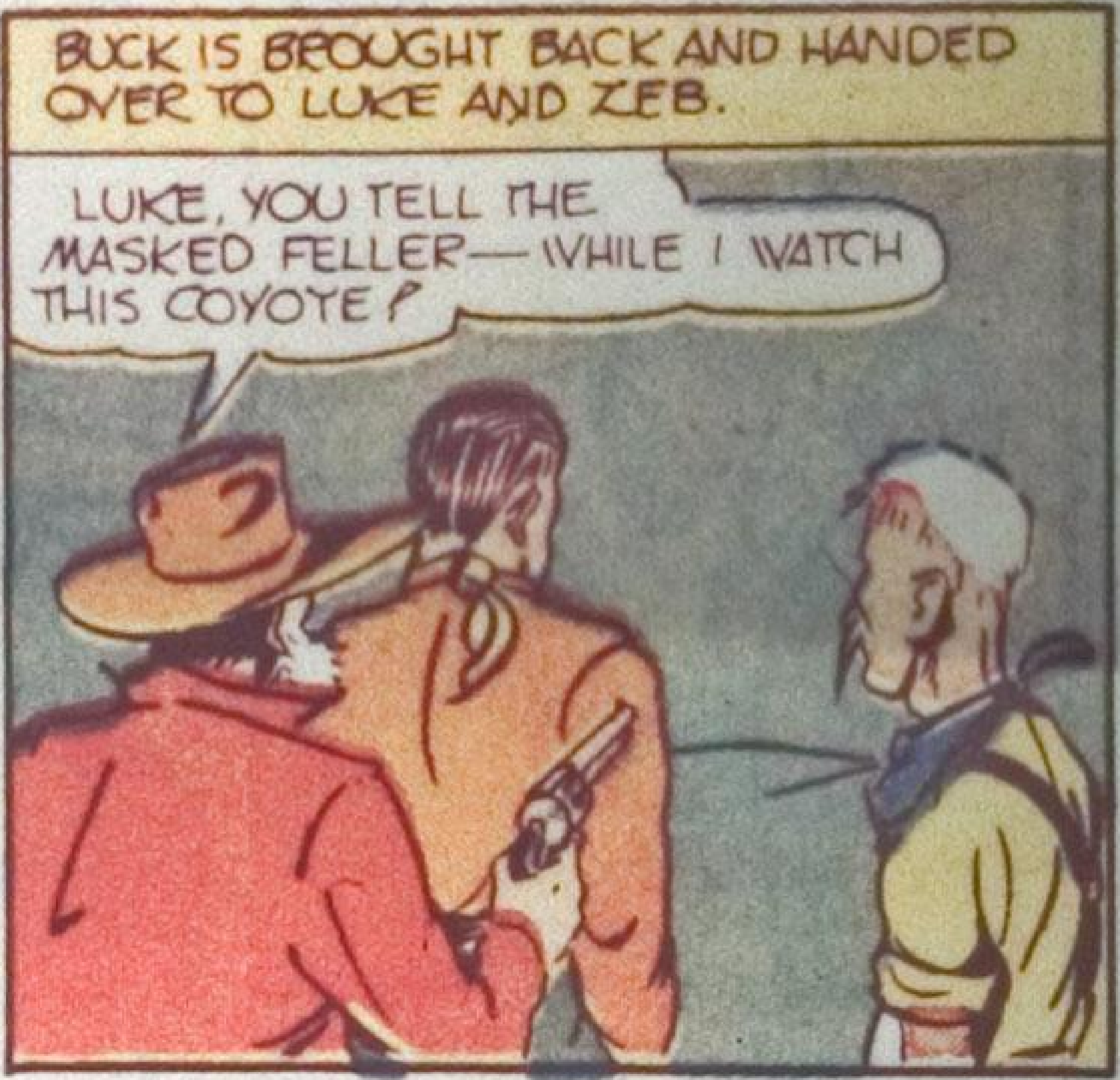

UNWITTINGLY LUKE ADVANCED TOWARD BUCK.. ALLOWING THE OTHERS TO GET BEHIND HIM.
UP WITH 'EM!
DROP THET GUN!
TURN HIM LOOSE - DROP HIM IF HE TRIES TO GIT AWAY -
BUCK TRIES TO MAKE LUKE TELL WHERE THE GOLD STRIKE IS LOCATED.
YUH RATS COULDN'T MAKE ME TALK IN A THOUSAN' YEARS!
THAT'S WHAT ZEB THOUGHT - BUT WE SHOWED HIM WHERE HE WUZ WRONG..
HEY BUCK! HERE COMES SOME ONE!
THEY'RE COMIN' FAST WHO EVER THEY BE.. GIT YORE GUNS - WE'LL GREET 'EM WITH LEAD -!
NO! WE BETTER GIT! WE DON'T WANT NO PART OF THE MASKED — RAIDER!

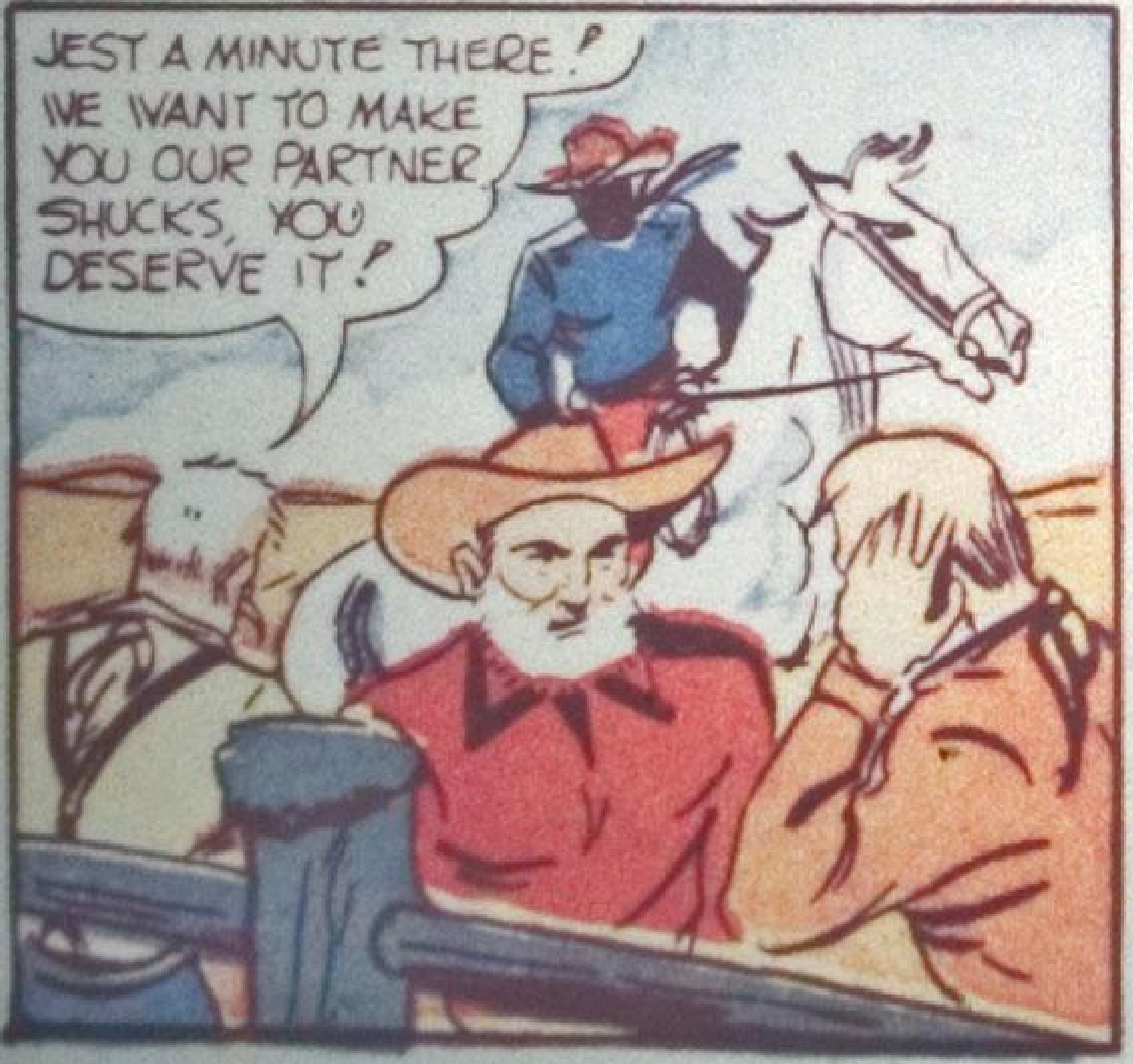

THE MASKED RAIDER SEES BUCK TRYING TO MAKE A GET-A-WAY
AFTER HIM LIGHTNING!

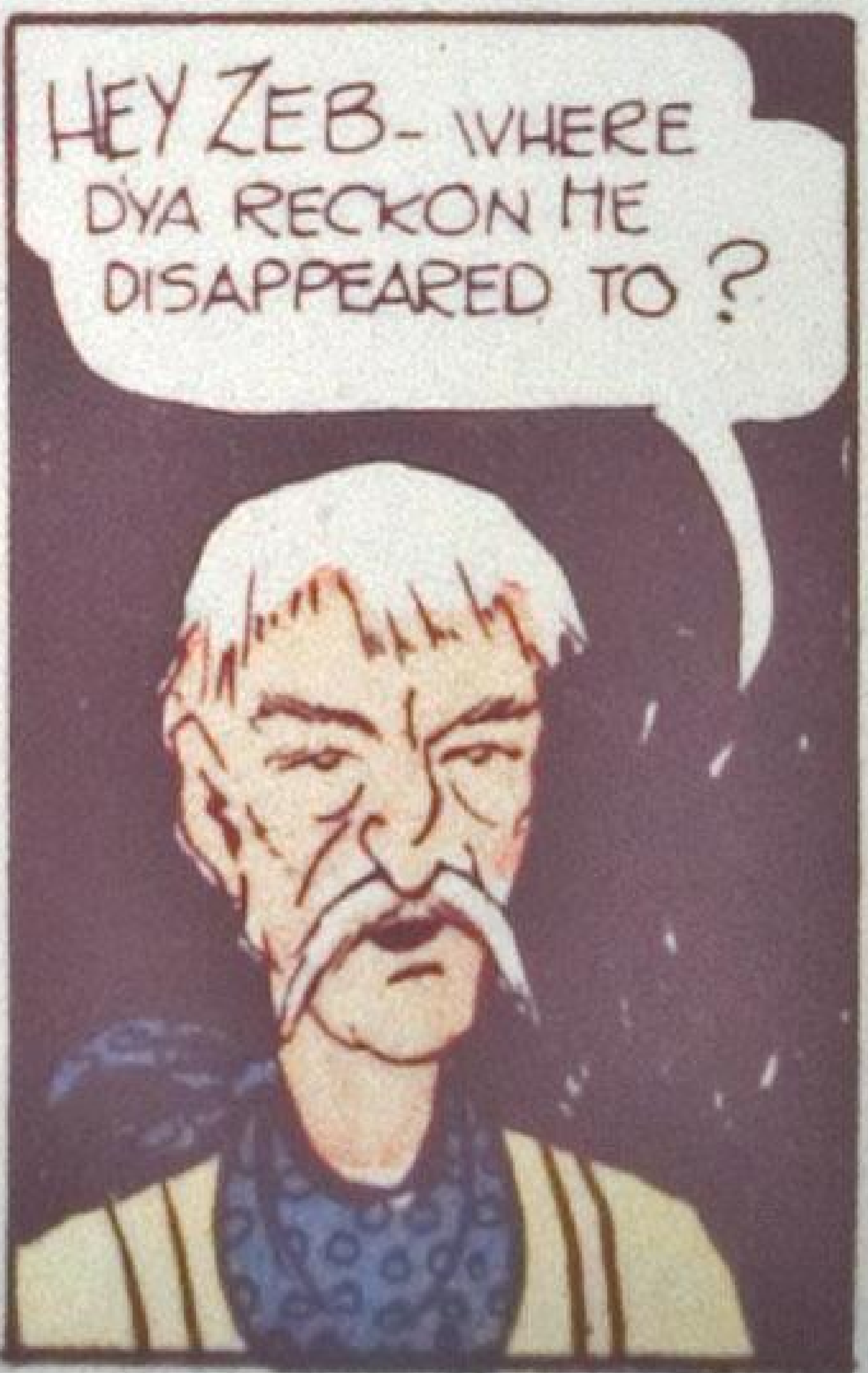
SEEING THAT FLIGHT IS USELESS BUCK WHEELS TO FACE THE *MASKED RAIDER*


KEEP BACK... ONE MORE STEP AND I'LL FINISH YUH.. WITH LEAD!


THE MASKED RAIDER LOSES NO TIME IN SUBDUING BUCK.


BUCK IS BROUGHT BACK AND HANDED OVER TO LUKE AND ZEB.
LUKE, YOU TELL THE MASKED FELLER— WHILE I WATCH THIS COYOTE!

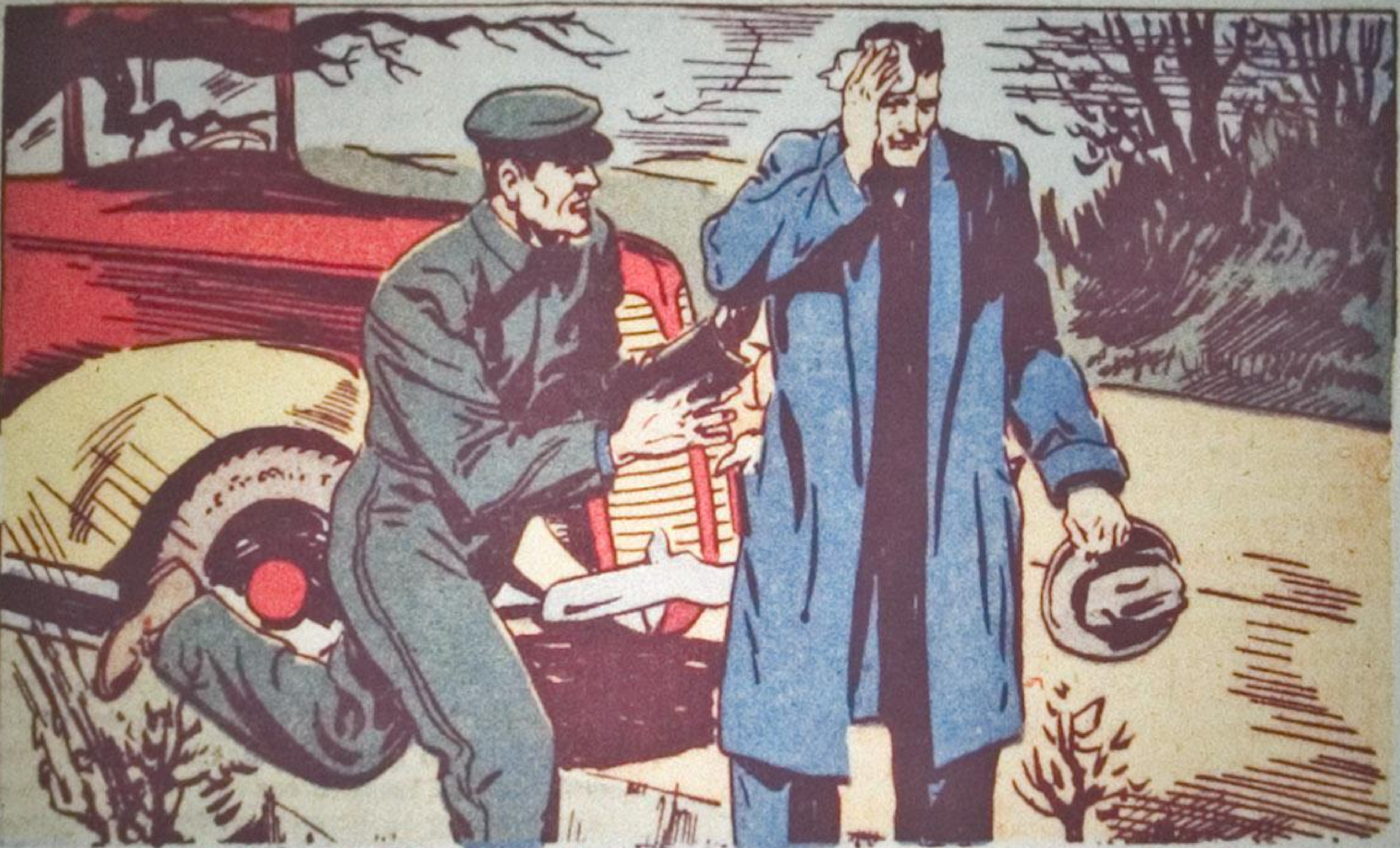

JEST A MINUTE THERE! WE WANT TO MAKE YOU OUR PARTNER SHUCKS, YOU DESERVE IT!


HEY ZEB- WHERE D'YA RECKON HE DISAPPEARED TO?

Next Month

THE MYSTERY OF THE "POISONED ARROWS"

By ANDERS



"Are you hurt?" Jim Stinson asked. "That guy Rodney didn't shoot, did he, Steve?" Steve was puzzled by Jim's presence

WARNING ENOUGH

A Short Mystery Story by David G. Cooke

Illustrated by H. Ramsey

STEVE twisted his wheel as the car sped toward Elbow Turn on Shade Mountain, and clamped down slightly on the brake pedal. The car took the curve easily, but then Steve pushed his foot far down on the pedal to come to a stop—there was a weary-looking hitch-hiker standing on the side of the road, and Steve intended to pick him up.

With a mumbled "Thanks," the seedy-looking thumber stepped into the car and closed the door after him. He sat down on the front seat next to Steve, silently, and draped his coat over his left arm.

For a while they rode along in silence. Then Steve became weary of the stillness and said: "Swell day, isn't it? It's just one of those afternoons when a fellow ought to be at the beach, don't you think?"

The sallow-faced man grunted a "Yeah," inched over closer to Steve, and remained silent.

That made Naylor angry. After all, if he was good enough to pick the fellow up, he should at least be decent and talk in a civilized manner. His anger reached the boiling point and he was about to stop the car and tell the stranger to get out, when he felt something hard press against his side from under the coat.

"Keep goin', Mister," the stranger ordered. "Keep it down under forty and take your time. I've got a rod against you, and if you try anything funny it might go off!"

Beads of perspiration broke out on Naylor's forehead. He stared stiffly ahead, lifted his foot slightly from the accelerator, and slowed down to about thirty-five. "What's the game," he asked. "I haven't got any money on me and this car isn't worth much."

"No game, Mister," came the answer. "I broke out of stir today, if you must know, and I'm beatin' it out of the state. Just do as I tell you and you won't be hurt none."

Naylor now knew who the man was. He had heard something over the radio about a convict escaping, a reward had been offered. In fact, the announcer had warned everyone that "Slip" Rodney was dangerous, a killer—

and here he was in the same car with him!

THEY rapidly approached Naylor's home town—Anniston—and then Rodney spoke up again: "Stop at that crossing and look both ways before you start again. You're not gonna do anything that'd get the screws after us, understand?"

Steve nodded. He slipped the gears into neutral, looked both ways down deserted Prospect Street, and started off again.

Rodney slipped down lower in the seat, trying to cover up as much as possible, as they drove into Sycamore Street, the main thoroughfare in Anniston—but he kept the gun pressed hard against Steve's side. "Don't wave to anyone," ordered Slip, "and stay on the right side of the line when you go around that curve up there."

Steve complied and crept down Sycamore at virtually a snail's pace. Jim Stinson attendant at the gas station where Steve did his business, waved to Naylor, as was his usual custom, as Steve drove by. But he continued to drive straight ahead, not daring to wave back. Naylor then pulled hard on the old Chevy's wheel to keep it on the right side of the line when he came to the sharp bend in Sycamore, and stayed far over toward the curb.

"Okay so far, Mister," mumbled Naylor, raising his head slightly to peer through the windshield. "But stop at that train crossing up there."

Naylor stopped. He waited a moment and then slid the car into gear again. "Now what?" he asked.

"One more block and we'll be out of town."

"Just keep goin' straight ahead until I tell you to stop. And take it easy on the speed or you'll get a slug in your stomach!"

Five miles on the other side of Anniston, Rodney told Steve to stop the car. Naylor got out at the con's command, turned his back to the Chevy while Rodney raced away.

Steve stood there cursing himself for a fool. "Damn!" he exploded. "That's the last hitch-hiker I'll ever pick up. What a jackass I turned out to be!"

BUT he didn't have a chance to denounce himself further. The one and only prowl car that Anniston boasted came barging up with siren cracked wide. Jim Stinson jumped out of the car, ran over to Steve. "Are you hurt?" he asked, anxiously. "That guy Rodney didn't shoot at you, did he, Steve?"

Naylor was puzzled by Jim's presence. "No," he answered bewildered, "I'm all right. But what are you doing here, Jim? I thought—"

"You thought he was getting away with it," Jim supplied. "Well he won't—and you can bet on that. I phoned on to Smithville, warned them that Rodney was on his way, and gave them all the dope. They're putting all their men on the job to cover the roads, and he'll be caught just as soon as he comes near the town."

"But how—how did you know?" Steve stammered. "I sure wanted to warn you, but there wasn't any way to do it; he had me covered all the while."

"Didn't warn me, huh?" answered Jim. "Say, Steve, you've been waving to me every evening for nigh on to five years now, and when you didn't even look my way today I knew something was fishy. On top of that, today's the first time anybody ever stayed on the right side of the line on that sharp curve on Sycamore—that got me to wondering. But when I saw you stop at a railroad crossing that hasn't been used for years, I knew that there was someone with you that was too much afraid of the law to take any chances. Well, I then put two and two together and figured Rodney, that escaped convict the radios have been blatting about all day, was with you, so I went down to Chief Simcox and gave him all the dope." He smiled and put his arm around Naylor's shoulders.

"Warning enough, huh, Steve?"

The End

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933.

Of Marvel Mystery Comics, published monthly, at Buffalo, New York, for October 1, 1939.

State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of the Marvel Mystery Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, managment (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Timely Publications, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C., Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

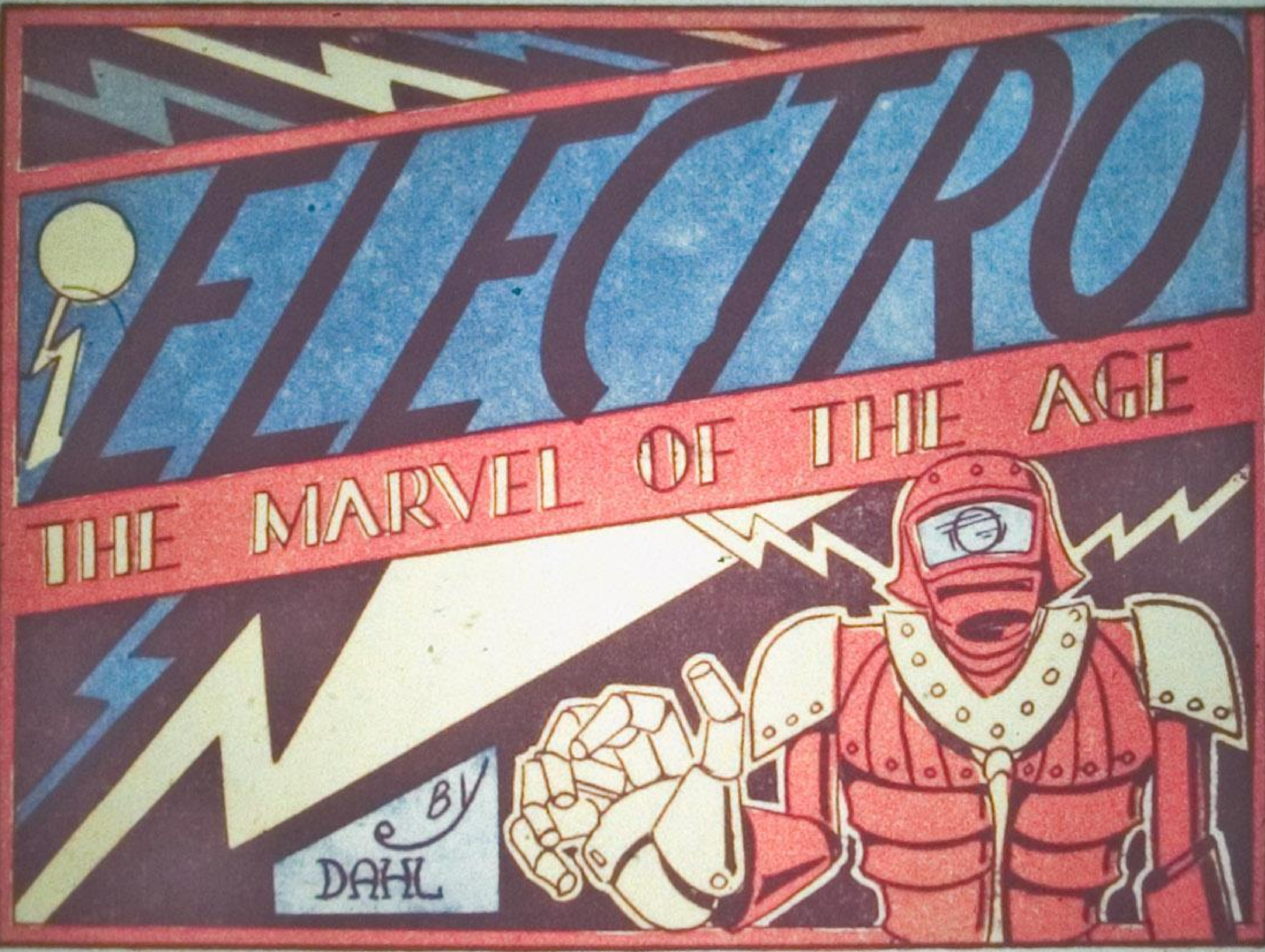
There are none.

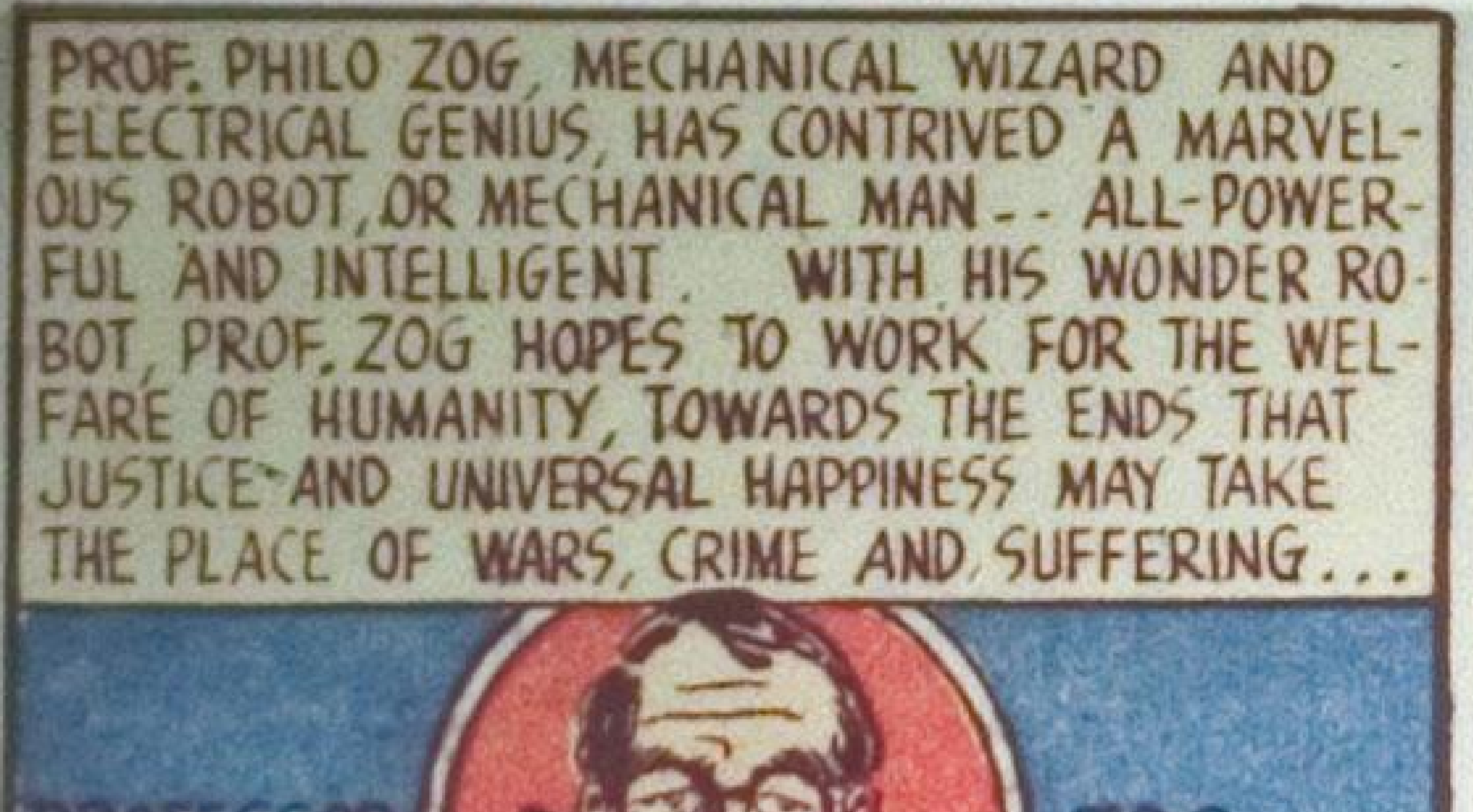
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

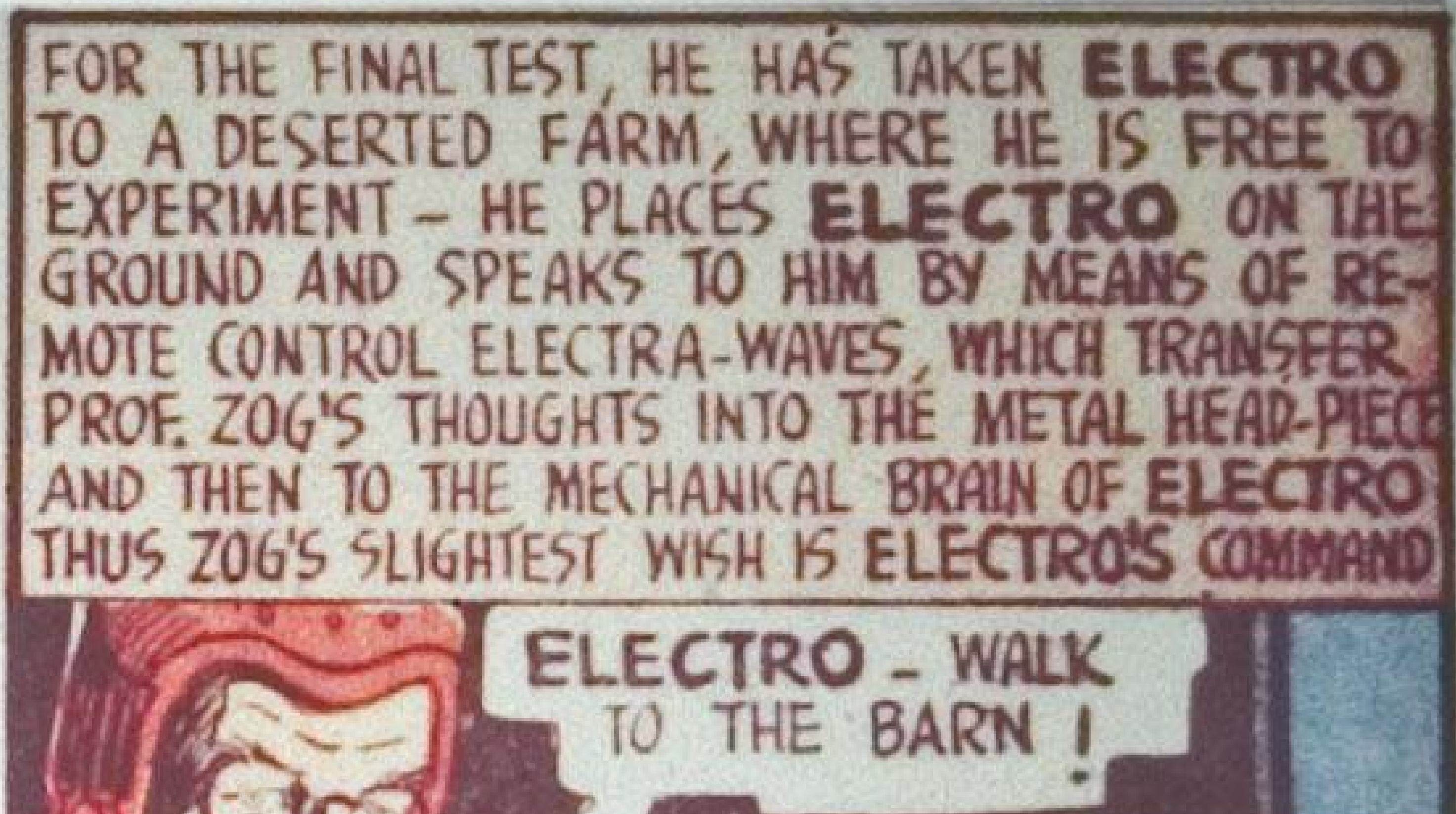
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is .... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

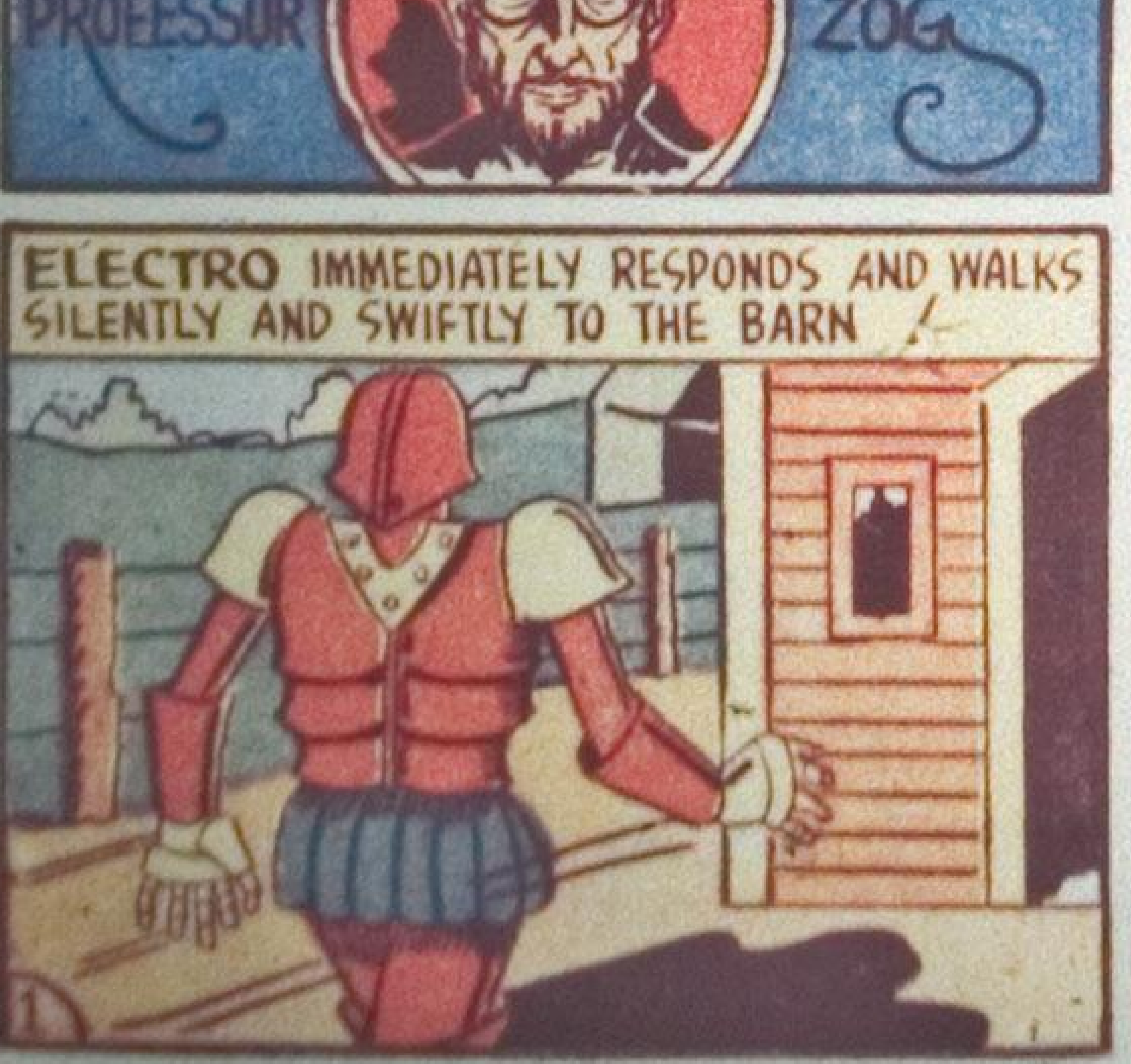
Abraham Goodman, (owner)

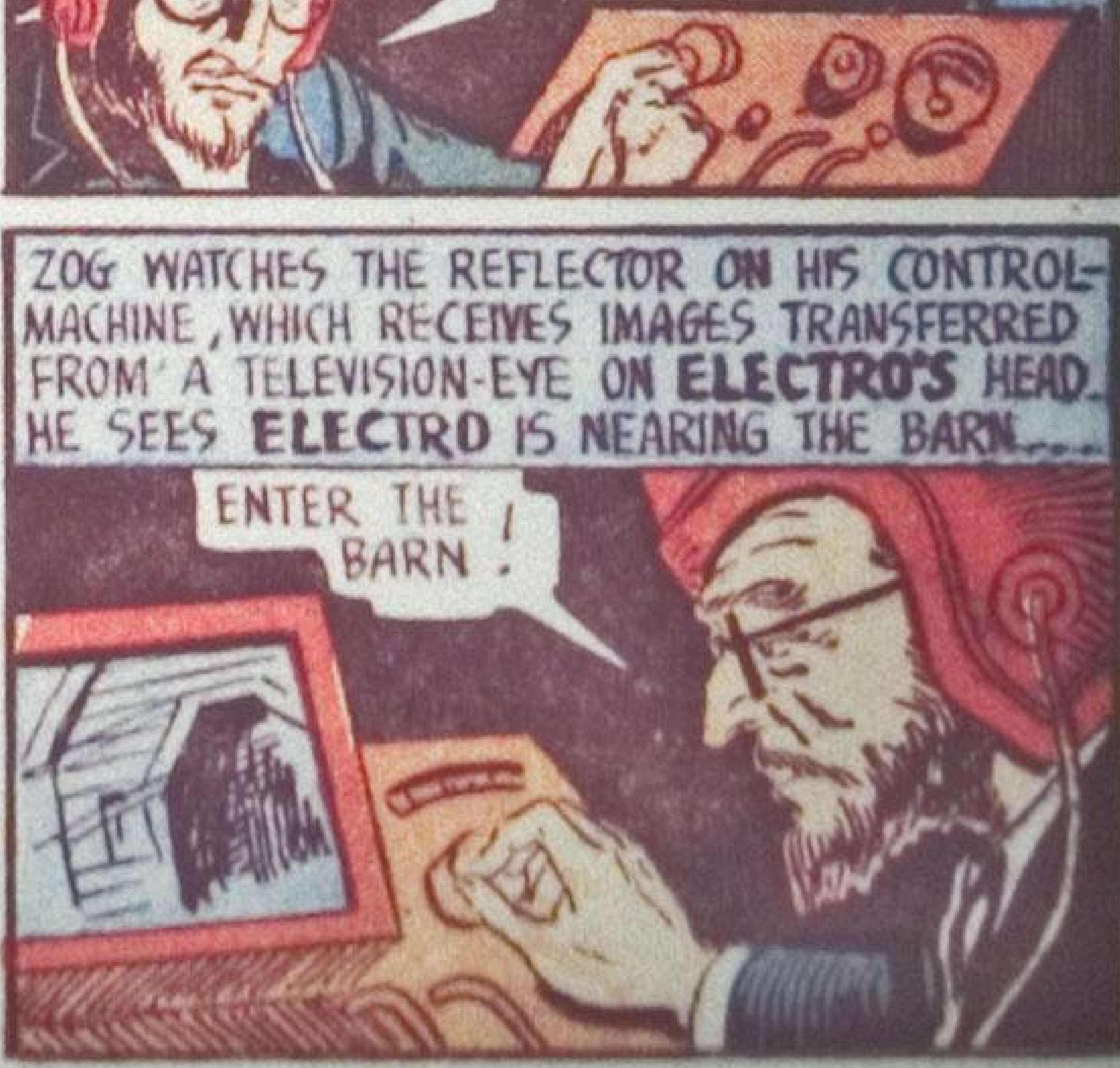
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1939. Maurice Coyne. (My commission expires March 30, 1940.) N. Y. Co. Clerk No. 362

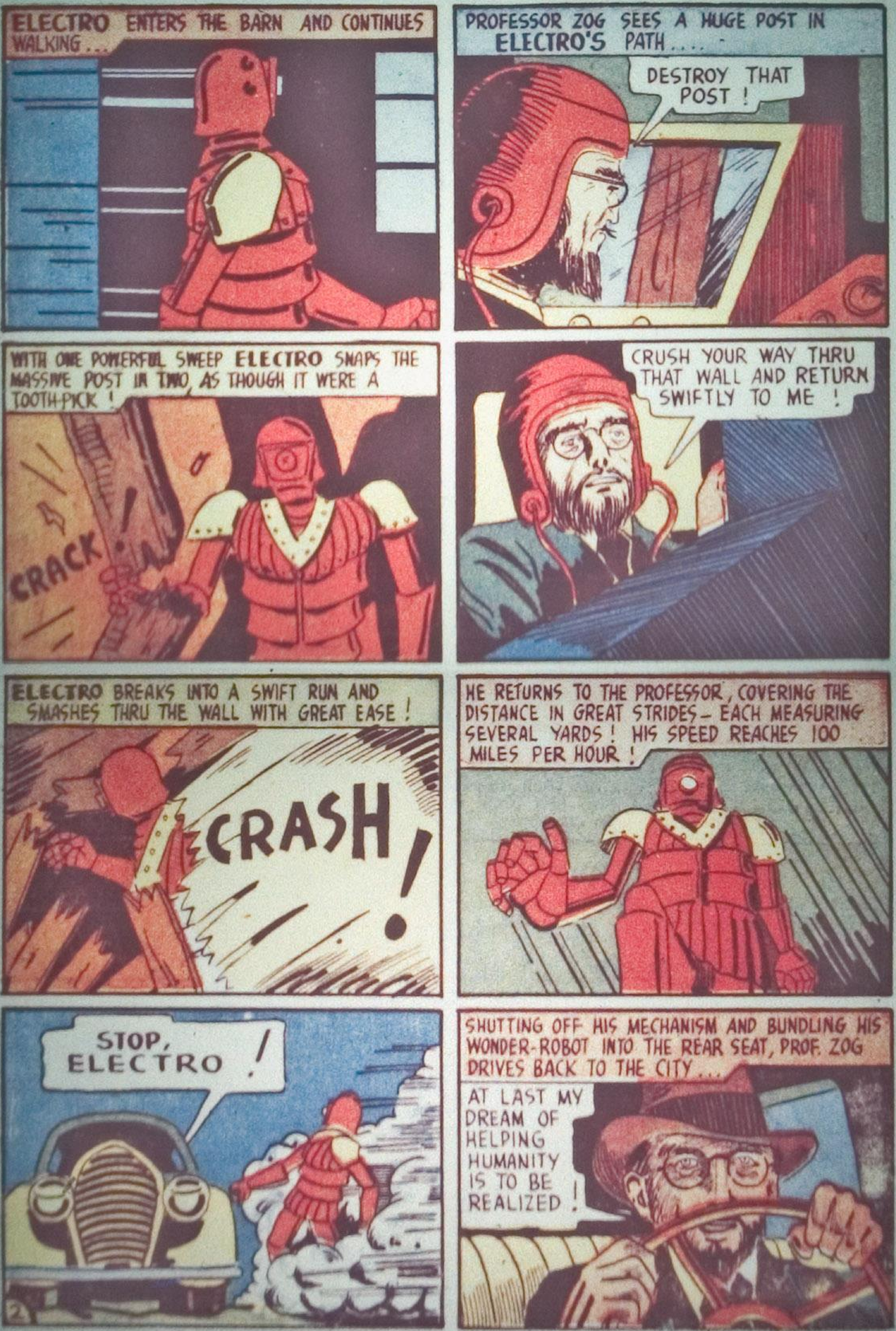

ELECTRO
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE
BY DAHL

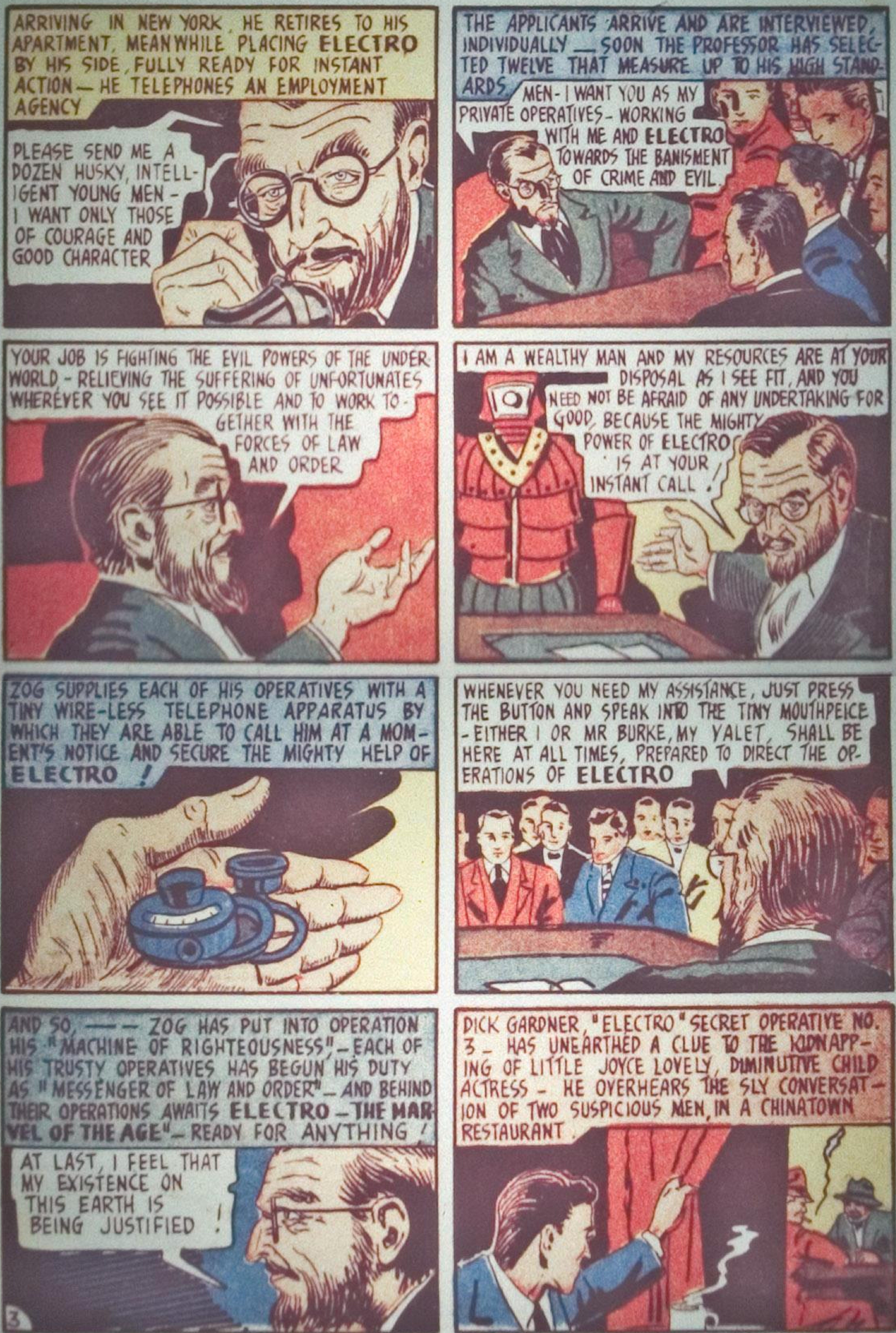

PROF. PHILO ZOG, MECHANICAL WIZARD AND ELECTRICAL GENIUS, HAS CONTRIVED A MARVELOUS ROBOT, OR MECHANICAL MAN -- ALL-POWERFUL AND INTELLIGENT. WITH HIS WONDER ROBOT, PROF. ZOG HOPES TO WORK FOR THE WELFARE OF HUMANITY, TOWARDS THE ENDS THAT JUSTICE AND UNIVERSAL HAPPINESS MAY TAKE THE PLACE OF WARS, CRIME AND SUFFERING...
PROFESSOR ZOG

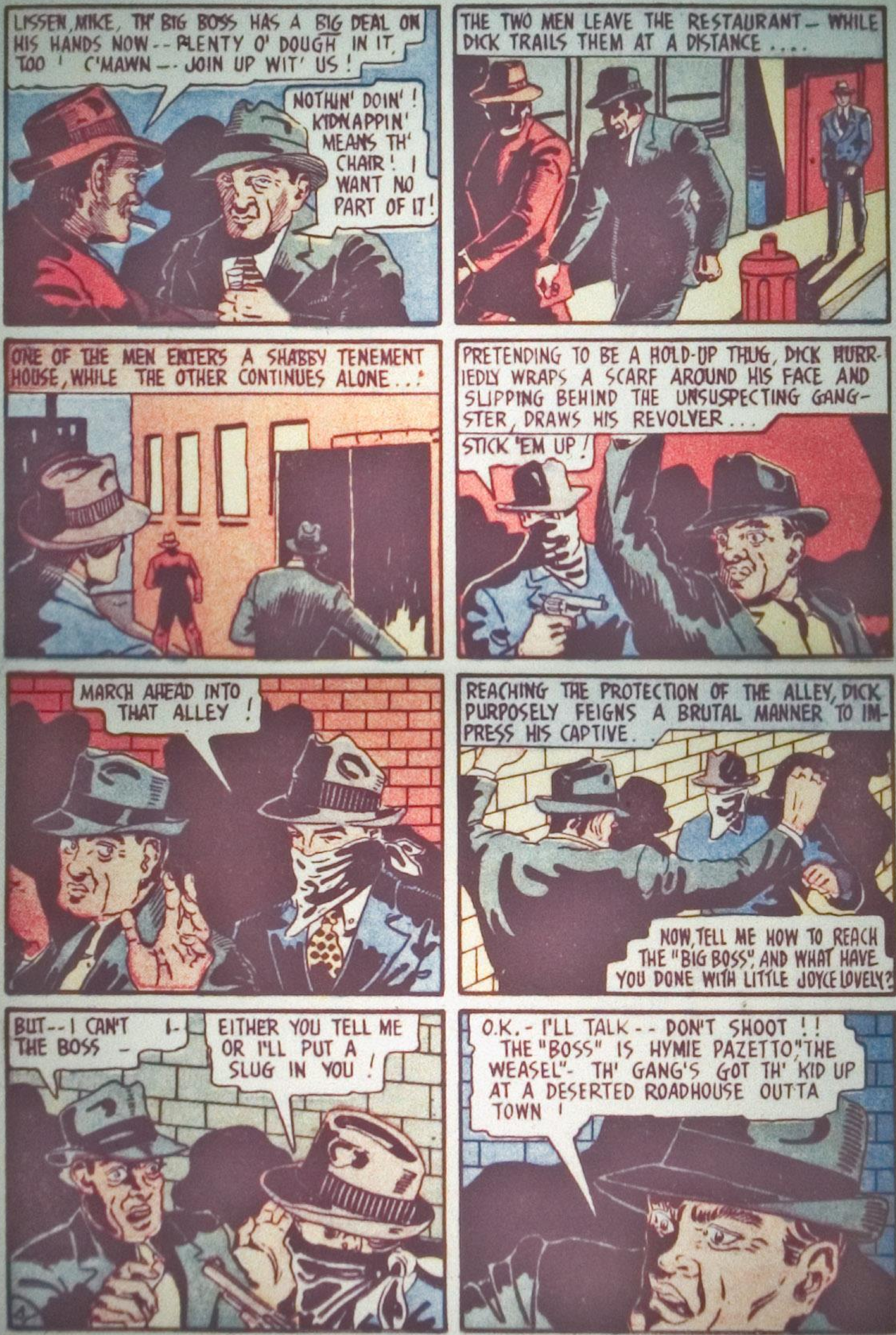

FOR THE FINAL TEST, HE HAS TAKEN ELECTRO TO A DESERTED FARM, WHERE HE IS FREE TO EXPERIMENT - HE PLACES ELECTRO ON THE GROUND AND SPEAKS TO HIM BY MEANS OF REMOTE CONTROL ELECTRA-WAVES, WHICH TRANSFER PROF. ZOG'S THOUGHTS INTO THE METAL HEAD-PIECE AND THEN TO THE MECHANICAL BRAIN OF ELECTRO. THUS ZOG'S SLIGHTEST WISH IS ELECTRO'S COMMAND
ELECTRO - WALK TO THE BARN!

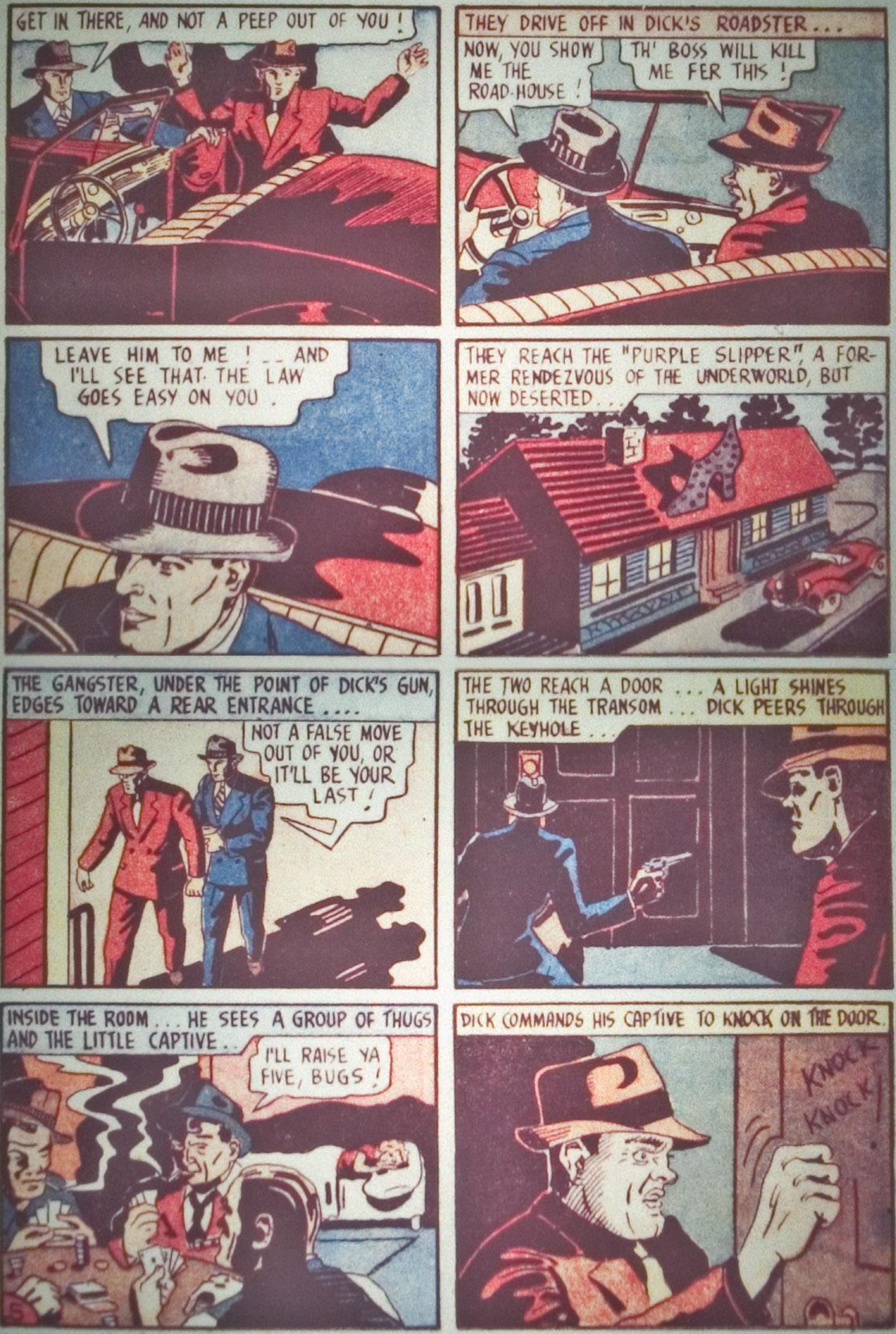

ELECTRO IMMEDIATELY RESPONDS AND WALKS SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY TO THE BARN!

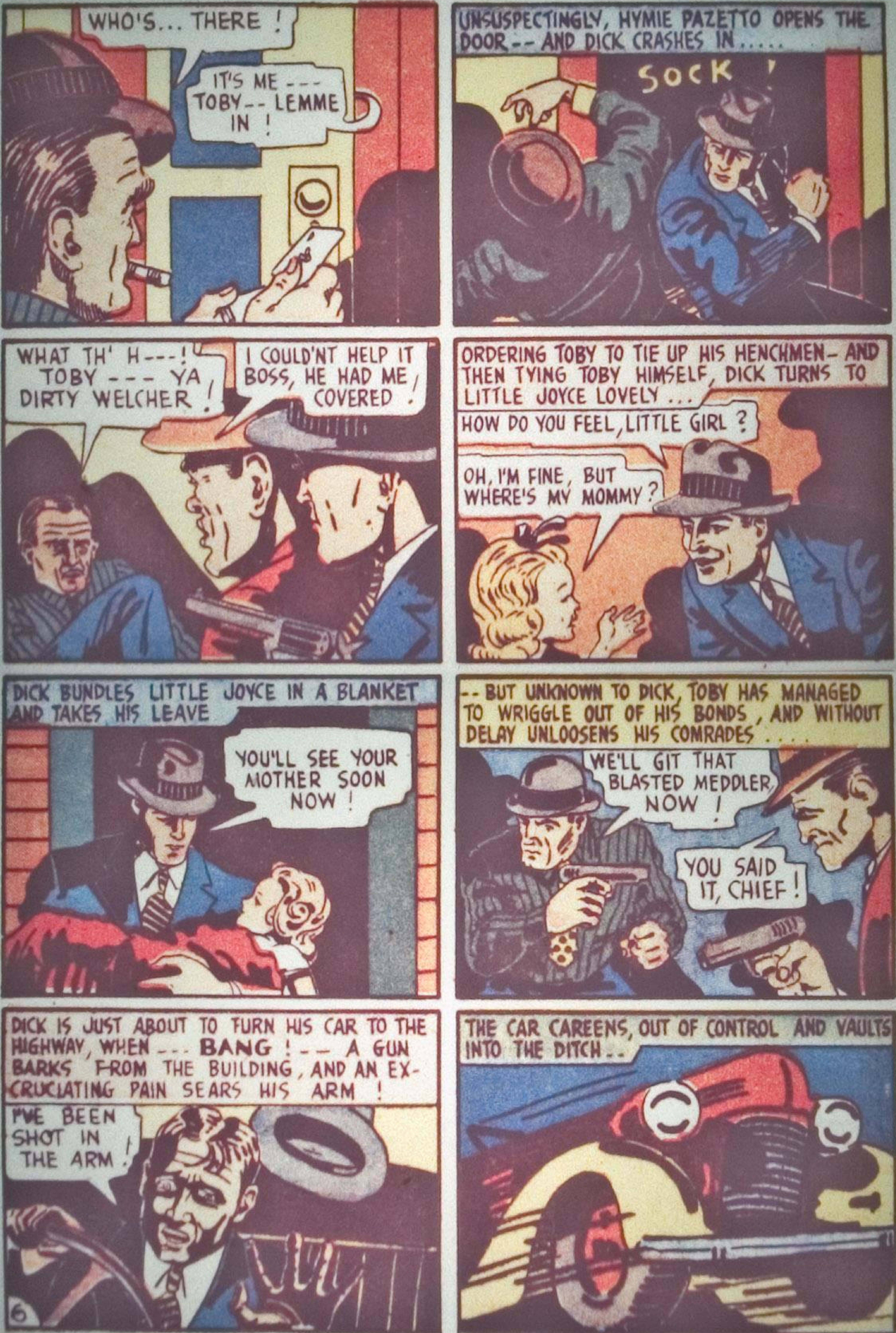

ZOG WATCHES THE REFLECTOR ON HIS CONTROL-MACHINE, WHICH RECEIVES IMAGES TRANSFERRED FROM A TELEVISION-EYE ON ELECTRO'S HEAD. HE SEES ELECTRO IS NEARING THE BARN....
ENTER THE BARN!

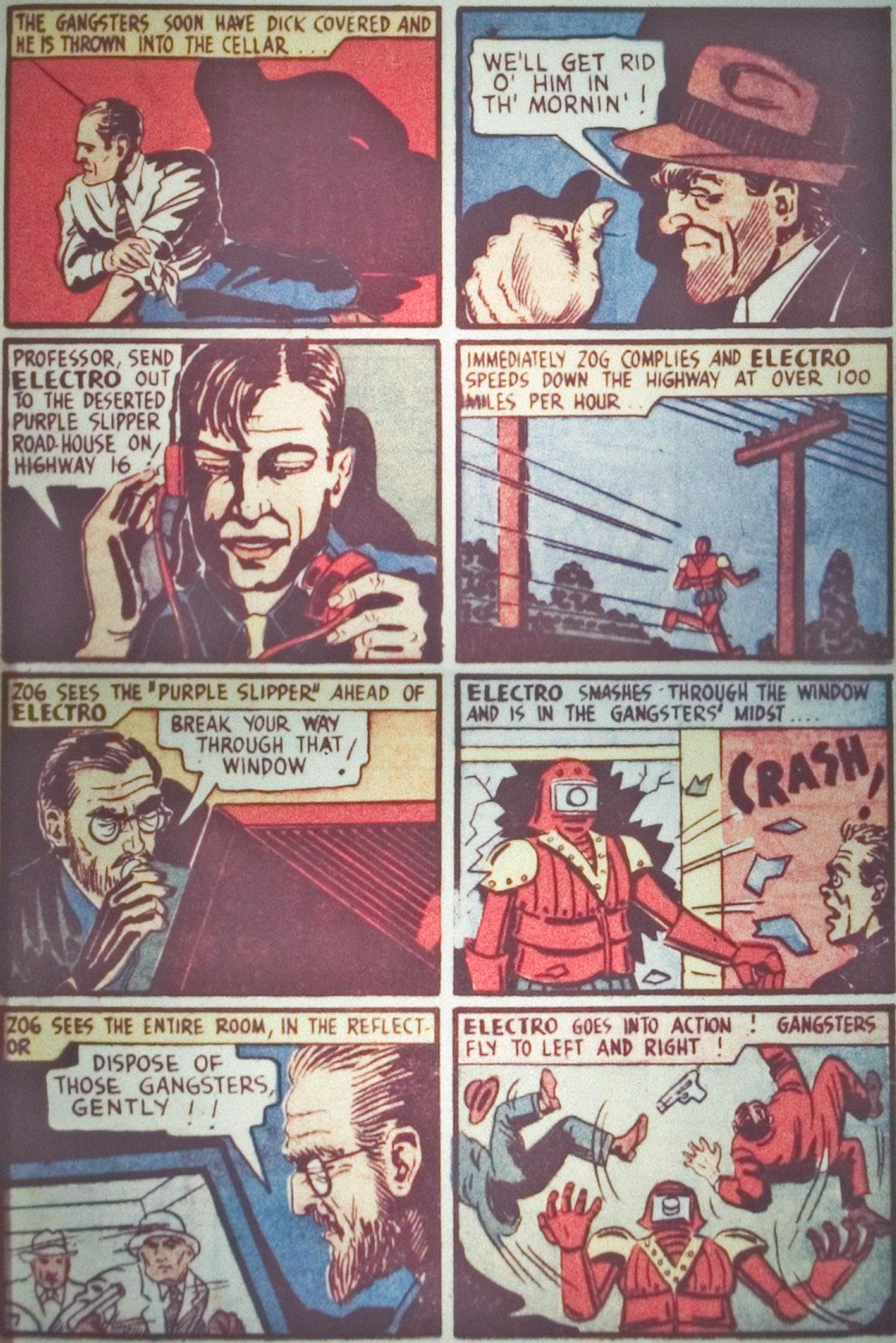

ELECTRO ENTERS THE BARN AND CONTINUES WALKING...
PROFESSOR ZOG SEES A HUGE POST IN ELECTRO'S PATH....
DESTROY THAT POST!
WITH ONE POWERFUL SWEEP ELECTRO SNAPS THE MASSIVE POST IN TWO, AS THOUGH IT WERE A TOOTH-PICK!
CRACK
CRUSH YOUR WAY THRU THAT WALL AND RETURN SWIFTLY TO ME!
ELECTRO BREAKS INTO A SWIFT RUN AND SMASHES THRU THE WALL WITH GREAT EASE!
CRASH!
HE RETURNS TO THE PROFESSOR, COVERING THE DISTANCE IN GREAT STRIDES— EACH MEASURING SEVERAL YARDS! HIS SPEED REACHES 100 MILES PER HOUR!
STOP, ELECTRO!
SHUTTING OFF HIS MECHANISM AND BUNDLING HIS WONDER-ROBOT INTO THE REAR SEAT, PROF. ZOG DRIVES BACK TO THE CITY...
AT LAST MY DREAM OF HELPING HUMANITY IS TO BE REALIZED!

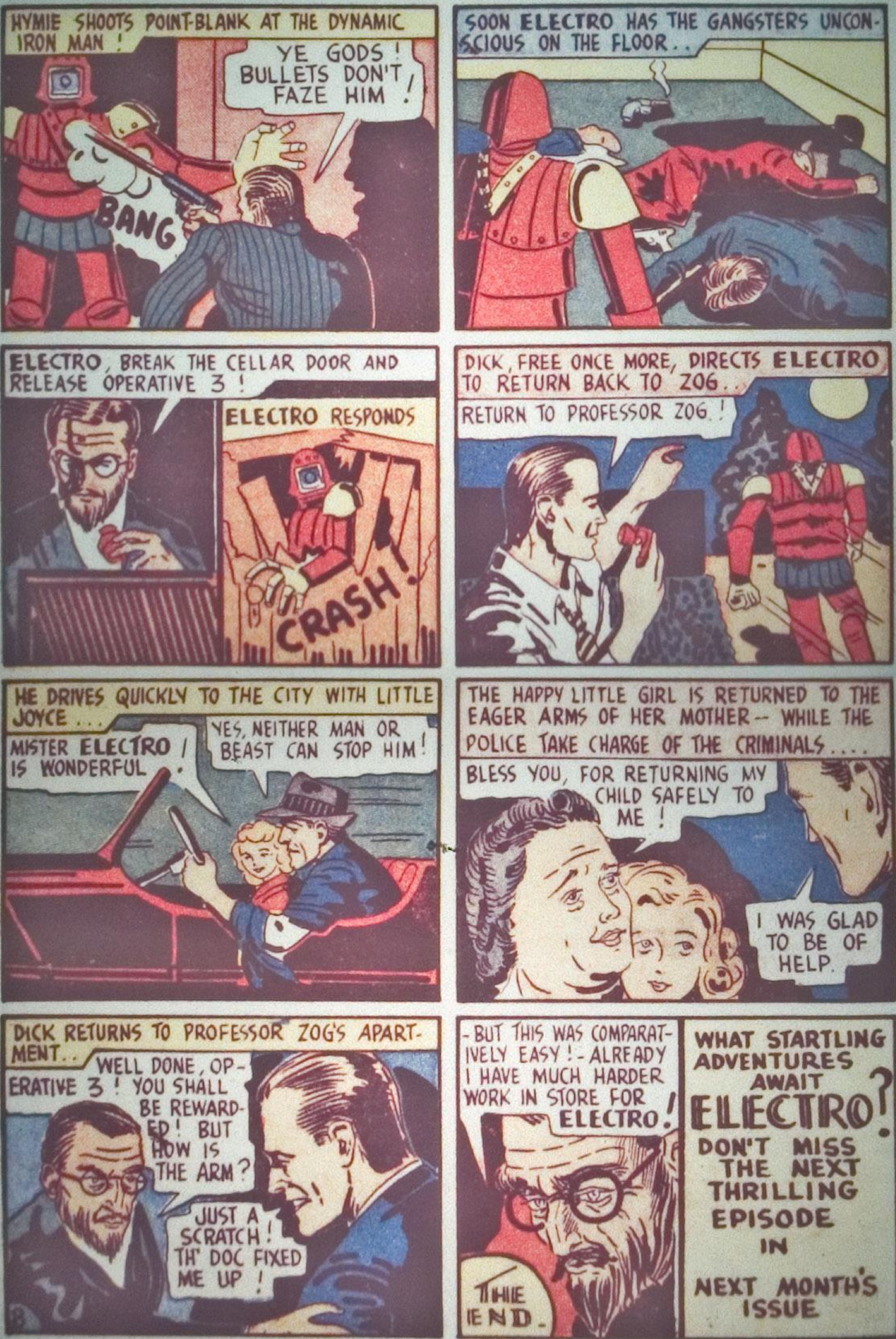

ARRIVING IN NEW YORK, HE RETIRES TO HIS APARTMENT, MEANWHILE PLACING ELECTRO BY HIS SIDE, FULLY READY FOR INSTANT ACTION — HE TELEPHONES AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
PLEASE SEND ME A DOZEN HUSKY, INTELLIGENT YOUNG MEN - I WANT ONLY THOSE OF COURAGE AND GOOD CHARACTER
THE APPLICANTS ARRIVE AND ARE INTERVIEWED, INDIVIDUALLY — SOON THE PROFESSOR HAS SELECTED TWELVE THAT MEASURE UP TO HIS HIGH STANDARDS.
MEN- I WANT YOU AS MY PRIVATE OPERATIVES- WORKING WITH ME AND ELECTRO TOWARDS THE BANISMENT OF CRIME AND EVIL.
YOUR JOB IS FIGHTING THE EVIL POWERS OF THE UNDERWORLD - RELIEVING THE SUFFERING OF UNFORTUNATES WHEREVER YOU SEE IT POSSIBLE AND TO WORK TOGETHER WITH THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER
I AM A WEALTHY MAN AND MY RESOURCES ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL AS I SEE FIT, AND YOU NEED NOT BE AFRAID OF ANY UNDERTAKING FOR GOOD, BECAUSE THE MIGHTY POWER OF ELECTRO IS AT YOUR INSTANT CALL!
ZOG SUPPLIES EACH OF HIS OPERATIVES WITH A TINY WIRE-LESS TELEPHONE APPARATUS BY WHICH THEY ARE ABLE TO CALL HIM AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE AND SECURE THE MIGHTY HELP OF ELECTRO !
WHENEVER YOU NEED MY ASSISTANCE, JUST PRESS THE BUTTON AND SPEAK INTO THE TINY MOUTHPEICE - EITHER I OR MR BURKE, MY VALET, SHALL BE HERE AT ALL TIMES, PREPARED TO DIRECT THE OPERATIONS OF ELECTRO
AND SO, —— ZOG HAS PUT INTO OPERATION HIS "MACHINE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS"— EACH OF HIS TRUSTY OPERATIVES HAS BEGUN HIS DUTY AS "MESSENGER OF LAW AND ORDER"— AND BEHIND THEIR OPERATIONS AWAITS ELECTRO — THE MARVEL OF THE AGE"— READY FOR ANYTHING !
AT LAST, I FEEL THAT MY EXISTENCE ON THIS EARTH IS BEING JUSTIFIED !
DICK GARDNER, "ELECTRO" SECRET OPERATIVE NO. 3 — HAS UNEARTHED A CLUE TO THE KIDNAPPING OF LITTLE JOYCE LOVELY, DIMINUTIVE CHILD ACTRESS — HE OVERHEARS THE SLY CONVERSATION OF TWO SUSPICIOUS MEN, IN A CHINATOWN RESTAURANT


LISSEN, MIKE, TH' BIG BOSS HAS A BIG DEAL ON HIS HANDS NOW -- PLENTY O' DOUGH IN IT, TOO ! C'MAWN -- JOIN UP WIT' US !
NOTHIN' DOIN' ! KIDNAPPIN' MEANS TH' CHAIR ! I WANT NO PART OF IT !
THE TWO MEN LEAVE THE RESTAURANT — WHILE DICK TRAILS THEM AT A DISTANCE . . . .
ONE OF THE MEN ENTERS A SHABBY TENEMENT HOUSE, WHILE THE OTHER CONTINUES ALONE . . .
PRETENDING TO BE A HOLD-UP THUG, DICK HURRIEDLY WRAPS A SCARF AROUND HIS FACE AND SLIPPING BEHIND THE UNSUSPECTING GANGSTER, DRAWS HIS REVOLVER . . .
STICK 'EM UP !
MARCH AHEAD INTO THAT ALLEY !
REACHING THE PROTECTION OF THE ALLEY, DICK PURPOSELY FEIGNS A BRUTAL MANNER TO IMPRESS HIS CAPTIVE . . .
NOW, TELL ME HOW TO REACH THE "BIG BOSS", AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH LITTLE JOYCE LOVELY?
BUT -- I CAN'T I- THE BOSS -
EITHER YOU TELL ME OR I'LL PUT A SLUG IN YOU !
O.K. - I'LL TALK -- DON'T SHOOT !! THE "BOSS" IS HYMIE PAZETTO, "THE WEASEL" - TH' GANG'S GOT TH' KID UP AT A DESERTED ROADHOUSE OUTTA TOWN !


GET IN THERE, AND NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU !
THEY DRIVE OFF IN DICK'S ROADSTER . . .
NOW, YOU SHOW ME THE ROAD-HOUSE !
TH' BOSS WILL KILL ME FER THIS !
LEAVE HIM TO ME ! .. AND I'LL SEE THAT THE LAW GOES EASY ON YOU .
THEY REACH THE "PURPLE SLIPPER", A FORMER RENDEZVOUS OF THE UNDERWORLD, BUT NOW DESERTED . . .
THE GANGSTER, UNDER THE POINT OF DICK'S GUN, EDGES TOWARD A REAR ENTRANCE . . . .
NOT A FALSE MOVE OUT OF YOU, OR IT'LL BE YOUR LAST !
THE TWO REACH A DOOR . . . A LIGHT SHINES THROUGH THE TRANSOM . . . DICK PEERS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE . . .
INSIDE THE ROOM . . . HE SEES A GROUP OF THUGS AND THE LITTLE CAPTIVE . .
I'LL RAISE YA FIVE, BUGS !
DICK COMMANDS HIS CAPTIVE TO KNOCK ON THE DOOR.
KNOCK KNOCK !

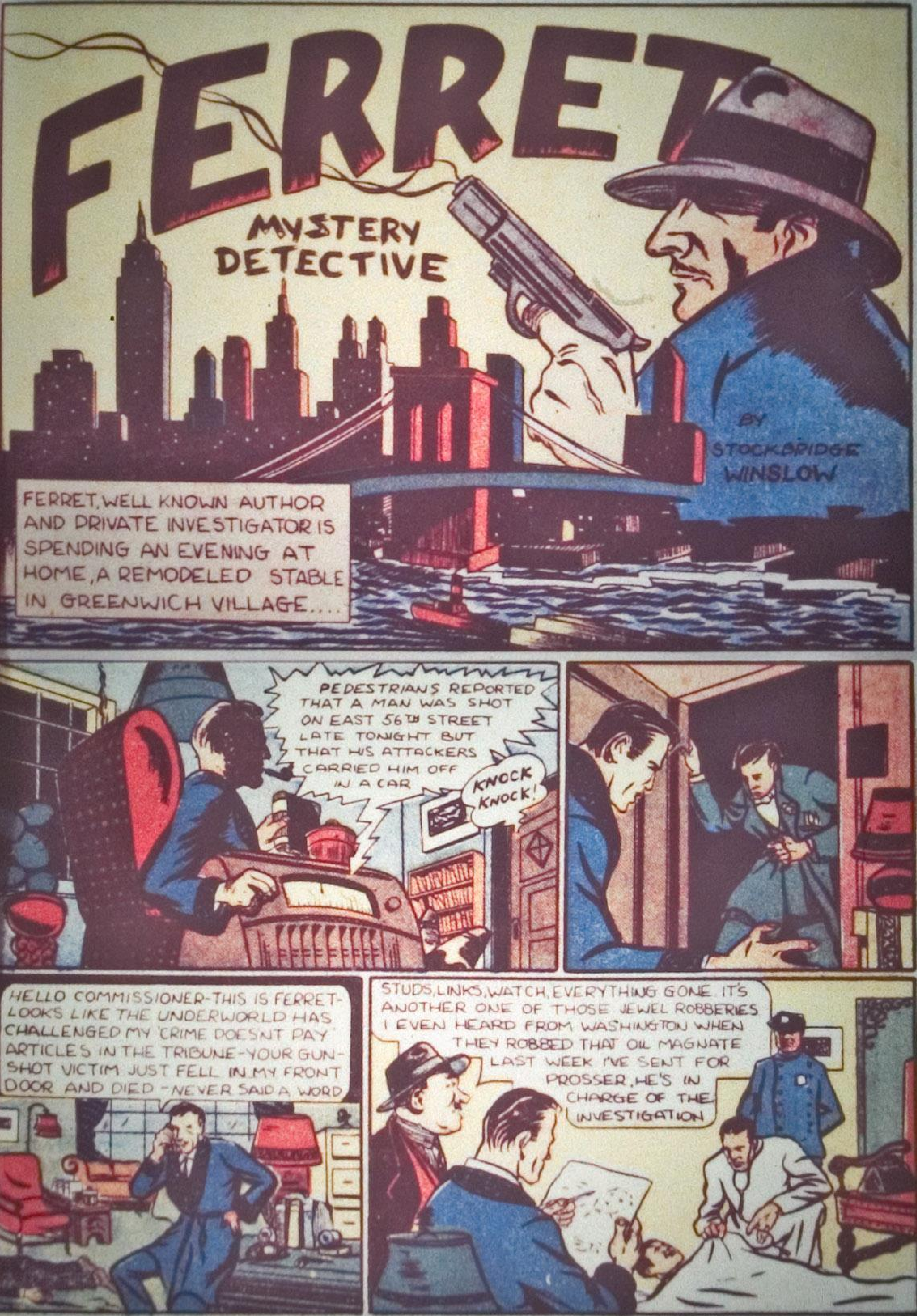

WHO'S... THERE !
IT'S ME --- TOBY -- LEMME IN !
UNSUSPECTINGLY, HYMIE PAZETTO OPENS THE DOOR -- AND DICK CRASHES IN.....
SOCK !
WHAT TH' H---! TOBY --- YA DIRTY WELCHER !
I COULD'NT HELP IT BOSS, HE HAD ME COVERED !
ORDERING TOBY TO TIE UP HIS HENCHMEN - AND THEN TYING TOBY HIMSELF, DICK TURNS TO LITTLE JOYCE LOVELY...
HOW DO YOU FEEL, LITTLE GIRL ?
OH, I'M FINE, BUT WHERE'S MY MOMMY ?
DICK BUNDLES LITTLE JOYCE IN A BLANKET AND TAKES HIS LEAVE
YOU'LL SEE YOUR MOTHER SOON NOW !
-- BUT UNKNOWN TO DICK, TOBY HAS MANAGED TO WRIGGLE OUT OF HIS BONDS, AND WITHOUT DELAY UNLOOSENS HIS COMRADES...
WE'LL GIT THAT BLASTED MEDDLER, NOW !
YOU SAID IT, CHIEF !
DICK IS JUST ABOUT TO TURN HIS CAR TO THE HIGHWAY, WHEN --- BANG ! -- A GUN BARKS FROM THE BUILDING, AND AN EXCRUCIATING PAIN SEARS HIS ARM !
I'VE BEEN SHOT IN THE ARM !
6
THE CAR CAREENS, OUT OF CONTROL AND VAULTS INTO THE DITCH..

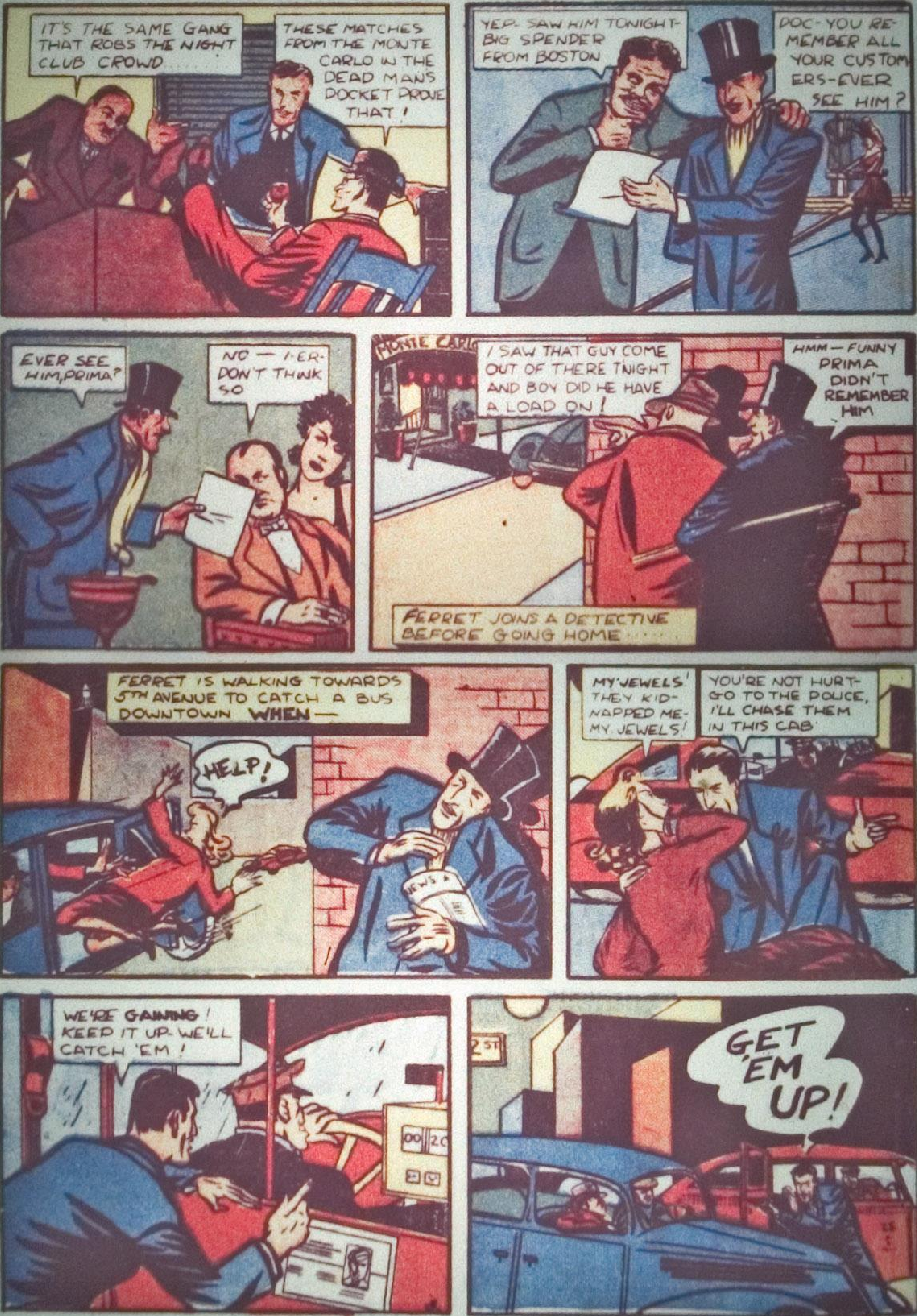

THE GANGSTERS SOON HAVE DICK COVERED AND HE IS THROWN INTO THE CELLAR . . .
WE'LL GET RID O' HIM IN TH' MORNIN' !
PROFESSOR, SEND ELECTRO OUT TO THE DESERTED PURPLE SLIPPER ROAD-HOUSE ON HIGHWAY 16 !
IMMEDIATELY ZOG COMPLIES AND ELECTRO SPEEDS DOWN THE HIGHWAY AT OVER 100 MILES PER HOUR . . .
ZOG SEES THE "PURPLE SLIPPER" AHEAD OF ELECTRO
BREAK YOUR WAY THROUGH THAT WINDOW !
ELECTRO SMASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW AND IS IN THE GANGSTERS' MIDST . . . .
CRASH !
ZOG SEES THE ENTIRE ROOM, IN THE REFLECTOR
DISPOSE OF THOSE GANGSTERS, GENTLY ! !
ELECTRO GOES INTO ACTION ! GANGSTERS FLY TO LEFT AND RIGHT !

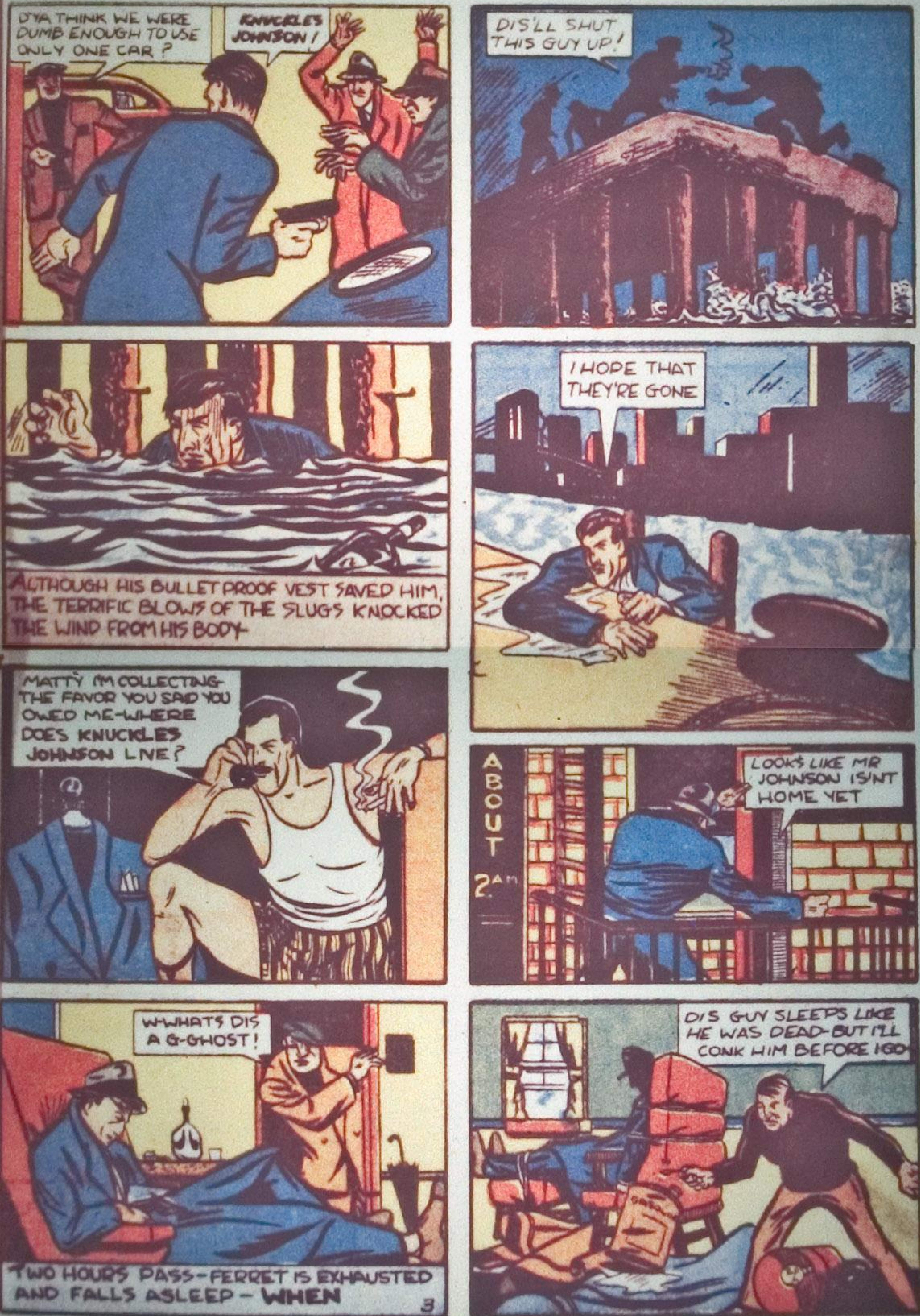

HYMIE SHOOTS POINT-BLANK AT THE DYNAMIC IRON MAN !
YE GODS ! BULLETS DON'T FAZE HIM !
BANG
SOON ELECTRO HAS THE GANGSTERS UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR . .
ELECTRO, BREAK THE CELLAR DOOR AND RELEASE OPERATIVE 3 !
ELECTRO RESPONDS
CRASH !
DICK, FREE ONCE MORE, DIRECTS ELECTRO TO RETURN BACK TO ZOG . .
RETURN TO PROFESSOR ZOG !
HE DRIVES QUICKLY TO THE CITY WITH LITTLE JOYCE . . .
MISTER ELECTRO IS WONDERFUL !
YES, NEITHER MAN OR BEAST CAN STOP HIM !
THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL IS RETURNED TO THE EAGER ARMS OF HER MOTHER -- WHILE THE POLICE TAKE CHARGE OF THE CRIMINALS . . . .
BLESS YOU, FOR RETURNING MY CHILD SAFELY TO ME !
I WAS GLAD TO BE OF HELP.
DICK RETURNS TO PROFESSOR ZOG'S APARTMENT . .
WELL DONE, OPERATIVE 3 ! YOU SHALL BE REWARDED ! BUT HOW IS THE ARM ?
JUST A SCRATCH ! TH' DOC FIXED ME UP !
- BUT THIS WAS COMPARATIVELY EASY ! - ALREADY I HAVE MUCH HARDER WORK IN STORE FOR ELECTRO !
THE END -
WHAT STARTLING ADVENTURES AWAIT ELECTRO ?
DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

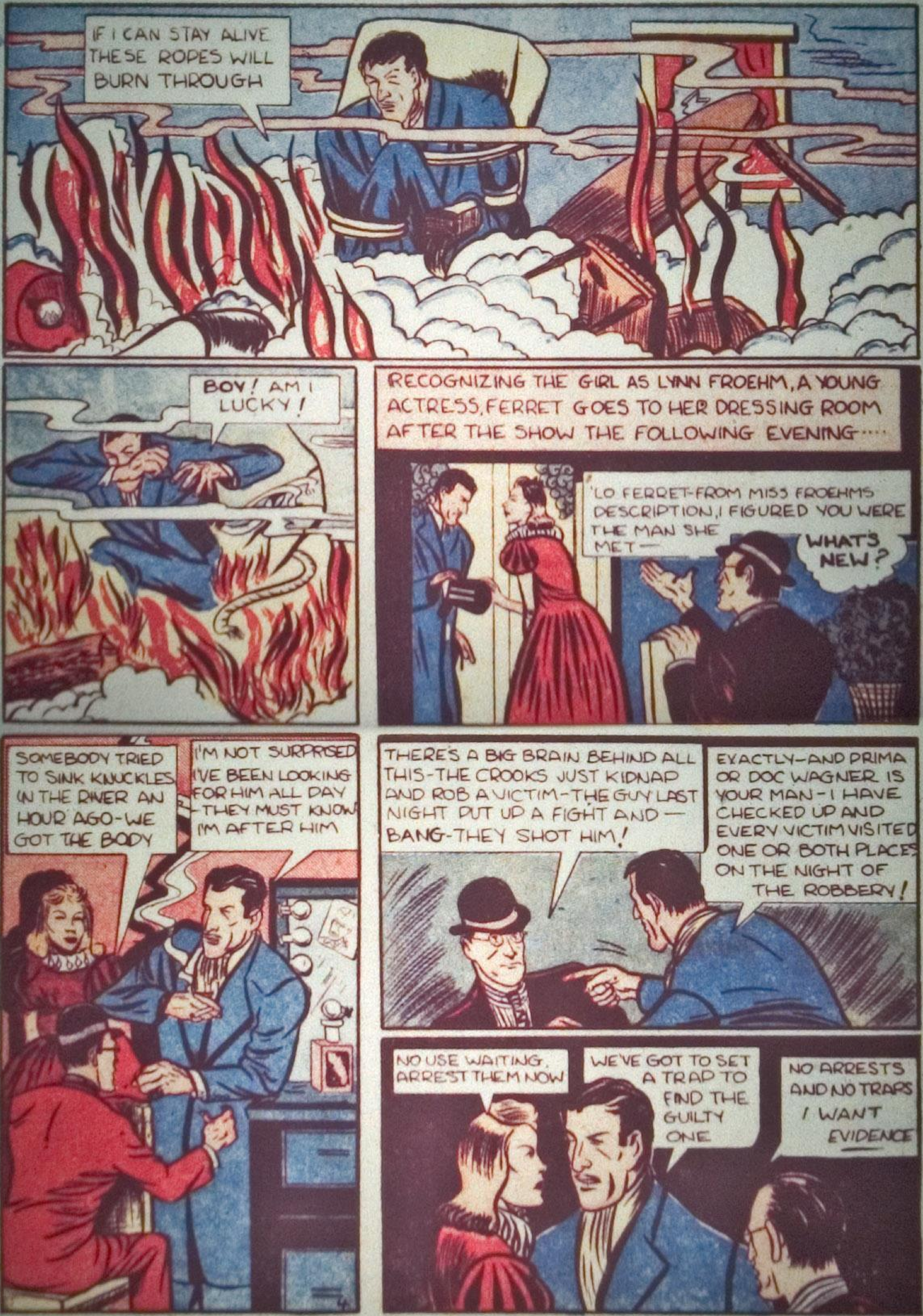
FERRET
MYSTERY DETECTIVE

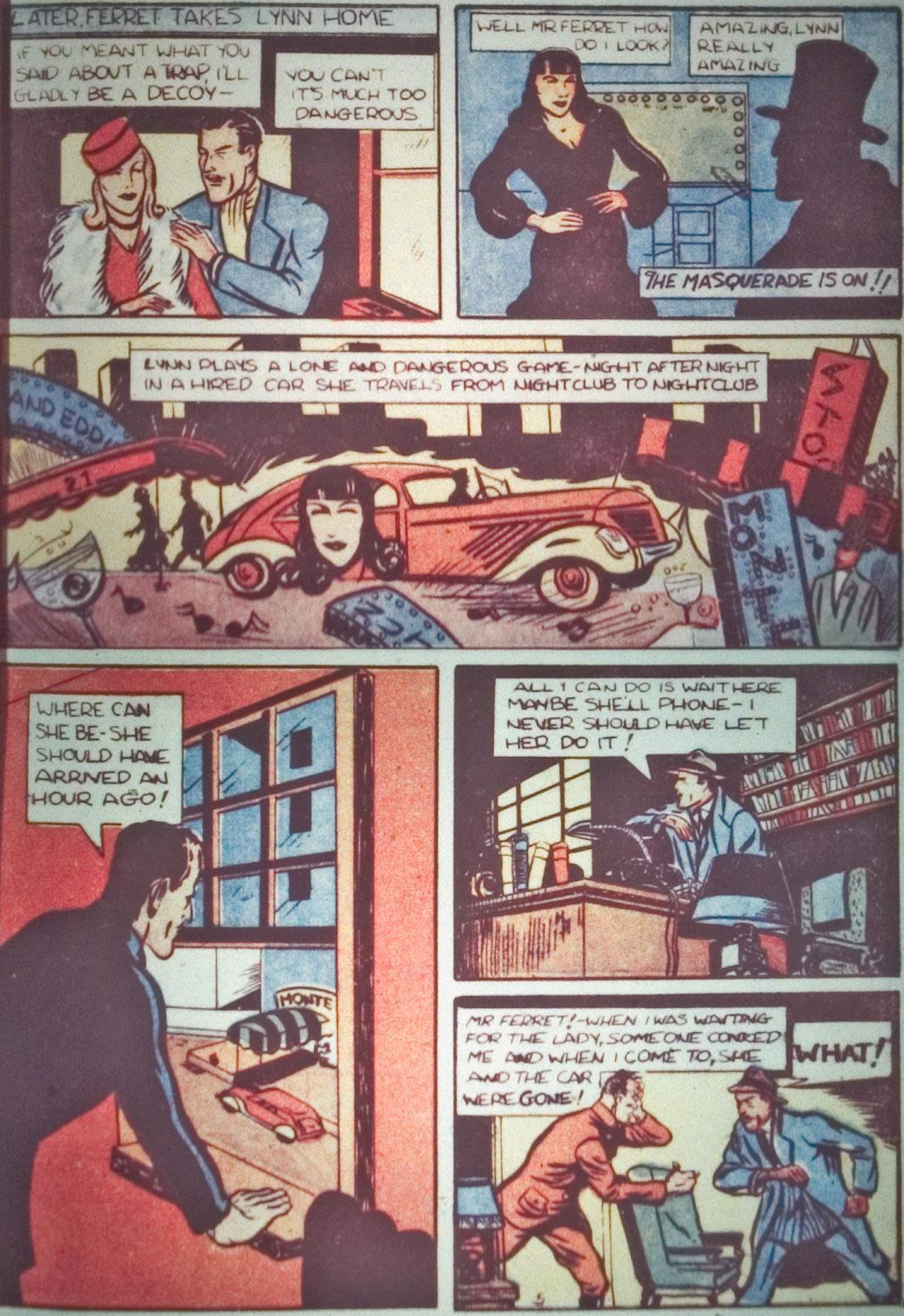
BY STOCKBRIDGE WINSLOW

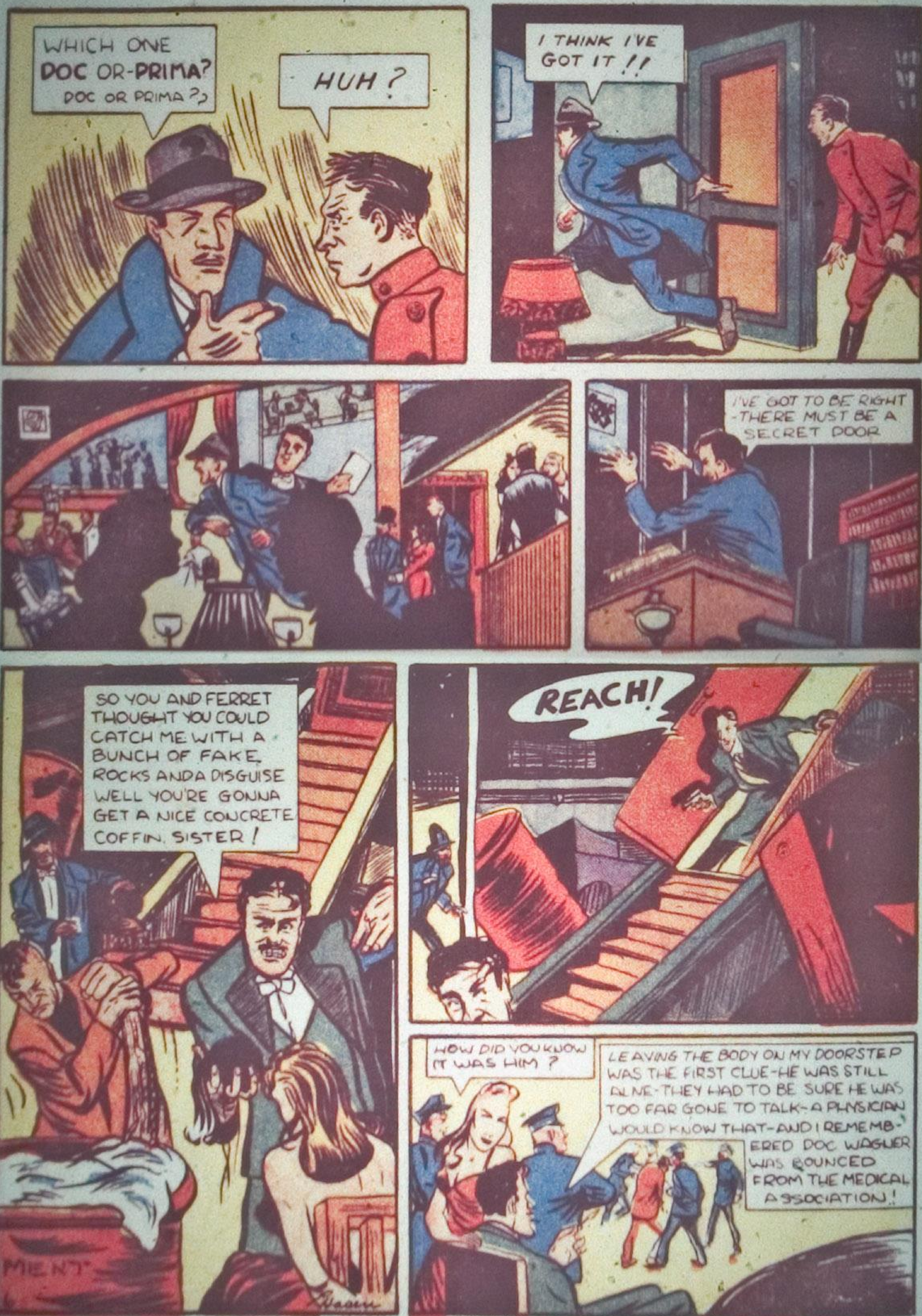

FERRET, WELL KNOWN AUTHOR AND PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR IS SPENDING AN EVENING AT HOME, A REMODELED STABLE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE....
PEDESTRIANS REPORTED THAT A MAN WAS SHOT ON EAST 56TH STREET LATE TONIGHT BUT THAT HIS ATTACKERS CARRIED HIM OFF IN A CAR
KNOCK KNOCK!
HELLO COMMISSIONER-THIS IS FERRET-LOOKS LIKE THE UNDERWORLD HAS CHALLENGED MY 'CRIME DOESN'T PAY' ARTICLES IN THE TRIBUNE-YOUR GUNSHOT VICTIM JUST FELL IN MY FRONT DOOR AND DIED -NEVER SAID A WORD
STUDS, LINKS, WATCH, EVERYTHING GONE. IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE JEWEL ROBBERIES I EVEN HEARD FROM WASHINGTON WHEN THEY ROBBED THAT OIL MAGNATE LAST WEEK I'VE SENT FOR PROSSER, HE'S IN CHARGE OF THE INVESTIGATION


IT'S THE SAME GANG THAT ROBS THE NIGHT CLUB CROWD
THESE MATCHES FROM THE MONTE CARLO IN THE DEAD MAN'S POCKET PROVE THAT!
YEP- SAW HIM TONIGHT- BIG SPENDER FROM BOSTON
DOC- YOU REMEMBER ALL YOUR CUSTOMERS- EVER SEE HIM?
EVER SEE HIM, PRIMA?
NO — I-ER- DON'T THINK SO
MONTE CARL
I SAW THAT GUY COME OUT OF THERE TNIGHT AND BOY DID HE HAVE A LOAD ON!
HMM — FUNNY PRIMA DIDN'T REMEMBER HIM
FERRET JOINS A DETECTIVE BEFORE GOING HOME.....
FERRET IS WALKING TOWARDS 5TH AVENUE TO CATCH A BUS DOWNTOWN WHEN—
HELP!
NEWS
MY JEWELS! THEY KIDNAPPED ME- MY JEWELS!
YOU'RE NOT HURT- GO TO THE POLICE, I'LL CHASE THEM IN THIS CAB!
WE'RE GAINING! KEEP IT UP- WE'LL CATCH 'EM!
00 20
2 ST
GET 'EM UP!


D'YA THINK WE WERE DUMB ENOUGH TO USE ONLY ONE CAR?
KNUCKLES JOHNSON!
DIS'LL SHUT THIS GUY UP!
ALTHOUGH HIS BULLET PROOF VEST SAVED HIM, THE TERRIFIC BLOWS OF THE SLUGS KNOCKED THE WIND FROM HIS BODY-
I HOPE THAT THEY'RE GONE
MATTY I'M COLLECTING THE FAVOR YOU SAID YOU OWED ME-WHERE DOES KNUCKLES JOHNSON LIVE?
ABOUT 2 A.M.
LOOKS LIKE MR JOHNSON IS'NT HOME YET
W-WHATS DIS A G-GHOST!
TWO HOURS PASS-FERRET IS EXHAUSTED AND FALLS ASLEEP - WHEN
DIS GUY SLEEPS LIKE HE WAS DEAD-BUT I'LL CONK HIM BEFORE I GO


IF I CAN STAY ALIVE THESE ROPES WILL BURN THROUGH
BOY! AM I LUCKY!
RECOGNIZING THE GIRL AS LYNN FROEHM, A YOUNG ACTRESS, FERRET GOES TO HER DRESSING ROOM AFTER THE SHOW THE FOLLOWING EVENING....
'LO FERRET-FROM MISS FROEHMS DESCRIPTION, I FIGURED YOU WERE THE MAN SHE MET—
WHAT'S NEW?
SOMEBODY TRIED TO SINK KNUCKLES IN THE RIVER AN HOUR AGO-WE GOT THE BODY
I'M NOT SURPRISED I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM ALL DAY -THEY MUST KNOW I'M AFTER HIM
THERE'S A BIG BRAIN BEHIND ALL THIS-THE CROOKS JUST KIDNAP AND ROB A VICTIM-THE GUY LAST NIGHT PUT UP A FIGHT AND—BANG-THEY SHOT HIM!
EXACTLY-AND PRIMA OR DOC WAGNER IS YOUR MAN-I HAVE CHECKED UP AND EVERY VICTIM VISITED ONE OR BOTH PLACES ON THE NIGHT OF THE ROBBERY!
NO USE WAITING, ARREST THEM NOW
WE'VE GOT TO SET A TRAP TO FIND THE GUILTY ONE
NO ARRESTS AND NO TRAPS I WANT EVIDENCE


LATER, FERRET TAKES LYNN HOME
IF YOU MEANT WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT A TRAP, I'LL GLADLY BE A DECOY—
YOU CAN'T IT'S MUCH TOO DANGEROUS
WELL MR FERRET HOW DO I LOOK?
AMAZING, LYNN REALLY AMAZING
THE MASQUERADE IS ON!!
LYNN PLAYS A LONE AND DANGEROUS GAME—NIGHT AFTER NIGHT IN A HIRED CAR SHE TRAVELS FROM NIGHTCLUB TO NIGHTCLUB
AND EDD!
21
STO
MONTE
ZIT
WHERE CAN SHE BE—SHE SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED AN HOUR AGO!
MONTE
ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT HERE MAYBE SHE'LL PHONE—I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET HER DO IT!
MR FERRET!—WHEN I WAS WAITING FOR THE LADY, SOMEONE CONKED ME AND WHEN I COME TO, SHE AND THE CAR WERE GONE!
WHAT!


WHICH ONE DOC OR-PRIMA? DOC OR PRIMA ?,?
HUH ?
I THINK I'VE GOT IT !!
I'VE GOT TO BE RIGHT -THERE MUST BE A SECRET DOOR
SO YOU AND FERRET THOUGHT YOU COULD CATCH ME WITH A BUNCH OF FAKE ROCKS AND A DISGUISE WELL YOU'RE GONNA GET A NICE CONCRETE COFFIN, SISTER !
MENT
REACH!
HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS HIM ?
LEAVING THE BODY ON MY DOORSTEP WAS THE FIRST CLUE-HE WAS STILL ALIVE-THEY HAD TO BE SURE HE WAS TOO FAR GONE TO TALK-A PHYSICIAN WOULD KNOW THAT-AND I REMEMBERED DOC WAGNER WAS BOUNCED FROM THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION !

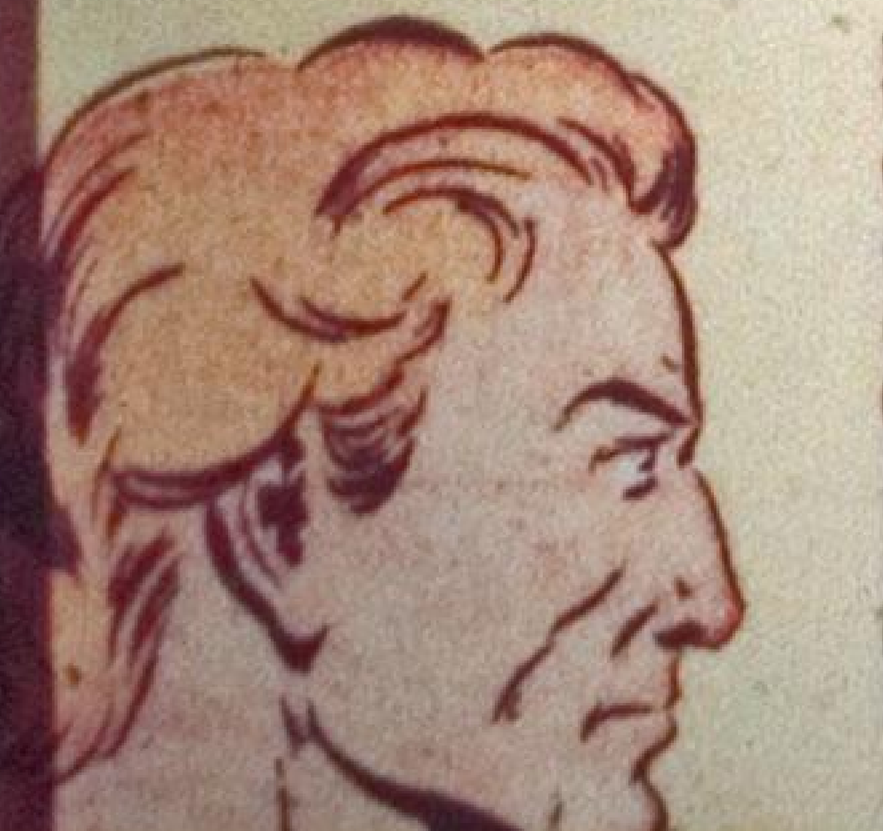
Ben Thompson

ADVENTURES OF KA-ZAR THE GREAT

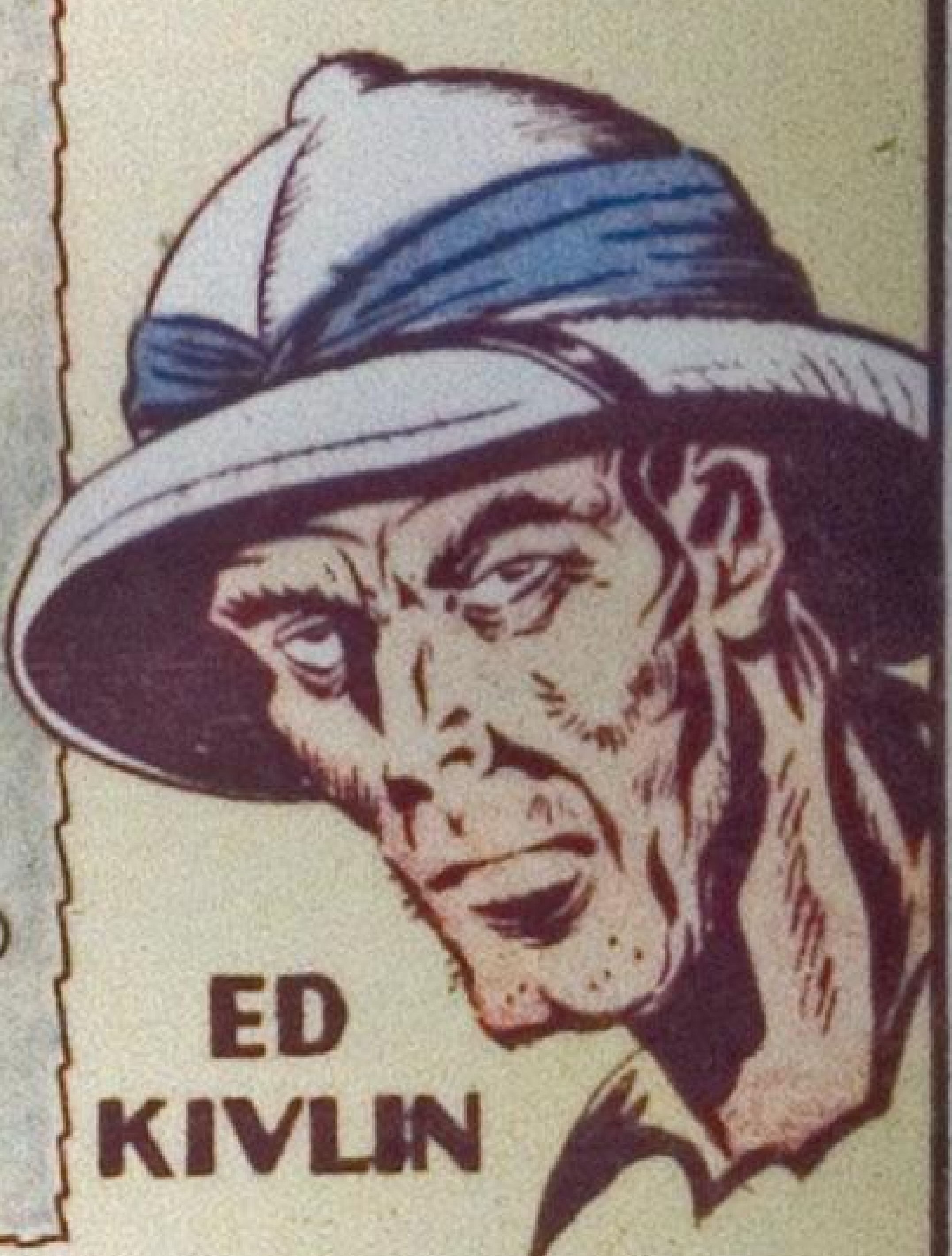
★ FOURTH EPISODE ★

FROM THE FAMOUS CHARACTER
• CREATED BY BOB BYRD •

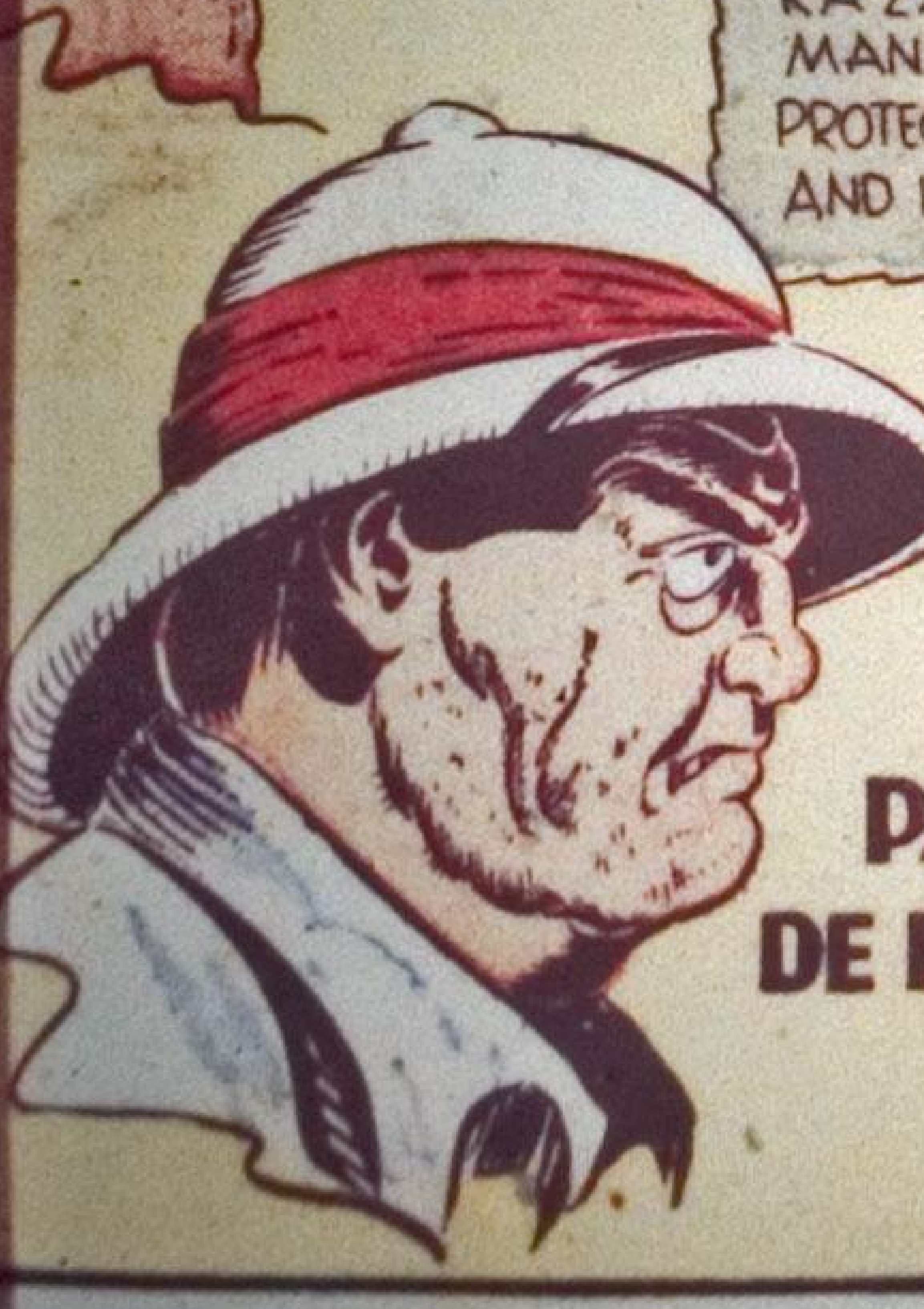
PAUL DE KRAFT, RENEGADE EMERALD HUNTER, WHO KILLED KA-ZAR'S FATHER WHEN HE FOUND THE MAN AND HIS YOUNG SON LOST IN THE WILD AFRICAN JUNGLE, PLANS TO RETURN TO THE BELGIAN CONGO. ON HIS FIRST VISIT, DE KRAFT FOUND A RICH EMERALD LADEN STREAM NEAR KA-ZAR'S FOREST HOME.
SINCE DE KRAFT'S FIRST TRIP TO THE JUNGLE, KA-ZAR HAS GROWN TO MANHOOD AND BECOME PROTECTOR OF THE JUNGLE AND ITS WILD BEASTS.



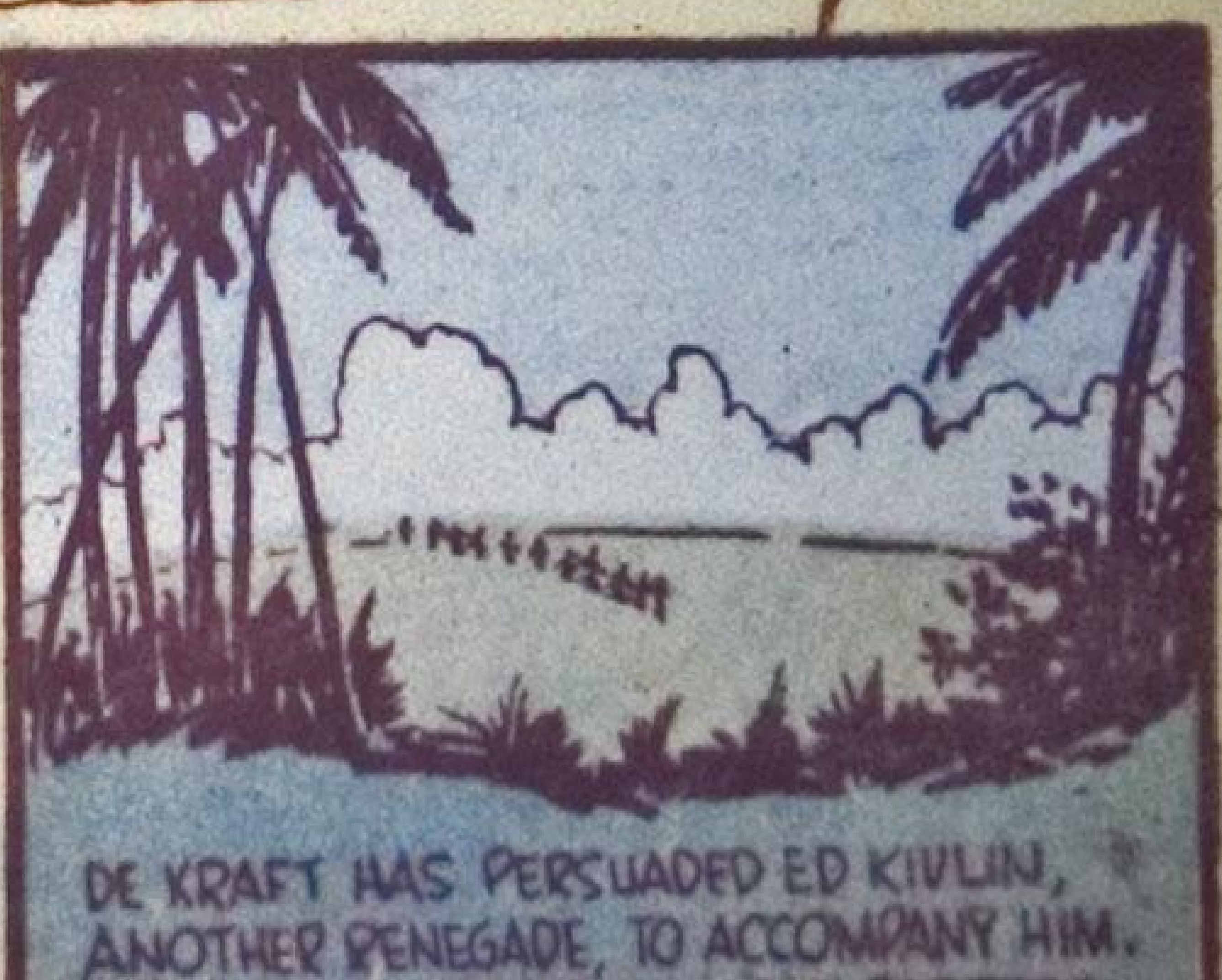
KA-ZAR



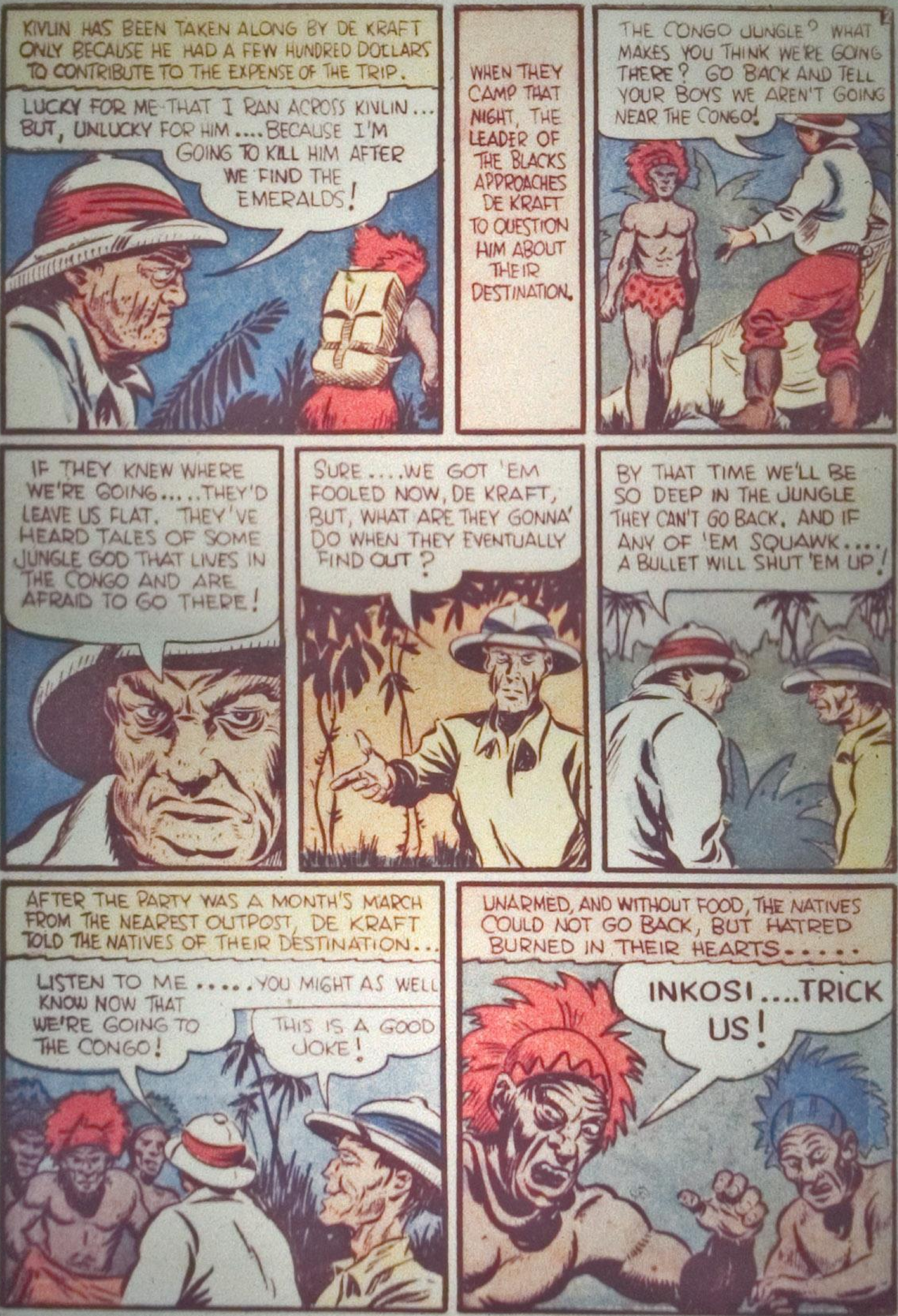
ED KIVLIN

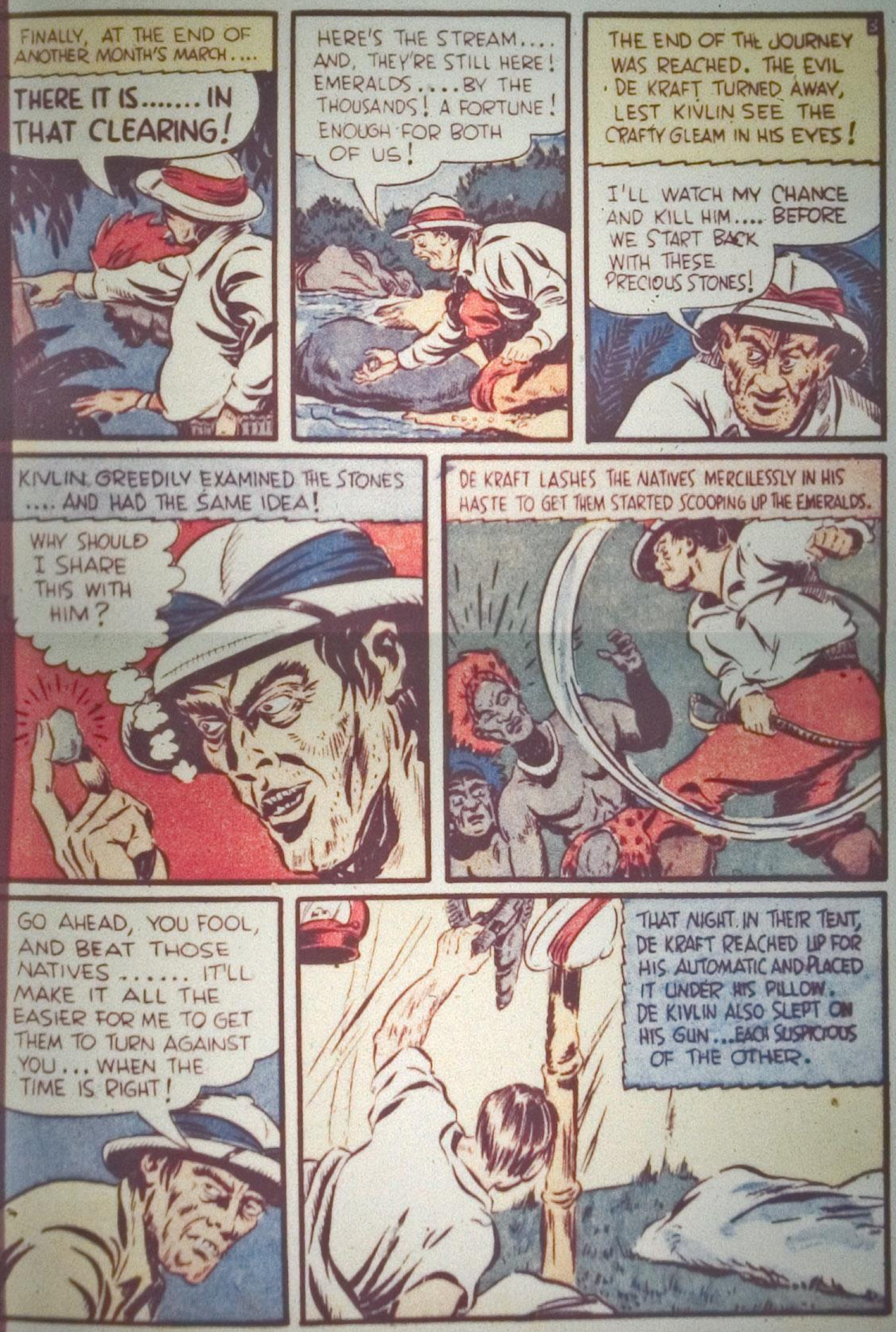


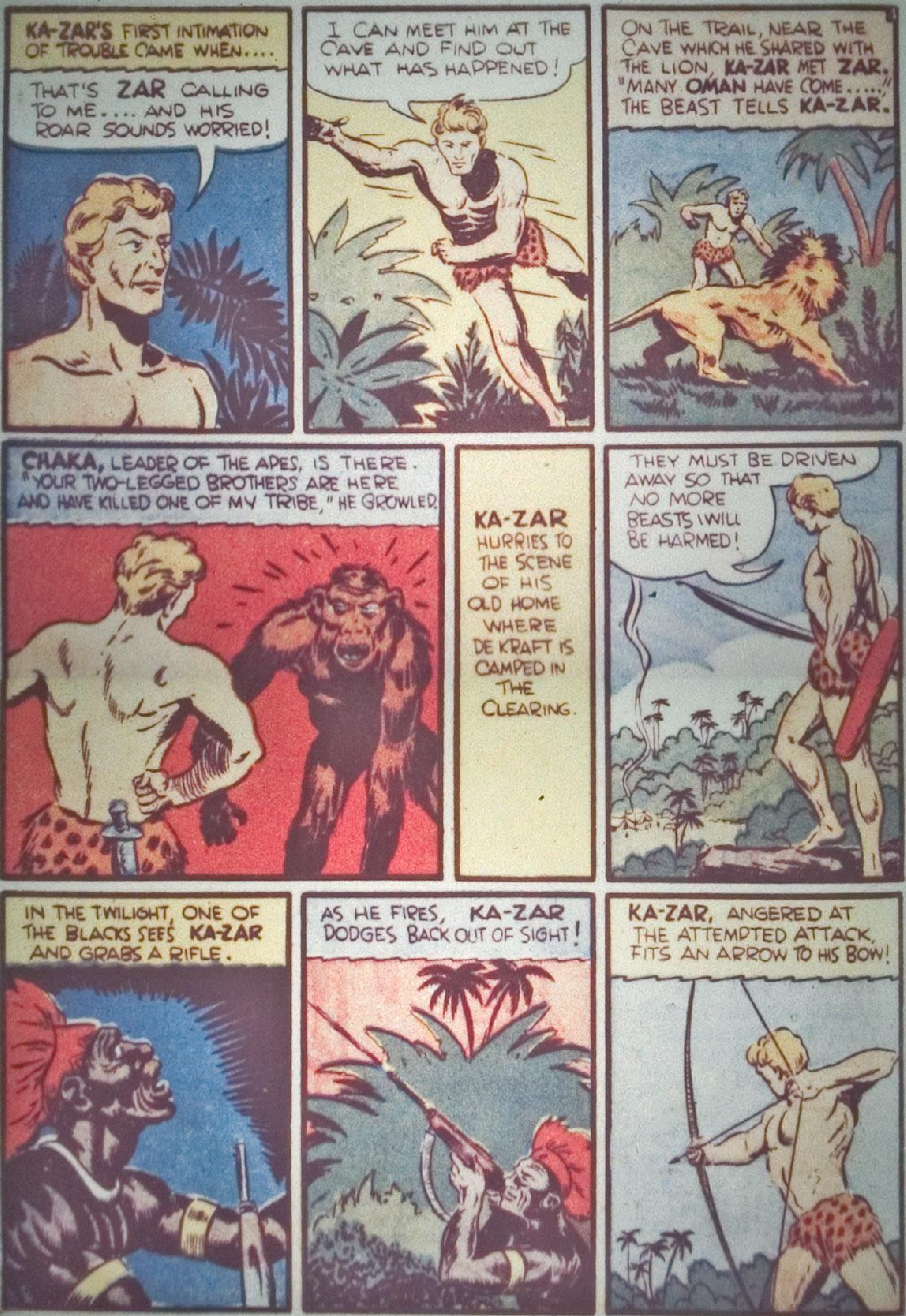
PAUL DE KRAFT

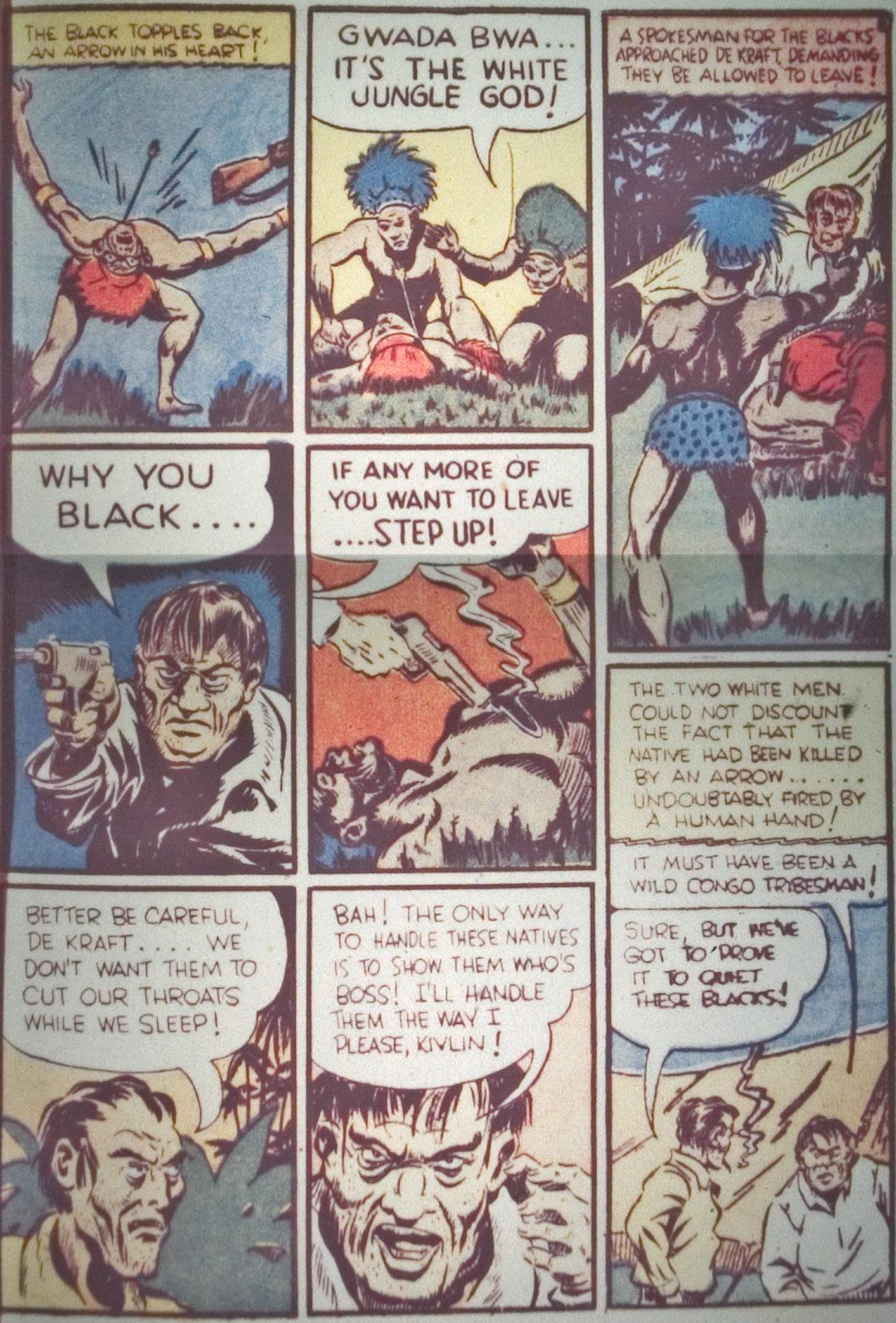


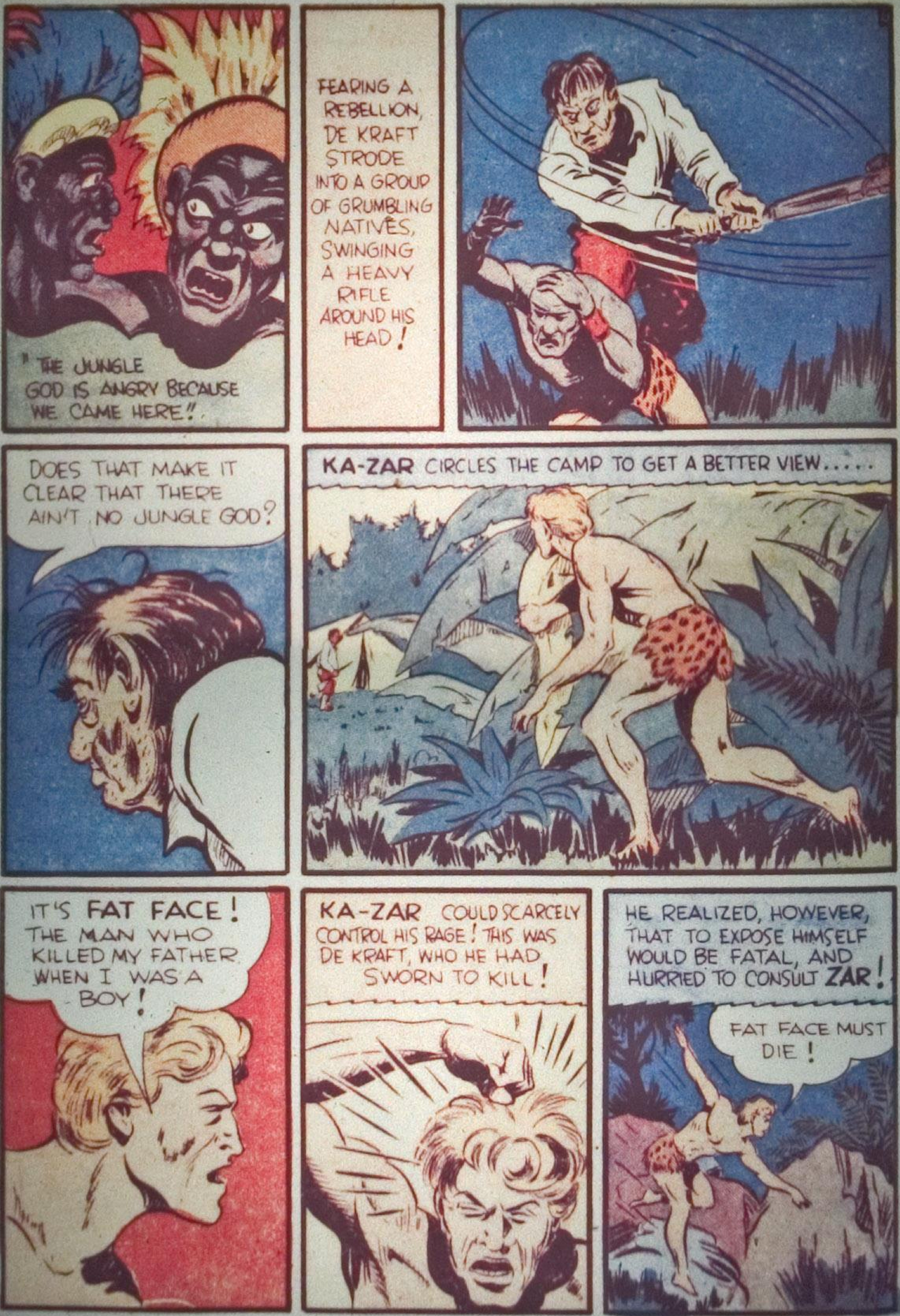
DE KRAFT HAS PERSUADED ED KIVLIN, ANOTHER RENEGADE, TO ACCOMPANY HIM. THEY START WITH THEIR NATIVE PORTERS...

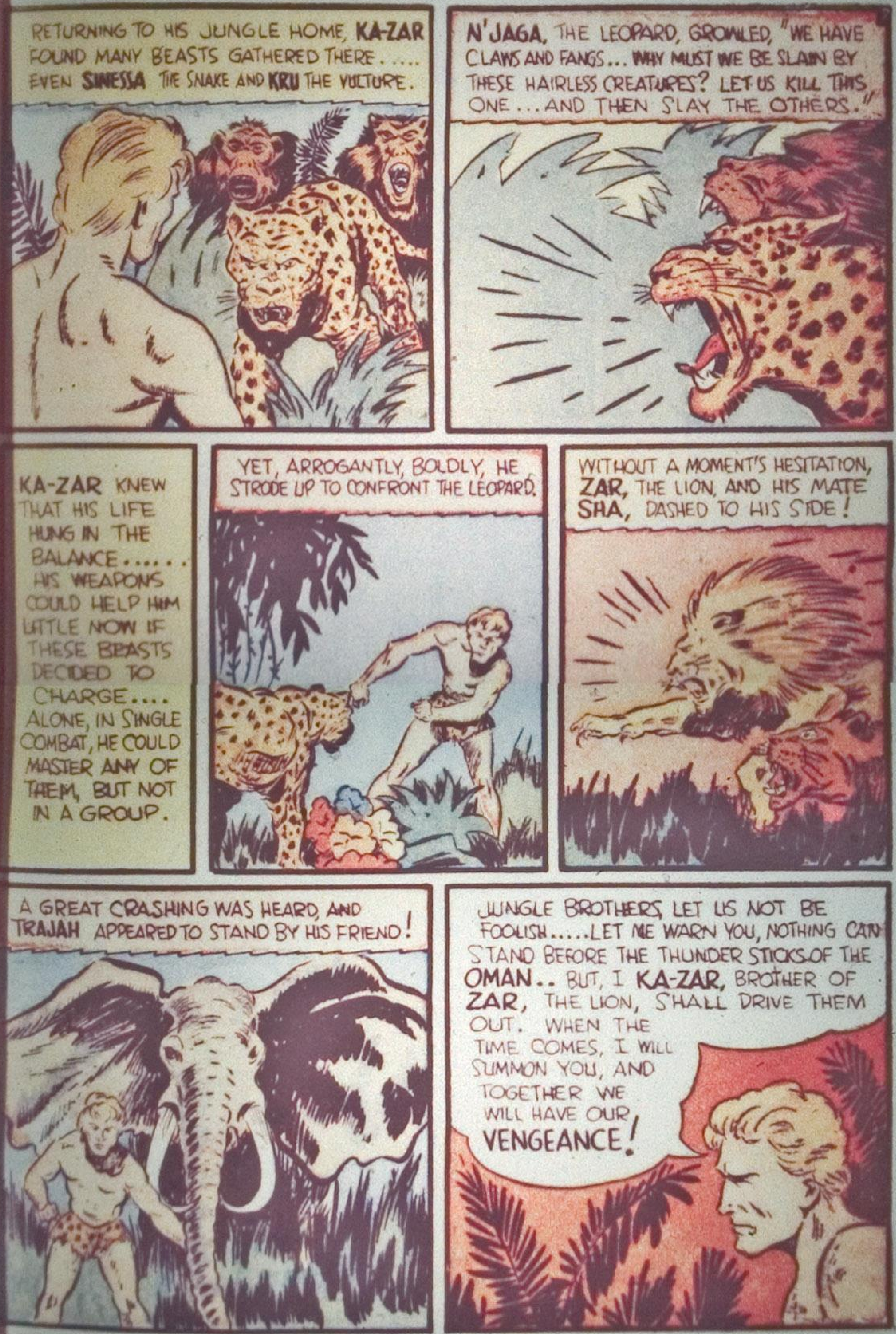

KIVLIN HAS BEEN TAKEN ALONG BY DE KRAFT ONLY BECAUSE HE HAD A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE EXPENSE OF THE TRIP.
LUCKY FOR ME THAT I RAN ACROSS KIVLIN... BUT, UNLUCKY FOR HIM.... BECAUSE I'M GOING TO KILL HIM AFTER WE FIND THE EMERALDS!
WHEN THEY CAMP THAT NIGHT, THE LEADER OF THE BLACKS APPROACHES DE KRAFT TO QUESTION HIM ABOUT THEIR DESTINATION.
THE CONGO JUNGLE? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE'RE GOING THERE? GO BACK AND TELL YOUR BOYS WE AREN'T GOING NEAR THE CONGO!
IF THEY KNEW WHERE WE'RE GOING.....THEY'D LEAVE US FLAT. THEY'VE HEARD TALES OF SOME JUNGLE GOD THAT LIVES IN THE CONGO AND ARE AFRAID TO GO THERE!
SURE....WE GOT 'EM FOOLED NOW, DE KRAFT, BUT, WHAT ARE THEY GONNA' DO WHEN THEY EVENTUALLY FIND OUT?
BY THAT TIME WE'LL BE SO DEEP IN THE JUNGLE THEY CAN'T GO BACK. AND IF ANY OF 'EM SQUAWK.... A BULLET WILL SHUT 'EM UP!
AFTER THE PARTY WAS A MONTH'S MARCH FROM THE NEAREST OUTPOST, DE KRAFT TOLD THE NATIVES OF THEIR DESTINATION...
LISTEN TO ME..... YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW NOW THAT WE'RE GOING TO THE CONGO!
THIS IS A GOOD JOKE!
UNARMED, AND WITHOUT FOOD, THE NATIVES COULD NOT GO BACK, BUT HATRED BURNED IN THEIR HEARTS.....
INKOSI....TRICK US!

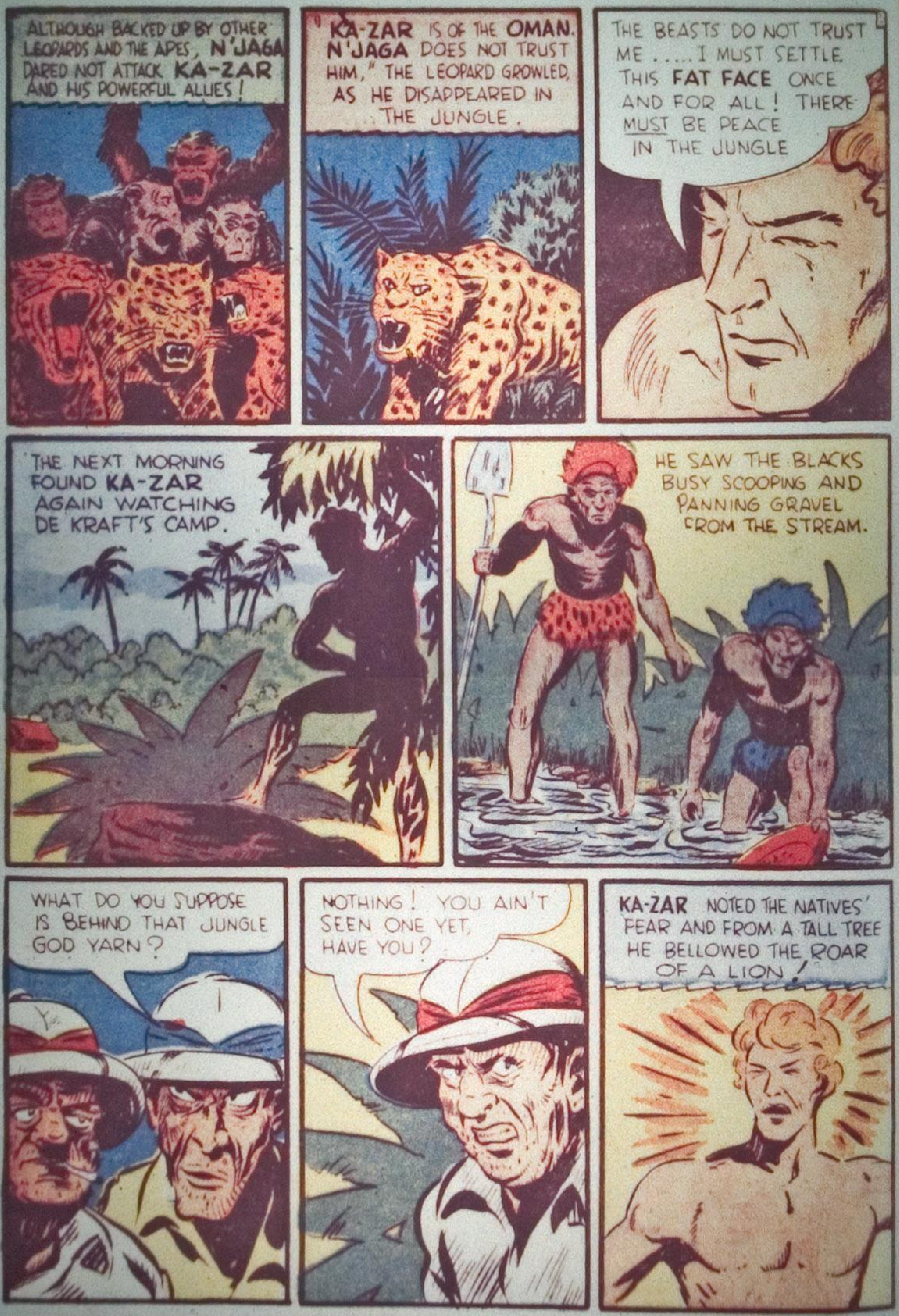

FINALLY, AT THE END OF ANOTHER MONTH'S MARCH....
THERE IT IS....... IN THAT CLEARING!
HERE'S THE STREAM.... AND, THEY'RE STILL HERE! EMERALDS.... BY THE THOUSANDS! A FORTUNE! ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!
THE END OF THE JOURNEY WAS REACHED. THE EVIL DE KRAFT TURNED AWAY, LEST KIVLIN SEE THE CRAFTY GLEAM IN HIS EYES!
I'LL WATCH MY CHANCE AND KILL HIM.... BEFORE WE START BACK WITH THESE PRECIOUS STONES!
KIVLIN GREEDILY EXAMINED THE STONES .... AND HAD THE SAME IDEA!
WHY SHOULD I SHARE THIS WITH HIM?
DE KRAFT LASHES THE NATIVES MERCILESSLY IN HIS HASTE TO GET THEM STARTED SCOOPING UP THE EMERALDS.
GO AHEAD, YOU FOOL, AND BEAT THOSE NATIVES...... IT'LL MAKE IT ALL THE EASIER FOR ME TO GET THEM TO TURN AGAINST YOU... WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT!
THAT NIGHT IN THEIR TENT, DE KRAFT REACHED UP FOR HIS AUTOMATIC AND PLACED IT UNDER HIS PILLOW. DE KIVLIN ALSO SLEPT ON HIS GUN... EACH SUSPICIOUS OF THE OTHER.

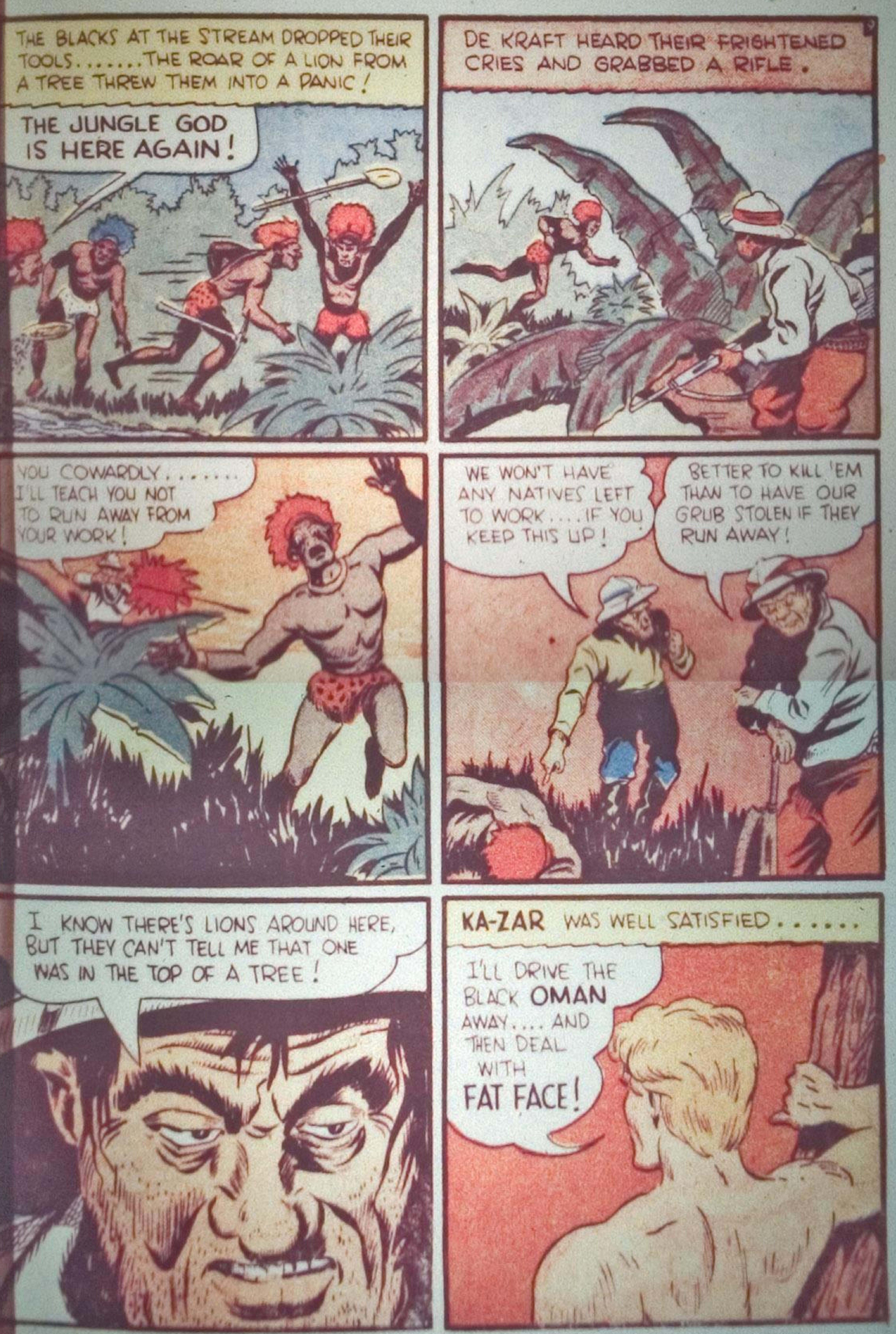

KA-ZAR'S FIRST INTIMATION OF TROUBLE CAME WHEN....
THAT'S ZAR CALLING TO ME.... AND HIS ROAR SOUNDS WORRIED!
I CAN MEET HIM AT THE CAVE AND FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED!
ON THE TRAIL, NEAR THE CAVE WHICH HE SHARED WITH THE LION, KA-ZAR MET ZAR. "MANY OMAN HAVE COME.....," THE BEAST TELLS KA-ZAR.
CHAKA, LEADER OF THE APES, IS THERE. "YOUR TWO-LEGGED BROTHERS ARE HERE AND HAVE KILLED ONE OF MY TRIBE," HE GROWLED.
KA-ZAR HURRIES TO THE SCENE OF HIS OLD HOME WHERE DE KRAFT IS CAMPED IN THE CLEARING.
THEY MUST BE DRIVEN AWAY SO THAT NO MORE BEASTS WILL BE HARMED!
IN THE TWILIGHT, ONE OF THE BLACKS SEES KA-ZAR AND GRABS A RIFLE.
AS HE FIRES, KA-ZAR DODGES BACK OUT OF SIGHT!
KA-ZAR, ANGERED AT THE ATTEMPTED ATTACK, FITS AN ARROW TO HIS BOW!

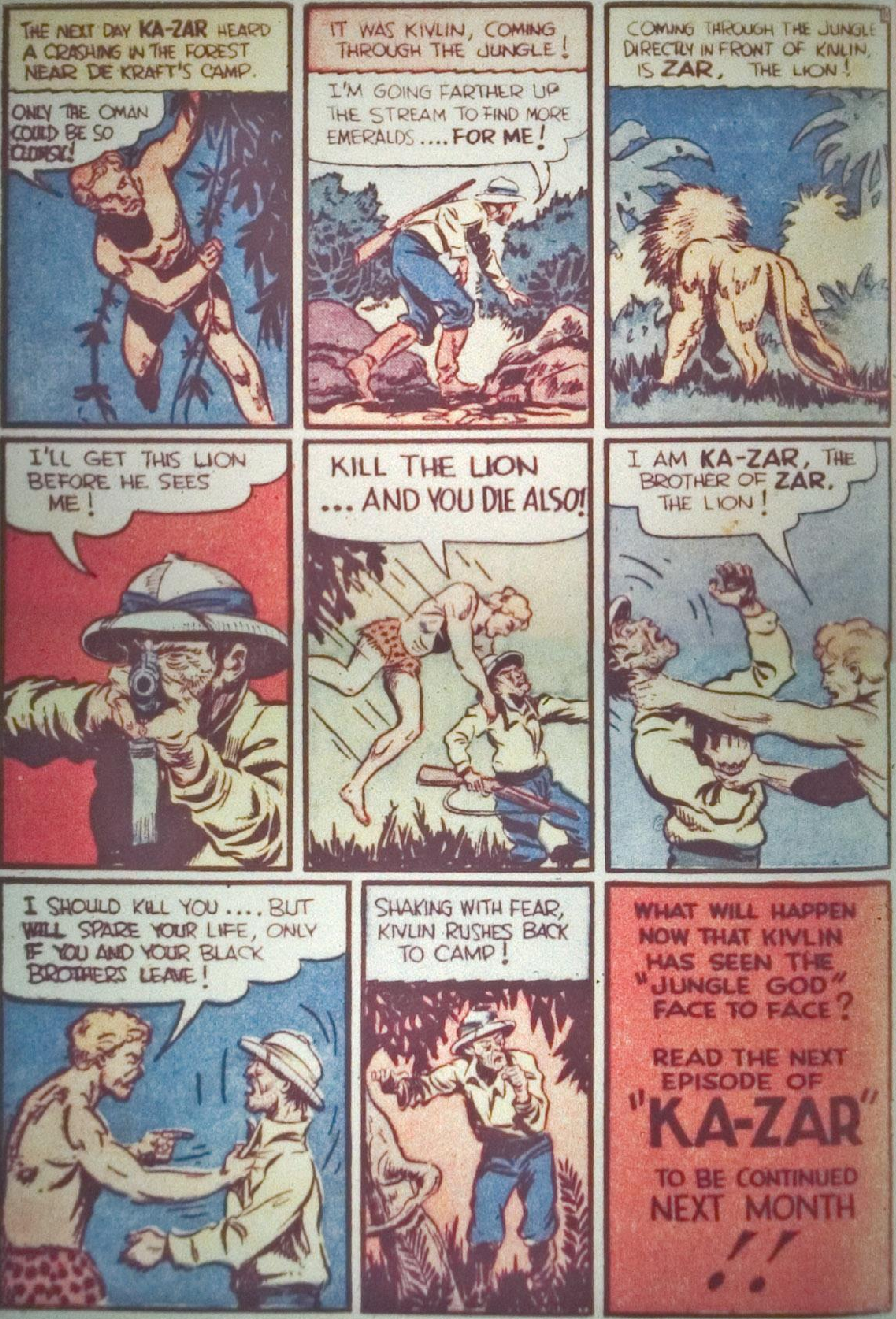

THE BLACK TOPPLES BACK, AN ARROW IN HIS HEART!
GWADA BWA... IT'S THE WHITE JUNGLE GOD!
A SPOKESMAN FOR THE BLACKS APPROACHED DE KRAFT, DEMANDING THEY BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE!
WHY YOU BLACK....
IF ANY MORE OF YOU WANT TO LEAVE ....STEP UP!
BETTER BE CAREFUL, DE KRAFT.... WE DON'T WANT THEM TO CUT OUR THROATS WHILE WE SLEEP!
BAH! THE ONLY WAY TO HANDLE THESE NATIVES IS TO SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS! I'LL HANDLE THEM THE WAY I PLEASE, KIVLIN!
THE TWO WHITE MEN COULD NOT DISCOUNT THE FACT THAT THE NATIVE HAD BEEN KILLED BY AN ARROW...... UNDOUBTABLY FIRED BY A HUMAN HAND!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A WILD CONGO TRYBESMAN!
SURE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO 'PROVE IT TO QUIET THESE BLACKS!


"THE JUNGLE GOD IS ANGRY BECAUSE WE CAME HERE!"
FEARING A REBELLION, DE KRAFT STRODE INTO A GROUP OF GRUMBLING NATIVES, SWINGING A HEAVY RIFLE AROUND HIS HEAD!
DOES THAT MAKE IT CLEAR THAT THERE AIN'T NO JUNGLE GOD?
KA-ZAR CIRCLES THE CAMP TO GET A BETTER VIEW.....
IT'S FAT FACE! THE MAN WHO KILLED MY FATHER WHEN I WAS A BOY!
KA-ZAR COULD SCARCELY CONTROL HIS RAGE! THIS WAS DE KRAFT, WHO HE HAD SWORN TO KILL!
HE REALIZED, HOWEVER, THAT TO EXPOSE HIMSELF WOULD BE FATAL, AND HURRIED TO CONSULT ZAR!
FAT FACE MUST DIE!


RETURNING TO HIS JUNGLE HOME, **KA-ZAR** FOUND MANY BEASTS GATHERED THERE..... EVEN **SINESSA** THE SNAKE AND **KRU** THE VULTURE.
N'JAGA, THE LEOPARD, GROWLED, "WE HAVE CLAWS AND FANGS... WHY MUST WE BE SLAIN BY THESE HAIRLESS CREATURES? LET US KILL THIS ONE... AND THEN SLAY THE OTHERS."
KA-ZAR KNEW THAT HIS LIFE HUNG IN THE BALANCE...... HIS WEAPONS COULD HELP HIM LITTLE NOW IF THESE BEASTS DECIDED TO CHARGE.... ALONE, IN SINGLE COMBAT, HE COULD MASTER ANY OF THEM, BUT NOT IN A GROUP.
YET, ARROGANTLY, BOLDLY, HE STRODE UP TO CONFRONT THE LEOPARD.
WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, **ZAR**, THE LION, AND HIS MATE **SHA**, DASHED TO HIS SIDE!
A GREAT CRASHING WAS HEARD, AND **TRAJAH** APPEARED TO STAND BY HIS FRIEND!
JUNGLE BROTHERS, LET US NOT BE FOOLISH.....LET ME WARN YOU, NOTHING CAN STAND BEFORE THE THUNDER STICKS OF THE **OMAN**.. BUT, I **KA-ZAR**, BROTHER OF **ZAR**, THE LION, SHALL DRIVE THEM OUT. WHEN THE TIME COMES, I WILL SUMMON YOU, AND TOGETHER WE WILL HAVE OUR **VENGEANCE**!


ALTHOUGH BACKED UP BY OTHER LEOPARDS AND THE APES, N'JAGA DARED NOT ATTACK KA-ZAR AND HIS POWERFUL ALLIES!
"KA-ZAR IS OF THE OMAN. N'JAGA DOES NOT TRUST HIM," THE LEOPARD GROWLED, AS HE DISAPPEARED IN THE JUNGLE.
THE BEASTS DO NOT TRUST ME .....I MUST SETTLE THIS FAT FACE ONCE AND FOR ALL! THERE MUST BE PEACE IN THE JUNGLE
THE NEXT MORNING FOUND KA-ZAR AGAIN WATCHING DE KRAFT'S CAMP.
HE SAW THE BLACKS BUSY SCOOPING AND PANNING GRAVEL FROM THE STREAM.
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS BEHIND THAT JUNGLE GOD YARN?
NOTHING! YOU AIN'T SEEN ONE YET, HAVE YOU?
KA-ZAR NOTED THE NATIVES' FEAR AND FROM A TALL TREE HE BELLOWED THE ROAR OF A LION!


THE BLACKS AT THE STREAM DROPPED THEIR TOOLS.......THE ROAR OF A LION FROM A TREE THREW THEM INTO A PANIC!
THE JUNGLE GOD IS HERE AGAIN!
DE KRAFT HEARD THEIR FRIGHTENED CRIES AND GRABBED A RIFLE.
YOU COWARDLY....... I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO RUN AWAY FROM YOUR WORK!
WE WON'T HAVE ANY NATIVES LEFT TO WORK....IF YOU KEEP THIS UP!
BETTER TO KILL 'EM THAN TO HAVE OUR GRUB STOLEN IF THEY RUN AWAY!
I KNOW THERE'S LIONS AROUND HERE, BUT THEY CAN'T TELL ME THAT ONE WAS IN THE TOP OF A TREE!
KA-ZAR WAS WELL SATISFIED......
I'LL DRIVE THE BLACK OMAN AWAY.... AND THEN DEAL WITH FAT FACE!


THE NEXT DAY KA-ZAR HEARD A CRASHING IN THE FOREST NEAR DE KRAFT'S CAMP.
ONLY THE OMAN COULD BE SO CLUMSY!
IT WAS KIVLIN, COMING THROUGH THE JUNGLE!
I'M GOING FARTHER UP THE STREAM TO FIND MORE EMERALDS .... FOR ME!
COMING THROUGH THE JUNGLE DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF KIVLIN, IS ZAR, THE LION!
I'LL GET THIS LION BEFORE HE SEES ME!
KILL THE LION ... AND YOU DIE ALSO!
I AM KA-ZAR, THE BROTHER OF ZAR, THE LION!
I SHOULD KILL YOU .... BUT WILL SPARE YOUR LIFE, ONLY IF YOU AND YOUR BLACK BROTHERS LEAVE!
SHAKING WITH FEAR, KIVLIN RUSHES BACK TO CAMP!
WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW THAT KIVLIN HAS SEEN THE "JUNGLE GOD" FACE TO FACE?
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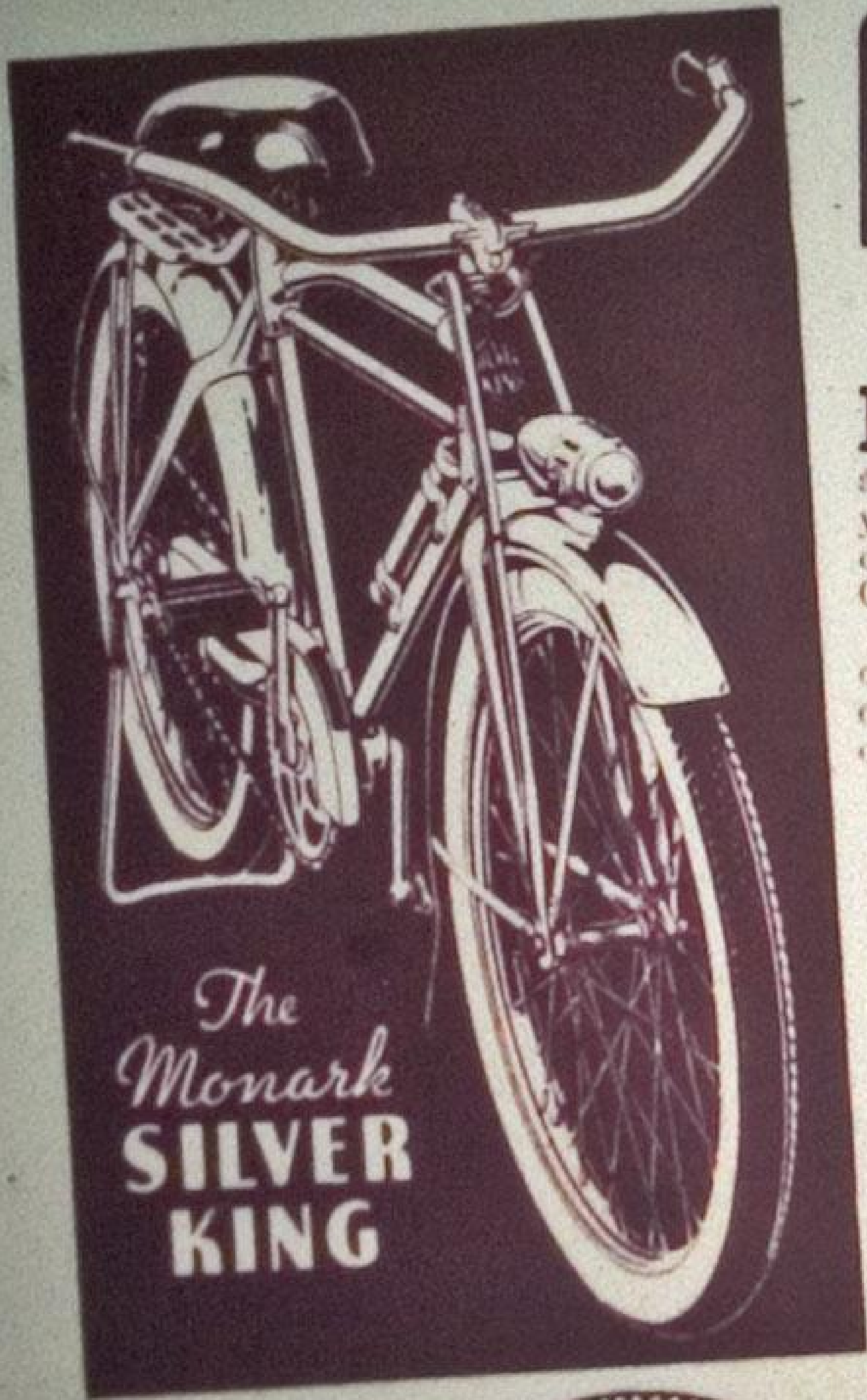

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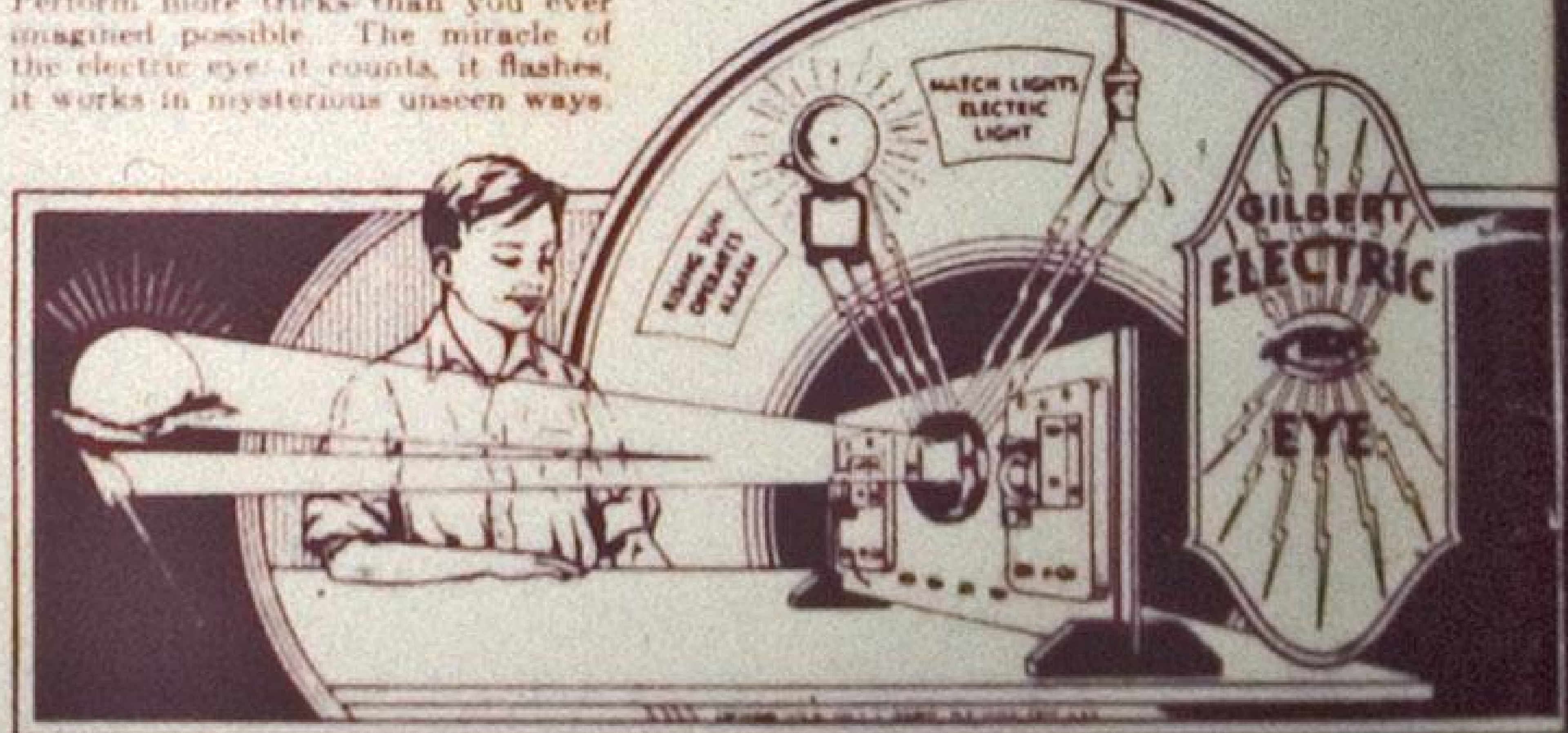

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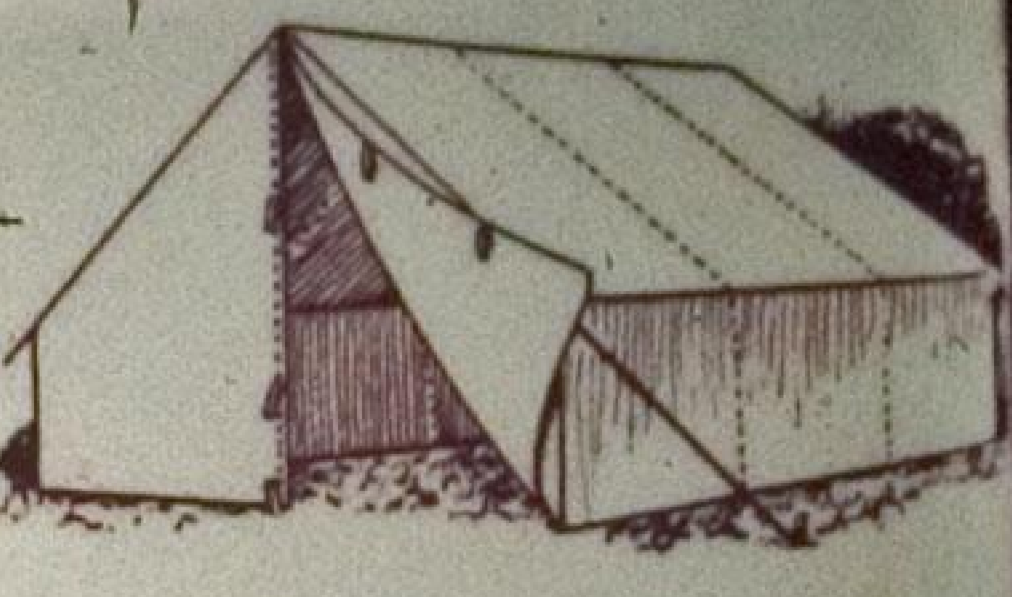

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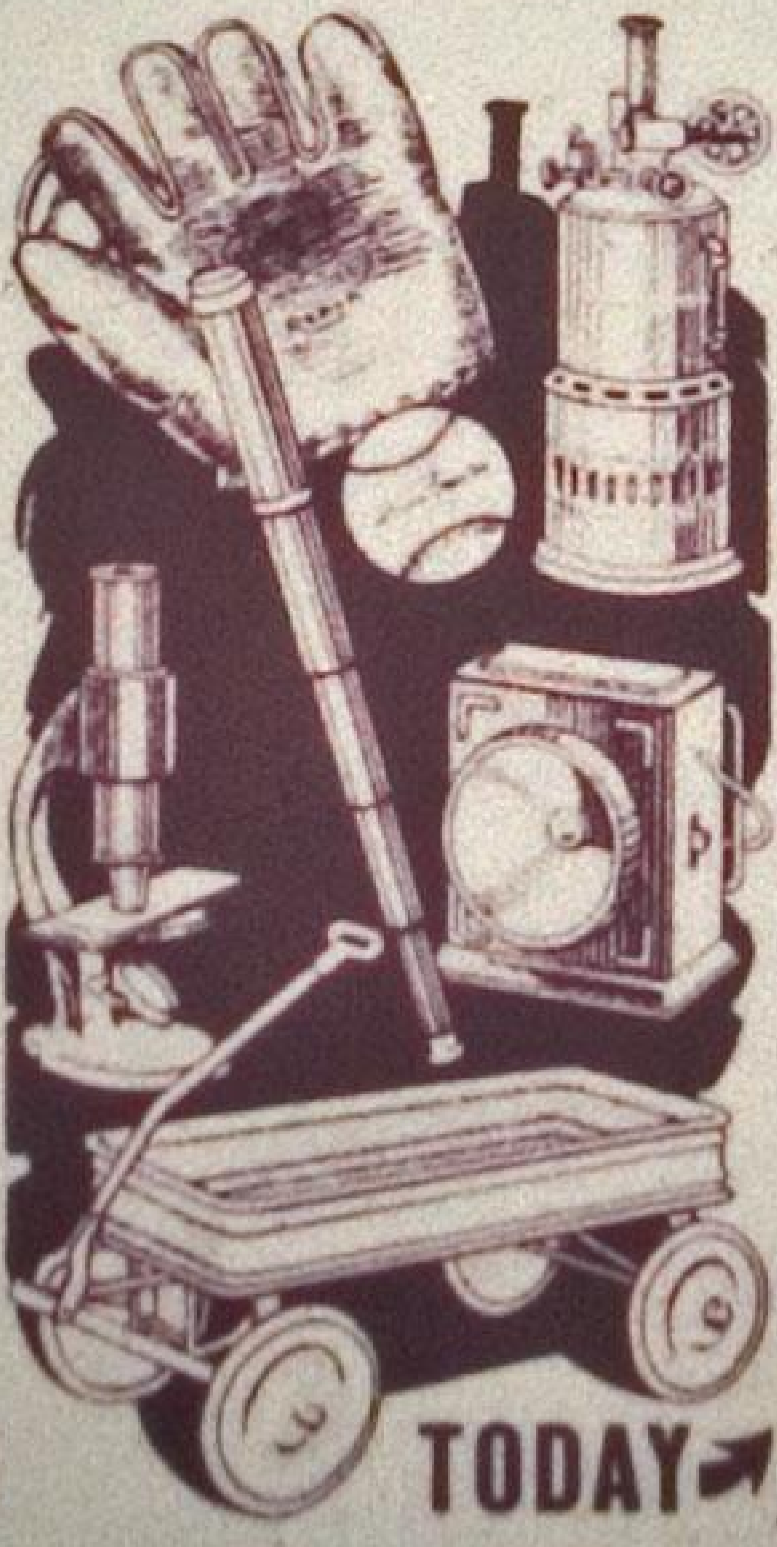

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